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& BE THY GUIDE
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THE DRAMA

POPULAR BRITISH BALLADS
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON

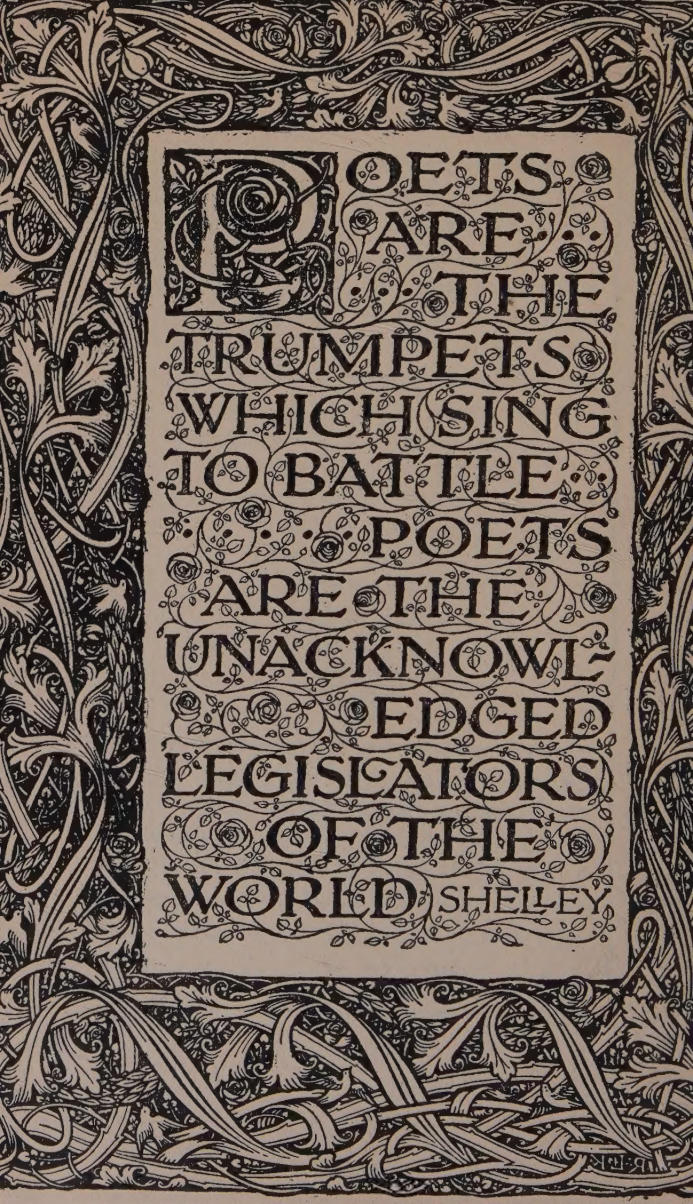
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POETS
ARE
THE
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WHICH SING
TO BATTLE
POETS
ARE THE
UNACKNOWLEDGED
LEGISLATORS
OF THE
WORLD. SHELLEY

**A BOOK OF
BRITISH
BALLADS**
*Selected and
arranged by*
**R BRIMLEY
JOHNSON**



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INTRODUCTION

1. THE word "ballad" is admittedly of very wide significance. Meaning originally "a song intended as the accompaniment to a dance," it was afterwards applied to "a light simple song of any kind" with a leaning towards the sentimental or romantic; and, in its present use, is defined by Dr. Murray as "a simple spirited poem in short stanzas, in which some popular story is graphically told." Passing over the obsolete sense of "a popular song specially celebrating or scurrilously attacking some person or institution," we may note that Dr. Johnson calls a ballad "a song," and quotes a statement from Watts that it once "signified a solemn and sacred song as well as a trivial, when Solomon's Song was called the 'The Ballad of Ballads,' but now it is applied to nothing but trifling verse."

Ballad-collectors, however, have never strictly regarded any one of these definitions, and to me their catholicity seems worthy of imitation. I have demanded no more of a ballad than that it should be a simple spirited narrative; and, though excluding the pure lyrics and metrical romances found in Percy's *Reliques* or elsewhere, I have been guided in doubtful cases rather by intuition than by rule; having included poems written in every variety of metre except blank verse, and even the latter may seem to be represented by Blake's *Fair Elinor*.

Moreover, this is a collection of poems, not of archæological specimens or verses on great historic events; and the ballads have been chosen according to my judgment of their artistic merits.

2. After the best traditionary ballads of England and Scotland, a small group of Peasant Ballads still sung in country districts, and, many of them, sold as broadsides, follow selected modern experiments in the art of ballad-writing by English, Scottish, and Welsh poets, with a mixed group of Irish ballads; those on foreign or classical subjects being in each case excluded.

a. The text of the old ballads has been carefully prepared from the best authorities (as named in the Contents, under each title), and the spelling is modernised so far as can be done without injuring the rhythm or accentuation. Brief historical or explanatory notes are printed in the Table of Contents, and obsolete terms are explained in footnotes.

No attempt has been made to settle disputed dates of composition, but the ballads are arranged in groups according to the collection (*e.g.* Percy's *Reliques*, Scott's *Minstrelsy*, etc.) in which they were first included, and thus brought before the notice of the literary public: the text often following quite a different version. The groups are arranged according to the dates of publication of the collections.

b. For the Peasant Ballads one text is seldom more authoritative than another, and minor differences have to be settled by personal judgment. The versions here offered, have, in many cases, been prepared from those popular in different parts of England: notice being taken, in each case, of whether—and in what form—they may still be had from Mr. Such, of 123 Union Street, Borough; who keeps a good stock of old broadsides, probably the largest now on sale. They are believed to represent the most poetical form of the songs which were the favourites of the elder generation, and which are being now superseded by the shorter and more sensational effusions of the music-hall. They are arranged according to their subjects.

c. The modern ballads are arranged chronologically, according to the dates of birth of their authors, and are intended to be, so far as possible, representative of our best poets. Parodies and dialect poems have been purposely omitted, because they form classes by themselves and are essentially different in spirit from both the traditionary and the literary ballads. This restriction does not involve the omission of all poems with humorous subjects or treatment.

By calling these ballads "modern" I do not wish to imply that every one of them was written later than the traditionary, since it is practically certain that some of the Peasant group belong to this century. They are modern in the sense of being literary productions by

known authors, which were offered to the public in a printed form from the first.

d. Irish ballads, written in English, are comparatively modern, but they belong to the traditionary manner and, whether the work of ballad-mongers or of poets, need not be separated from the few translations from the Irish which have been thought suitable for this collection. They are arranged chronologically.

e. A similar group of Welsh ballads was projected, but after a careful investigation of the principal periodicals and collections, and some correspondence with students of Welsh literature, I have concluded that, for English readers, there exist but few Welsh ballads of any merit; and that the poetic genius of the nation could not be fairly represented by such a selection.

3. a. Every student of our old ballads owes an immeasurable debt of gratitude to the late Professor F. J. Child, whose monumental collections¹ have covered the entire field. I have naturally followed his guidance in the choice of texts and used his transcripts from manuscripts, having received his cordial permission to do so, in letters of kind advice and sympathy.

My thanks are also due to Dr. Furnivall and Professor Hales for answers to questions and permission to follow their reprint of *The Percy Folio*, and to the Council of the Folk-lore Society for the version of the *Unquiet Grave* which appeared in their *Record*.

b. In the preparation of the Peasant group I received great assistance from the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who generously put at my disposal the results of his life-long studies in this subject, gave me advice and information at every turn, and allowed me the free use of all his own manuscript and printed material. Without his help and encouragement this part of the work could never have been completed.

My thanks are also due to numerous members of the Folk-lore Society, both in London and the provinces, among whom I would particularly mention Miss C. S. Burne, author of *Shropshire Folk-lore*, and Mrs. Balfour of Northumberland.

¹ "English and Scottish Ballads," in 8 vols., and "The English and Scottish Ballads," in 10 parts, completed 1898. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

I received much assistance also from Miss Lucy E. Broadwood, who united with Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland and the Leadenhall Press, Ltd., in permitting me to reprint from her *English County Songs*.

For replies to various questions on these subjects I am indebted to Messrs. A. T. Quiller-Couch, W. E. A. Axon, Edward Peacock, the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, Judge Hughes, Miss Field, and Miss G. Chanter. Messrs. G. Bell & Sons kindly allowed me to reprint "Sir Arthur and charming Mollee" from their *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*.

c. For the use of copyright matter my thanks are further due to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the publishers of Charles Kingsley; to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., of Robert Browning; Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, of Henry Kingsley; Messrs. Messina & Co., Melbourne, of A. L. Gordon; and Mr. C. Baxter, the agent of Mr. R. L. Stevenson.

I am also indebted to Miss Hawker and the publishers of the late R. S. Hawker, Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.; Mrs. Cory and the publisher of the late William Cory, Mr. George Allen; Mr. A. C. Swinburne; Madame Darmesteter; Mr. Ernest Rhys; Mr. R. Buchanan; Mr. John Davidson; Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his publishers, Messrs. Methuen & Co., and Messrs. Thacker & Co.

d. In the preparation of the Irish group I have been very materially assisted by Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, who has advised my selection and given me the free use of all his own work; and by Mr. David J. O'Donoghue, author of the *Dictionary of the Poets and Poetry of Ireland*, who has devoted much time to supplying me with information of all kinds, and directing me to the work of comparatively unknown authors.

For the use of copyright matter I am also indebted to Mrs. Allingham; Mr. Michael Hogan; Mr. Wm. Winter and Messrs. C. Scribner & Sons, for a poem by Fitzjames O'Brien; to Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P.; Mr. Aubrey de Vere and his publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co.; and Mr. W. B. Yeats.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

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I. *Melismata : Musicall Phansies, Fitting the Court, Cittie, and Countrey Humours. London, 1611.*

THE THREE RAVENS. (<i>Melismata</i> , No. 20)	1
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This ballad has retained its hold on the country people for many centuries, and is still known in some parts. I have received a version from a gentleman in Lincolnshire, which his father (born Dec. 1793) had heard as a boy from an old labouring man, who could not read and had learnt it "from his fore-elders." Here the "fallow doe" has become a "lady full of woe."—See also *The Twa Corbies*.

II. *Wit Restored. 1658.*

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD. (<i>Wit Restored</i> , reprint <i>Facetiae</i> , I. 293)	2
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Percy notices that this ballad was quoted in many old plays—viz., Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, v. 3; *The Varletie*, a Comedy, Act iv. (1649); and Sir William Davenant's *The Wits*, Act iii. Prof. Child also suggests that some stanzas in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca* (v. 2) and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (iv. 11) may be parodies or reminiscences of the same.

THE TWA SISTERS (Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 39)	5
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This is one of the very few old ballads which is still known and sung in country neighbourhoods, though it is not sold by Mr. Such. It goes by a variety of names—e.g., *Binnorie*, *The Miller and the King's Daughter*, *The Cruel Sister*, *The Miller's Melody*, etc. Judge Hughes has a version—*The Drowned Lady*—in his *Scouring of the White Horse*, with a ludicrous ending, which he tells me was learnt in his nursery; "one or two of the verses were patched by his father."

The refrain varies much in the different versions. In the earliest printed copy (*Wit Restor'd*) it is—

With a hie down down a down—a.

In Scott's *Minstrelsy*—

Binnorie, O Binnorie,
By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.

In Motherwell's manuscript (printed by Prof. Child)—

Hey with the gay and the grandeur O,
At the bonnie bows o' London town;

or in another part of the MS.—

Hech, hey my Nannie O,
And the swans swim bonnie O.

In *Notes and Queries*, from Lancashire—

Bow down, bow down, bow down,
I'll be true to my love and my love'll be true to me.

III. *A Collection of Old Ballads. Corrected from the best and most ancient copies extant, with introductions historical, critical, or humorous, 3 vols. 1723-1725.*

SIR ANDREW BARTON (*Percy Folio*, III. 399) 7

The events on which this ballad is founded began in 1476, when a richly loaded ship, under the command of John Barton, was seized by the Portuguese. Letters of reprisal were accordingly granted, and renewed in 1506, to John Barton's sons, Andrew, Robert, and John, who somewhat abused their rights, and "converted this retaliation into a kind of piracy against the Portuguese trade."

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET (*Percy's Reliques*, 1767, III. 240) 17

This ballad, perhaps better known under its titles of *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor* or *The Nutbrown Bride*, exists in many forms.—See further *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*.

IV. *The Tea-Table Miscellany. A Collection of Choice Songs, Scots and English, 4 vols. 1724. Edited by A. Ramsay.*

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY (*Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1729, p. 176) 20

These extremely beautiful verses are altogether superior to the ballad of *Jamie Douglas*, in which they are sometimes included, and it is better to accept them gratefully as a fragment.

V. *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry; consisting of old heroic ballads, songs, and other pieces of our earlier poets; together with some few of later date. By Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore, 3 vols. 1765 and 1794.*

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM (*Percy's Reliques*, 1767, III. 119) 22

This ballad begins like *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, and has the same catastrophe as *Lord Lovel*. It is probably "the old song" quoted in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Acts ii. and iii. "The elegant production of David Mallet, Esq."—viz., *Margaret's Ghost*,

which purported to be founded on the stanzas quoted by Fletcher, and was regarded by Percy as "one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language,"—has since been proved a fraud. A refined (!) version of our ballad, dated 1711, with the title of *William and Margaret, an old Ballad*, has been discovered, which Mr. Mallet evidently touched up and published as his own.

- YOUNG WATERS (Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, II. 172) . . . 24
 This ballad has been associated by different editors with various historical events, but there is no conclusive evidence on the subject.
- HUGH OF LINCOLN (Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, I. 151) . . . 26
 The whole subject of the various legends and traditions with which this ballad in its various forms has been associated may be best studied in *The Athenæum*, Dec. 15, 1849. It has many similarities with the beautiful *Tale of the Prioress* in Chaucer. Jamieson obtained his version from the recitation of Mrs. Brown. It was known to the labourers of Lincolnshire, and probably of other parts, in very recent years.
- CHILD WATERS (*Percy Folio*, II. 269) . . . 28
 Percy did little to this ballad, and the fact should be recorded as a tribute to his taste. Also known as *Fair Ellen*.
- THE BRAVE EARL BRAN (Mr. Robert White's Papers) . . . 33
 "Earl Brand," says Prof. Child, "has preserved most of the incidents of a very ancient story with a faithfulness unequalled by any ballad that has been recovered from English oral tradition." Percy's version, *The Childe of Ell*, is very corrupted. *The Douglas Tragedy*, in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, is the same ballad, and is associated by popular tradition with the farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire. "Seven large stones, erected upon the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse, are shown, as marking the spot where the seven brethren were slain; and the Douglas burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stooped to drink."
- THE NUTBROWN MAID (Arnold's *Chronicle*, 1502. Reprinted by T. Wright, 1836) . . . 36
 Matthew Prior composed an "elegant" and tiresome poem called *Henry and Emma* on the model of this ballad.
- ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE (*Percy Folio*, II. 227) . . . 45
 There is in existence a fragment of a dramatic piece founded on the ballad of *Guy of Gisborne* and dated 1475 or earlier. Ritson remarks that Guy of Gisborne is named in William Dunbar's *Sir Thomas Norray* "along with our hero (*i.e.* Robin Hood), Adam Bell, and other worthies, it is conjectured of a similar stamp, but whose merits have not, less fortunately, come to the knowledge of posterity."
- OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE (*Percy Folio*, I. 235) . . . 53
 This is one of the ballads in which Percy made considerable alterations.

- CAPTAIN CAR, OR EDMO O' GORDON (*Cotton MS. in British Museum*) 57

"This ballad is founded upon a real event which took place in the North of Scotland, in the year 1571, during the struggles between the party which held out for the imprisoned Queen Mary, and that which endeavoured to maintain the authority of her infant son, James VI." Edmo o' Gordon was Adam Gordon of Auchindown, deputy-lieutenant for the queen, who was a bitter enemy to the Forbes clan, and, under colour of the queen's authority, "sent a party under one Captain Car or Ker, to reduce the house of Towie, one of the chief seats of the name of Forbes." Car executed his commission after the fashion described in the ballad, and Gordon, having never cashiered him, was regarded as equally responsible for the outrage. In some versions of the ballad he is represented as the principal actor himself.

- THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE (*Scott's Minstrelsy*, I. 345) . 61

In Professor Hale's paper on Chevy-Chase the history of the Battle of Otterbourne is fully described. It is an incident in the "raid" into English territory which was undertaken "in revenge of the invasion of Scotland by Richard II. in 1387." The small division under the command of Douglas, with which we are concerned, marched over the Cheviots, pillaged Durham, and re-crossing the Tyne, halted before Newcastle. "And then it was, after some skirmishing, that, according to the ballad, Douglas made a tryst to meet Percy at Otterbourne." This Percy is Shakespeare's Hotspur. The longer and less poetical English version, printed by Bp. Percy, describes the whole battle with greater detail, but throws less fire into the personal contest.

VI. *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, etc.* By David Herd, 2 vols. 1769 and 1776.

- THE BONNY LASS OF ANGLESEY (*Herd's MSS. in the British Museum*, I. 148) 65

This ballad is also printed by Buchan, who says mysteriously: "It is altogether a political piece, and I do not wish to interfere much with it."

- THE WEE WEE MAN (*Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, I. 95) 66

- CLERK COLVILL, OR THE MERMAID (*Herd's Scottish Songs*, I. 161) 67

- LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT (*Buchan's Ballads*, I. 22) 69

This ballad is variously known as *The Gowans sae gay*, *The Water o' Wearies' Wells*, *May Colvin*, *The False Knight outwited*, or *The Outlandish Knight*. Under the last title it is still sung in the country, and printed by Mr. Such, who tells me he is frequently asked for it.

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FAIR JANET (Sharp's <i>Ballad Book</i> , p. 1)	70
This ballad is variously known as <i>Willie and Annet</i> or <i>Janet, Sweet Willie and Fair Maisry</i> .	
FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL (Second Part. Scott's <i>Minstrelsy</i> , III. 98)	74
This ballad is founded on certain "well-known incidents" related by Scott. Helen Irving, or Bell, daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnell, was beloved by two suitors, Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick and a man whose name is not certain, though it has been alleged that he was a Bell of Blacket House. Helen cared nothing for Bell, her family's choice, but loved his rival, and used to meet him in the churchyard of Kirkconnell, "a romantic spot, almost surrounded by the river Kirtle." One evening Bell "appeared suddenly on the opposite bank, and levelled his carebine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms."	
A First Part, apparently an address by Fleming or his rival to the lady, was also published by Scott, but is so inferior that it is impossible to believe it the work of the same hand.	
Elegies on Helen have been written by Pinkerton (<i>Select Scottish Ballads</i> , I. 109); Mayne (<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , vol. 86, part ii., 64); Jamieson (<i>Popular Ballads</i> , 1205); and Wordsworth's <i>Ellen Irvin</i> was inspired by the same subject.	
LAMKIN (Jamieson's <i>Popular Ballads</i> , I. 176)	75
Sometimes called <i>Lambert Linkin, Bold Rankin, Long Lankyn, Lammikin</i> , etc.	
COSPATRICK (<i>Border Minstrelsy</i> , III. 263)	79
Sometimes known as <i>Bothwell, Child Brenton, Lord Dingwall, We were sisters, we were seven</i> , etc.	
YOUNG TAM LIN (Johnson's <i>Museum</i> , p. 423)	83
This ballad, known also as <i>Tam Lin, The Young Tam-lane, Kertonha, or The Fairy Court</i> , and <i>Tamaline the Elfin Knight</i> , is traditionally connected with the plain of Carterhaugh "at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow in Selkirkshire. . . . Miles Cross, where fair Janet awaited the arrival of the Fairy train, is said to have stood near the Duke of Buccleuch's seat of Bow-hill, about half a mile from Carterhaugh."	
THE BROOMFIELD HILL (Scott's <i>Minstrelsy</i> , III. 271)	88
A Song of "Brume, brume on hil" is named in <i>The Complaynt of Scotland</i> , 1549, sung by Moros in Wager's "very merry and pithy comedy called <i>The longer thou livest the more fool thou art</i> ," c. 1568; and included in Captain Cox's "bunch of ballets and songs all auncient," 1575; but the connection between this and the ballad are not completely established.	
The ballad is still popular in England, and is printed as <i>The Merry Broomfield</i> by Mr. Such, who told me, however, that he only sells it occasionally to country hawkers.	

- YOUNG JOHNSTONE (Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 193) . . . 90
 Called also *The Cruel Knight, Sweet William and the Young Colonel*, or *Lord John's Murder*. The lady who recited it to Motherwell says the murder of the lady was "committed unwittingly, through young Johnstone's suddenly waking from sleep and, in that moment of confusion and alarm, unhappily mistaking his mistress for one of his pursuers."
- VII. *Robin Hood: A Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads, now extant, relative to that celebrated English Outlaw, to which are prefixed Historical Anecdotes of his Life. By Joseph Ritson, Esq., 1795.*
- ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL (Ritson, II. 187) . . . 94
 A very interesting, but fragmentary version of this ballad may be seen in the *Percy Folio*, though it was not published in the *Reliques*.
- VIII. *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border: consisting of historical and romantic ballads, collected in the southern counties of Scotland; with a few of modern date, founded upon local tradition. Edited by Sir Walter Scott. 1802-1803.*
- KING HENRY (Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, II. 132) 96
 Monk Lewis re-wrote this ballad, under the title of *Courteous King Jamie*, for his *Tales of Wonder*, 1801, where it first came out. It resembles *The Marriage of Sir Gawain*.
- THE DÆMON LOVER (Scott's *Minstrelsy*, II. 427) . . . 99
 Buchan gives this ballad the title of *James Herries*, and slightly varies the story.
- CLERK SAUNDERS (Herd's MSS. in the British Museum, I. 177) 102
Sweet William's Ghost is often printed as the conclusion of this ballad, but the two should be kept apart.
- FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY (Johnson's *Museum*, 331) . . 105
 This beautiful fragment is also known as *The Cruel Mother* or *Lady Anne*. The refrain in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* is—
 Three, three, and three by three;
 Three, three, and thirty-three.
- THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW (Abbotsford MS.) . . . 106
 Sometimes called *The Braes* or *Glens of Yarrow*. Tradition connects this ballad with certain events in the history of a brave knight called Scott, and Sir Walter expressed a conviction that it refers to a duel between John Scott of Tushielaw, and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott of Thirlestane. These Scotts lived in the seventeenth century, but there is no satisfactory evidence for regarding them as the heroes of the story.

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GRÆME AND BEWICK (Scott's <i>Minstrelsy</i> , III. 69) . . .	108
<p>"This ballad," says Scott, "is remarkable as containing probably the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood in arms."</p>	
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<p>Known also as <i>Lord Thomas and Fair Annie</i>, <i>Burd Helen</i>, <i>Lady Jane</i>, and <i>The Fause Lord</i>.</p>	
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<p>Better known as <i>The Jolly Goshawk</i></p>	
BROWN ADAM (Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 17) . . .	121
THE LAIRD O' LOGIE (Scott's <i>Minstrelsy</i> , III. 128) . . .	123
<p>Wemyss of Logie took part in a conspiracy (1592) against James VI., conducted by Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. He was caught and imprisoned, but his lady-love, Mistress Margaret Twinslace, a Danish lady of the Court, arranged his escape, and the Queen stood by her maid, refusing to give her up when requested.</p>	
JOHNNIE OF BREADISLEE (Scott's <i>Minstrelsy</i> , III. 114) .	125
<p>Scott conjectures that the hero of this ballad was "an outlaw and deer-stealer, probably one of the broken-out men residing upon the Border." He is sometimes said to have "possessed the old castle of Morton, in Dumfriesshire, now ruinous."</p>	
KINMONT WILLY (Scott's <i>Minstrelsy</i> , I. 111) . . .	128
<p>This ballad celebrates an exploit of Sir Walter Scott of Branxholm, laird of Buccleuch, which "fell out the thirteenth of April 1596." One William Armstrong or Will of Kinmonth, a notorious plunderer, on that year accompanied Robert Scott, the deputy of the Laird of Buccleuch, the Keeper of Lidisdale, for the purpose of holding conference with Mr. Salkeld, the deputy of Lord Scroop, English Warden of the West Marches, concerning the affairs of the Border. Disregarding the truce, always granted on such occasions, the English pursued Kinmont Willy on his return, and, in spite of numerous applications, refused to give him up. Buccleuch finally took the law into his own hands after the fashion described in the ballad.</p>	
KEMP OWYNE (Motherwell's <i>Minstrelsy</i> , 373) . . .	134
<p>This ballad has been sometimes associated with "Ewein or Owain, ap Urien the King of Reged, who is celebrated by the bards Taliesin and Llywarch-hen, as well as in the Welsh historical Triads." Compare <i>The Laidley Worm of Spindleston Houghs</i>, communicated to Hutchinson (<i>a View of Northumberland</i>), and probably written by the Rev. Mr. Lamb of Norham.</p>	

IX. Popular Ballads and Songs, from tradition, manuscripts, and scarce editions; with translations of similar pieces from the ancient Danish language, and a few originals by the editor, by Robert Jamieson. 1806.

THE DROWNED LOVERS (Skene MS., p. 50) 136

Sometimes called *Clyde's Water, Willie and May Margaret*, or, *The Mother's Malison*. From fuller and less authentic versions we learn that May Margaret followed her lover and was drowned with him.

THE TWA BROTHERS (Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 56) 138

Sometimes called *The Cruel Brother*, or *John and William*. Recently sung after a St. George play, acted near Chester, on All Souls' Day. It was William who killed John.

YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE (Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 13) 140

A modern version of this story, called *The Loving Ballad of John Bateman*, was illustrated by George Cruikshank in 1839; and by some editors it is called *Young Bondwell*. It agrees in its main outline with the well-known legend about Gilbert Becket, father of St. Thomas, who was taken captive by the Saracens and beloved by the daughter of Prince Admiraud. Every one remembers that, after his escape, she followed him with no knowledge of English beyond the two words, Gilbert and London, and became his wife.

THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD (Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, II. 44) 143

This ballad does not belong to the recognised cycle of Robin Hood ballads, but it may be appreciated on its own merits.

THE BARON OF BRACKLEY (Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, I. 102) 145

This ballad is founded on a quarrel which took place on September 16, 1666, between the "amiable" John Gordon of Brackley and the "passionate" Farquharson of Inverey. Brackley had poinded some straying horses of Farquharson's, and the two arranged a meeting to argue the point at issue; but some offensive expressions were made use of, and the conversation ended in a free fight.

CHILD VYET (*North Countrie Garland*, by Maidment, p. 24) 147

Sometimes called *Lord Ingram and Chiel Vyet* or *Auld Ingram*.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK (Cambridge MS., Ff. 5, 48, fol. 128b) 151

We have this ballad in an exceptionally pure form in consequence of its having been written down so early, possibly in the reign of Edward II.

X. Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, chiefly ancient, by John Finlay, 2 vols. 1808.

THE BONNY HOUSE O' AIRLY (Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, II. 25) 162

This ballad is a free rendering of certain events which took place in 1640, when the Committee of Estates, of whom Montrose was one, commissioned the Earl of Argyll to take up arms against certain "enemies to religion," the Earl of Airly and others. Argyle made the order an occasion for pillage, and extended his operations to the house of Lord Ogilvie, Airly's eldest son.

Argyle appears also in the ballad of *Geordie*.

BONNY JAMES CAMPBELL (Herd's MSS., I. 40) 163

XI. Select Scottish Songs, ancient and modern, with critical and biographical notes by Robert Burns. Edited by R. H. Cromek. 1810.

HIND HORN (Motherwell's MS., p. 106) 164

This ballad is an abridgment of the ancient metrical romance *The Gest of King Horn* which, with other poems and ballads about this sovereign, was reprinted for the Bannatyne club by Michel—*Horn et Rimenhild*. Paris, 1845.

In Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* the refrain is—

With a hey lilloo and a how lo lan;
And the birk and the broom blooms bonny.

XII. "A Ballad-Book." By Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. 1824.

RICHIE STORY (Motherwell's MSS., 426) 166

Lillias Fleming, second daughter of John, Earl of Wigton, eloped with one of her father's servants named Richard Storry and, with the consent of her husband, resigned her portion in 1673. The well-known song *Huntingtower*, or *The Duke of Athol*, was doubtless founded on some version of this ballad, though its exact history has not been ascertained.

XIII. A North Countrie Garland. By James Maidment. 1824.

EPPIE MORRIE (Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 40) 167
Also found in the Sharpe MSS.

XIV. Ancient Scottish Ballads, recovered from tradition, and never before published; with notes historical and explanatory, and an appendix, containing the airs of several of the ballads. By George R. Kinlock. 1827.

YOUNG AKIN (Buchan's *Ballads*, I. 6) 169
Sometimes called *Hind Etin*, or *Young Hastings*.

THE LAIRD O' DRUM (Kinlock's <i>Ancient Scottish Ballads</i> , p. 199)	176
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Alexander Irvine, laird of Drum, married Dec. 7, 1643, Lady Mary Gordon, daughter of Marquis of Huntly and niece to Marquis of Argyll. He lost much by his fidelity to the Stuart cause, and hence, perhaps, chose for his second wife the wealthy Margaret Coutts, "a woman of inferior birth and manner, which step gave great offence to his relations."

JOHNNY SCOTT (Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 5)	179
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One James Macgill of Lindores performed a feat of arms like that described in this ballad about the year 1679.

XV. Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern, with an historical introduction and notes. William Motherwell. 1827.

LORD DERWENTWATER (Motherwell's MSS., p. 351)	183
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In 1715 a warrant was issued against James Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, on suspicion of being concerned in intrigues on behalf of the Pretender. He then took up arms, was forced into surrender at Preston, and executed in London, February 24, 1716. He seems to have been an unusually affectionate and charitable man.

THE TWA MAGICIANS (Buchan's <i>Ballads of the North of Scotland</i> , I. 24)	184
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BROWN ROBIN (Jamieson-Brown MS.)	187
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BLANCHEFLOUR AND JELLYFLORICE (Buchan's <i>Ballads</i> , I. 125)	190
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This is but very slightly connected with the old romance of *Florice and Blancheflour*, which is printed in Ellis's *Early English Metrical Romances*.

XVI. Folk-Lore Record. 1868.

THE UNQUIET GRAVE (<i>Folk-Lore Record</i> , I. 60)	192
--	-----

This characteristic little piece is doubtless only a fragment. Last verse from Sharpe MS., "from the recitation of Lady Nairne."

PEASANT BALLADS

I. Ballads of Love and Courtship.

YOUNG ROGER OF THE VALLEY (<i>Tea-Table Miscellany</i> , by A. Ramsay, Vol. IV.)	194
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The old ballad is still known in some parts of England, and has been recently printed in F. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* "from a singer in Alderhill, Meanwood."

THE GOLDEN GLOVE (<i>Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry</i> . Edited by J. H. Dixon, Percy Society)	195
--	-----

This is a very popular ballad, sung in all parts of England, and published as a broadside by the Catnach Press.

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SIR ARTHUR AND CHARMING MOLLEE (<i>Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England</i> , by Robert Bell) .	197
<p>"For this old Northumbrian song we are indebted to Mr. Robert Chambers. It was taken down from the recitation of a lady. The 'Sir Arthur' is no less a personage than Sir Arthur Haslerigg, the Governor of Tyne-mouth Castle during the Protectorate of Cromwell."</p>	
UNDAUNTED MARY; OR, THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE (Traditional)	199
<p>This ballad, though probably not very old, is sung in all parts of England, and printed both at the Catnach Press and by Mr. Such. I have received two traditional versions from Devonshire and Lincolnshire, our text being made up from these and a broadside.</p>	
THE ROVING JOURNEY-MAN (<i>Songs of the West</i>)	200
<p>From recitation. It may be found in broadsides.</p>	
THYME AND RUE (Traditional—S. Baring-Gould)	201
<p>This ballad exists in innumerable versions and has been frequently printed—first in <i>Five Excellent New Songs</i> (Edinburgh, 1766). Our text was obtained by Mr. Baring-Gould from recitation at Mawgan on Pyder. It may be compared with <i>The Gardener</i>.</p>	
THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON (<i>Percy's Reliques</i> , III. 133)	202
THE SIMPLE PLOUGHBOY (<i>Songs of the West</i>)	203
<p>From recitation. Corrupt versions are still printed as broadsides.</p>	
CUPID'S GARDEN (<i>The Scouring of the White Horse</i> , by T. Hughes)	205
<p>Judges Hughes tells me that this version was taken down by R. Lane, A.R.A., from the singing of a carter. That sent to <i>Songs of the Four Nations</i>, by Mr. W. H. Hadow, from Gloucestershire, is very similar, and others may be found in Chappell's <i>Popular Music</i> and W. H. Long's <i>Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect</i>. <i>Cupid's Garden</i> is perhaps a corruption of "Cupper's Gardens," which were on the south of the Thames opposite Somerset House, and were open from 1678 to 1753, when they were superseded by Vauxhall.</p>	

II. Social and Domestic Ballads.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT (<i>Percy's Reliques</i> , II. 302) .	205
<p>Riddle-ballads of various kinds are very ancient, and very common. An inferior version of the following appeared in <i>Pills to purge Melancholy</i>, and in a <i>Collection of Old Ballads</i>.</p>	
SADDLE TO RAGS (<i>Songs of the Peasantry</i> , by J. H. Dixon) .	209
<p>Known in different parts of the country by various names, but in this form belonging to Yorkshire. The triumph over the highwayman is by some singers attributed to a clever boy, or a bold maiden.</p>	

III. *Ballads of the Sea.*

THE MERMAID (Broadside) 212

This song appears in W. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, J. Ashton's *Real Sailors' Songs*, and many other collections. It is a version of the old *Sir Patrick Spens*, p. 94.

CAPTAIN WARD AND THE "RAINBOW" (Broadside) . . . 213

Published in Bell's *Early Ballads* and Ashton's *Real Sailors' Songs*.

GOLDEN VANITEE 215

(*Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Lowlands ; showing how the famous ship called the Sweet Trinity was taken by a false galley ; and how it was recovered by the craft of a little sea-boy, who sunk the galley ; as the following song will declare :—Old Broadside, by I. Conyers.*)

This ballad is reprinted in the *Pepys Ballads*, 1682-85, Ashton's *Century of Ballads*, and many collections of songs. A traditional version may be found in the *Songs of the West*, and Long's *Isle of Wight*, and a corrupt abridgment is printed by Mr. Such, who tells me that he is still constantly asked for it. In one version (possibly written up by Christopher North) the little boy secures his reward by threatening to scuttle his own ship.

IV. *Local and Miscellaneous Ballads.*THE YORKSHIRE HORSE-DEALER (*Songs of the Peasantry*, edited by J. H. Dixon) 217

This song was sung "with great applause" by Emery, and is founded on events which actually took place at the end of last century. (Clapham is in West of Yorkshire, between Skipton and Kendal.)

WIDDICOMBE FAIR (*Songs of the West*, and S. Baring-Gould) 218

This is the most popular of Devonshire songs, and is distinctly local, not to say historical. The names are all known to natives of the county.

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A BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS

THE THREE RAVENS

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
 Downe, a downe, hay downe, hay downe,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
 With a downe,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be,
 With a downe, derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe.

The one of them said to his mate,
“Where shall we our breakfast take?”—

“Down in yonder green field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

“His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they can their master keep.

“His hawks they flie so eagerly,
There’s no fowl dare him come nigh.”

Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.

She lift up his bloody head,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.¹

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman.

¹ grave.

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD

As it fell one holy-day, *hay down*,
As many be in the year,
When young men and maids together did go
Their matins and mass to hear,

Little Musgrave came to the church door,
The priest was at private mass;
But he had more mind of the fair women,
Than he had of our lady's grace.

The one of them was clad in green,
Another was clad in pall;
And then came in my Lord Barnard's wife,
The fairest amongst them all.

She cast an eye on little Musgrave,
As bright as the summer sun,
And then bethought this little Musgrave,
"This lady's heart have I won."

Quoth she, "I have loved thee, little Musgrave,
Full long and many a day:"
"So have I loved you, fair lady,
Yet never word durst I say."

"I have a bower at Bucklesfordbery,
Full daintily it is dight;
If thou wilt wend thither, thou little Musgrave,
Thou's lig in mine arms all night."

Quoth he, "I thank ye, fair lady,
This kindness thou showest to me;
But whether it be to my weal or woe,
This night I will lig with thee."

With that he heard a little tiny page,
By his lady's coach as he ran:
"Although I am my lady's footpage,
Yet I am Lord Barnard's man."

Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard 3

“ My Lord Barnard shall know of this,
Whether I sink or swim: ”
And ever where the bridges were broke,
He laid him down to swim.

“ Asleep, or wake! thou Lord Barnard,
As thou art a man of life;
For little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordbery,
Abed with thy own wedded wife.”

“ If this be true, thou little tiny page,
This thing thou tellest to me,
Then all the land in Bucklesfordbery
I freely will give to thee.

“ But if it be a lie, thou little tiny page,
This thing thou tellest to me,
On the highest tree in Bucklesfordbery
Then hangèd shalt thou be.”

He called up his merry men all:—
“ Come saddle me my steed;
This night must I to Bucklesfordbery,
For I never had greater need.”

And some of them whistl'd, and some of them sung,
And some these words did say,
And ever when my Lord Barnard's horn blew,
“ Away, Musgrave, away! ”

“ Methinks I hear the thresel-cock,¹
Methinks I hear the jay;
Methinks I hear my Lord Barnard,—
And I would I were away.”

“ Lie still, lie still, thou little Musgrave,
And huggell me from the cold;
'Tis nothing but a shepherd's boy,
A driving his sheep to the fold.

¹ thrush.

A Book of British Ballads

“Is not thy hawk upon a perch?
Thy steed eats oats and hay,
And thou a fair lady in thine arms,—
And wouldst thou be away?”

With that my Lord Barnard came to the door,
And lit a stone upon;
He plucked out three silver keys,
And he open'd the doors each one.

He lifted up the coverlet,
He lifted up the sheet;
“How now, how now, thou little Musgrave,
Dost thou find my lady sweet?”

“I find her sweet,” quoth little Musgrave,
“The more 'tis to my pain;
I would gladly give three hundred pounds
That I were on yonder plain.”

“Arise, arise, thou little Musgrave,
And put thy clothés on;
It shall ne'er be said in my country,
I have killed a naked man.

“I have two swords in one scabbard,
Full dear they cost my purse;
And thou shalt have the best of them,
And I will have the worse.”

The first stroke that little Musgrave stroke,
He hurt Lord Barnard sore;
The next stroke that Lord Barnard stroke,
Little Musgrave ne'er struck more.

With that bespake this fair lady,
In bed whereas she lay;
“Although thou'rt dead, thou little Musgrave,
Yet I for thee will pray;

“And wish well to thy soul will I,
So long as I have life;

So will I not for thee, Barnard,
Although I am thy wedded wife."

He cut her paps from off her breast,
Great pity it was to see,
That some drops of this lady's heart's blood
Ran trickling down her knee.

"Woe worth you, woe worth, my merry men all,
You were ne'er born for my good;
Why did you not offer to stay my hand,
When ye saw me wax so wood!

"For I have slain the bravest sir knight
That ever rode on steed;
So have I done the fairest lady
That ever did woman's deed.

"A grave, a grave," Lord Barnard cried,
"To put these lovers in;
But lay my lady on the upper hand,
For she came of the better kin."

THE TWA SISTERS

THERE was twa sisters in a bow'r,
Edinburgh, Edinburgh,
There was twa sisters in a bow'r,
Stirling for aye,
There was twa sisters in a bow'r,
There came a knight to be their wooer,
Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay.

He courted the eldest wi' glove an' ring,
But he loved the youngest above a' thing.

He courted the eldest wi' brooch an' knife,
But loved the youngest as his life;

The eldest she was vexed sair,
An' much envied her sister fair;

Into her bower she could not rest,
Wi' grief an' spite she almost brast.

Upon a morning fair an' clear
She cried upon her sister dear:

O sister come to yon sea-stran',
And see our father's ships come to lan'.

She's ta'en her by the milk-white han',
And led her down to yon sea-stran'.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest came an' threw her in;

She took her by the middle sma',
An' dash'd her bonny back to the jaw;¹

O sister, sister, take my han',
An I'se make you heir to a' my lan'.

O sister, sister, take my middle,
And ye's get my gold and my golden girdle.

O sister, sister, save my life,
And I swear I'se never be nae man's wife.

"Foul fa' the han' that I should take,
It twin'd² me an' my wardle's make."³

"Your cherry cheeks and yallow hair,
Gars me gae maiden for evermair."

Sometimes she sank, an' sometimes she swam,
Till she cam down yon bonny mill dam;

O out it came the miller's son,
An' saw the fair maid swimmin' in.

"O father, father, draw your dam!
Here's either a mermaid, or a swan."

¹ wave.

² deprived.

³ life-mate.

The miller quickly drew the dam,
An' there he found a drown'd woman;

You couldna see her yallow hair,
For gold and pearl that were sae rare;

You couldna see her middle sma',
For golden girdle that was sae braw;

Ye couldna see her fingers white
For golden rings that was sae gryte.¹

And by there came a harper fine,
That harped to the king at dine.

When he did look that lady upon,
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan;

He's taen three locks o' her yallow hair,
And wi' them strung his harp sae fair.

The first tune he did play and sing
Was—"Farewell to my father the king."

The nexten tune that he played syne
Was—"Farewell to my mother the queen."

The lasten tune that he play'd then
Was—"Wae to my sister, fair Ellen!"

SIR ANDREW BARTON

THE FIRST PART

As it befell in midsummer time,
When birds sing sweetly on every tree,
Our noble king, King Henry the Eighth,
Over the river of Thames past he.
He was no sooner over the river,
Down in a forest to take the air,
But eighty merchants of London city
Came kneeling before King Henry there.

¹ great.

"O ye are welcome, rich merchànts,
 [Good sailors, welcome unto me!]"
 They swore by the rood, they were sailors good,
 But rich merchànts they could not be.
 "To France nor Flanders dare we not pass,
 Nor Bordeaux voyage we dare not fare;
 And all for a false robber that lies on the seas,
 Who robs us of our merchant's ware."

King Henry was stout, and he turned him about,
 And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,
 "I thought he had not been in the world throughout,
 That durst have wrought England such unright."
 But ever they sighed, and said, "Alas!"
 Unto King Harry this answer again;
 "He is a proud Scot, that will rob us all,
 If we were twenty ships, and he but one."

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
 Amongst his lords and barons so free;
 "Have I never lord in all my realm,
 Will fetch yond traitor unto me?"
 "Yes, that dare I," says my Lord Charles Howard;
 Near to the king whereas he did stand;
 "If that your grace will give me leave,
 Myself will be the only man."

"Thou shalt have six hundred men," saith our king;
 "And choose them out of my realm so free;
 Besides mariners, and boys,
 To guide the great ship on the sea."
 "I'll go speak with Sir Andrew," says Charles, my Lord
 Howard;
 "Upon the sea, if he be there,
 I will bring him and his ship to shore,
 Or before my prince I will never come near."

The first of all my lord did call,
 A noble gunner he was one,
 This man was threescore years and ten;
 And Peter Simon was his name.

“ Peter,” says he, “ I must sail to the sea,
To seek out an enemy; God be my speed!
Before all others I have chosen thee,
Of a hundred gunners thou’st be my head.”

“ My lord,” says he, “ if you have chosen me
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Hang me at your main-mast tree,
If I miss my mark past three pence bread.”¹
The next of all my lord he did call,
A noble bowman he was one;
In Yorkshire was this gentleman born,
And William Horsley was his name.

“ Horsley,” says he, “ I must sail to the sea,
To seek out an enemy; God be my speed!
Before all others I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred bowmen thou’st be my head.”
“ My lord,” says he, “ if you have chosen me
Of a hundred bowmen to be the head,
Hang me at your main-mast tree,
If I miss my mark past twelve pence bread.”

With pikes, and guns, and bowmen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
On the day before mid-summer even,
And out at Thames mouth sailed they.
They had not sailed days three,
Upon their journey they took in hand,
But there they met with a noble ship,
And stoutly made it both stay and stand.

“ Thou must tell me thy name,” says Charles, my Lord
Howard,

“ Or who thou art, or from whence thou came,
Yea, and where thy dwelling is,
To whom and where thy ship does belong.”

“ My name,” says he, “ is Henry Hunt,
With a pure heart, and a penitent mind;
I and my ship they do belong
Unto the Newcastle that stands upon Tyne.”

¹ breadth.

"Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt,
As thou hast sailed by day and by night,
Hast thou not heard of a stout robber;
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight?"
But ever he sighed, and said, "Alas!
Full well, my lord, I know that wight;
He robbed me of my merchant's ware,
And I was his prisoner but yesternight.

"As I was sailing upon the sea,
And [a] Bordeaux voyage as I did fare,
He clasped me to his hatch-board,
And robbed me of all my merchant ware.
And I am a man, both poor and bare,
And every man will have his own of me,
And I am bound towards London to fare,
To complain to my prince Henry."

"That shall not need," says my Lord Howard;
"If thou canst let me this robber see,
For every penny he has taken thee fro
Thou shalt be rewarded a shilling," quoth he.
"Now God forefend," says Henry Hunt,
"My lord, you should work so far amiss!
God keep you out of that traitor's hands!
For you wot full little what a man he is.

"He is brass within, and steel without,
And beams he bears in his topcastle strong;
His ship hath ordnance clean round about,
Besides, my lord, he is very well manned.
He hath a pinnace, is dearly dight,
St. Andrew's cross, that is his guide;
His pinnace bears ninescore men and more,
Besides fifteen canons on every side.

"If you were twenty ships, and he but one,
Either in hatch-board or in hall,
He would overcome you every one,
And if his beams they do down fall."
"This is cold comfort," says my Lord Howard,
"To welcome a stranger thus to the sea:

I'll bring him and his ship to shore,
Or else into Scotland he shall carry me."

"Then you must get a noble gunner, my lord,
That can set well with his eye,
And sink his pinnace into the sea,
And soon then overcome will he be.
And when that you have done this,
If you chance Sir Andrew for to board,
Let no man to his topcastle go
And I will give you a glass, my lord.

"And then you need to fear no Scot,
Whether you sail by day or by night;
And to-morrow by seven of the clock,
You shall meet with Sir Andrew Barton, knight.
I was his prisoner but yesternight,
And he hath taken me sworn," quoth he;
"I trust my L[ord] God will me forgive
And if that oath then broken be."

"You must lend me six pieces, my lord," quoth he,
"Into my ship, to sail the sea,
And to-morrow by nine of the clock
Your Honour again then will I see."

THE SECOND PART

AND the hatch-board where Sir Andrew lay
Is hatched with gold dearly dight:
"Now by my faith," says Charles, my Lord Howard,
"Then yonder Scot is a worthy wight.

"Take in your ancients, and your standards,
Yea that no man shall them see;
And put me forth a white willow wand,
As merchants use to sail the sea."
But they stirred neither top nor mast;¹
But Sir Andrew they passed by;
"What English are yonder," said Sir Andrew,
"That can so little courtesy?

¹ i.e. did not salute.

"I have been admiral over the sea
 More than these years three,
 There is never an English dog nor Portingall
 Can pass this way without leave of me.
 But now yonder pedlars they are past:
 Which is no little grief to me:
 Fetch them back," says Sir Andrew Barton,
 "They all shall hang at my main-mast tree."

With that the pinnace it shot off;
 That my Lord Howard might it well ken;
 It stroke down my lord's fore-mast,
 And killed fourteen of my lord his men.
 "Come hither, Simon," says my Lord Howard,
 "Look that thy words be true thou said;
 I'll hang thee at my main-mast tree,
 If thou miss thy mark past twelve pence bread."

Simon was old, but his heart it was bold;
 He took down a piece and laid it full low,
 He put in chain yards nine,
 Besides other great shot less and more,
 With that he let his gun-shot go;
 So well he settled it with his eye,
 The first sight that Sir Andrew saw,
 He see his pinnace sunk in the sea.

When he saw his pinnace sunk,
 Lord, in his heart he was not well!
 "Cut my ropes! it is time to be gone!
 I'll fetch yond pedlars back mysel'."
 When my Lord Howard saw Sir Andrew loose,
 Lord! in his heart that he was fain;
 "Strike on your drums, spread out your ancients,¹
 Sound out your trumpets, sound out amain."

"Fight on, my men," says Sir Andrew Barton,
 "Weet,² howsoever this gear³ will sway;
 It is my lord admiral of England,
 Is come to seek me on the sea."

¹ ensigns.² know.³ business or affair.

Simon had a son, with shot of a gun—
Well Sir Andrew might it ken;—
He shot it in at a privy place,
And killed sixty more of Sir Andrew's men.

Harry Hunt came in at the other side;
And at Sir Andrew he shot then;
He drove down his fore-mast tree,
And killed eighty more of Sir Andrew's men.
“I have done a good turn,” says Harry Hunt;
“Sir Andrew is not our king's friend;
He hoped to have undone me yesternight,
But I hope I have quit him well in the end.”

“Ever alas!” said Sir Andrew Barton,
“What should a man either think or say?
Yonder false thief is my strongest enemy,
Who was my prisoner but yesterday.
Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
And be thou ready at my call,
And I will give thee three hundred pound,
If thou wilt let my beams down fall.”

With that he swarved¹ the main-mast tree,
So did he it with might and main;
Horsley, with a bearing arrow,
Stroke the Gordon through the brain;
And he fell into the hatches again,
And sore of this wound that he did bleed:
Then word went through Sir Andrew's men,
That the Gordon he was dead.

“Come hither to me, James Hamilton,
Thou art my sister's son, I have no more;
I will give [thee] six hundred pound
If thou wilt let my beams down fall.”
With that he swarved the main-mast tree,
So did he it with might and main;
Horsley, with another broad arrow,
Strake the yeoman through the brain,

¹sawed (?)

That he fell down to the hatches again,
Sore of his wound that he did bleed:
Covetousness gets no gain,
It is very true, as the Welshman said.
But when he saw his sister's son slain,
Lord! in his heart he was not well:
"Go fetch me down my armour of proof,
For I will to the topcastle myself."

"Go fetch me down my armour of proof,
For it is gilded with gold so clear;
God be with my brother, John of Barton!
Amongst the Portingalls he did it wear.
But when he had his armour of proof,
And on his body he had it on,
Every man that looked at him,
Said, gun nor arrow he need fear none."

"Come hither, Horsley," says my Lord Howard,
"And look your shaft that it go right;
Shoot a good shot in the time of need,
And for thy shooting thou'st be made a knight."
"I'll do my best," says Horsley then,
"Your honour shall see, before I go;
If I should be hanged at your main-mast,
I have in my ship but arrows two."

But at Sir Andrew he shot then,
He made sure to hit his mark;
Under the spole of his right arm
He smote Sir Andrew quite through the heart.
Yet from the tree he would not start,
But he clinged to it with might and main,
Under the collar then of his jack
He stroke Sir Andrew through the brain.

"Fight on, my men," says Sir Andrew Barton,
"I am hurt, but I am not slain;
I'll lay me down and bleed awhile,
And then I'll rise and fight again.
Fight on, my men," says Sir Andrew Barton,
"These English dogs they bite so low;

Fight on for Scotland and St. Andrew,
Till you hear my whistle blow."

But when they could not hear his whistle blow,
Says Harry Hunt, "I'll lay my head
You may board yonder noble ship, my lord,
For I know Sir Andrew he is dead."
With that they boarded this noble ship,
So did they it with might and main;
They found eighteen score Scots alive,
Besides the rest were maimed and slain.

My Lord Howard took a sword in his hand,
And smote off Sir Andrew's head;
The Scots stood by did weep and mourn,
But never a word durst speak or say.
He caused his body to be taken down
And over the hatch-board cast into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crowns:
"Wheresoever thou lands, it will bury thee."

With his head they sailed into England again,
With right good will, and force and main;
And the day before new year's even
Into Thames mouth they came again.
My Lord Howard wrote to King Henry's grace,
With all the news he could him bring;
"Such a new year's gift I have brought to your grace
As never did subject to any king.

"For merchandise and manhood,
The like is not to be found;
The sight of these would do you good,
For you have not the like in your English ground."
But when he heard tell that they were come
Full royally he welcomed them home:
Sir Andrew's ship was the King's new year's gift!
A braver ship you never saw none.

Now hath our king Saint Andrew's ship,
Beset with pearls and precious stones;

Now hath England two ships of war,

Two ships of war, before but one.

"Who help to this?" says King Henry,

"That I may reward him for his pain."

"Harry Hunt, and Peter Simon,

William Horsley, and I the same."

"Harry Hunt shall have his whistle and chain,

And all his jewels, whatsoever they be;

And other rich gifts that I will not name,

For his good service he hath done me.

Horsley, right thou'st be a knight,

Lands and livings thou shalt have store;

Howard shall be Earl of Nottingham,

And so was never Howard before.

"Now, Peter Simon, thou art old,

I will maintain thee and thy son;

Thou shalt have five hundred pound all in gold,

For the good service that thou hast done."

Then King Henry shifted his room;

In came the queen and ladies bright,

Other errands had they none

But to see Sir Andrew Barton, knight.

But when they see his deadly face,

And his eyes were hollow in his head,

"I would give a hundred pound," says King Henry,

"The man were alive as he is dead.

Yet for the manful part that he hath played,

Both here and beyond the sea,

His men shall have half-a-crown a day

To bring them to my brother, King Jamie."

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

LORD THOMAS and fair Annet
 Sate a' day on a hill;
 Whan night was come, and sun was set,
 They had not talked their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
 Fair Annet took it ill:
 "A' I will never wed a wife
 Against my ain friends will."

"Gif ye will never wed a wife,
 A wife will ne'er wed ye:"
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
 And knelt upon his knee.

"O rede,¹ O rede, mither," he says,
 "A gude rede gie to me:
 O sall I tak the nut-brown bride,
 And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride haes gowd and gear,
 Fair Annet she has gat nane;
 And the little beauty fair Annet haes,
 O it wull soon be gane."

And he has till his brother gane:
 "Now, brother, rede ye me;
 A', sall I marry the nut-brown bride,
 And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has oxen, brother,
 The nut-brown bride has kye:
 I wad hae ye marry the nut-brown bride,
 And cast fair Annet by."

"Her oxen may die i' the house, billie,
 And her kye into the byre,²

¹ advice.

² cow-house.

And I sall hae nothing to mysel',
But a fat fadge ¹ by the fire."

And he has till his sister gane:
"Now sister, rede ye me;
O sall I marry the nut-brown bride,
And set fair Annet free?"

"I'se rede ye take fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the brown bride alane;
Lest ye should sigh, and say, Alas,
What is this we brought hame!"

"No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
And marry me out o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-brown bride;
Fair Annet may leave the land."

Up then rose fair Annet's father,
Twa hours or it were day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay.

"Rise up, rise up, fair Annet," he says,
"Put on your silken sheen;²
Let us gae to St. Mary's kirk,
And see that rich weddeen."

"My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my hair;
Where-e'er ye laid a plait before,
See ye lay ten times mair.

"My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work."

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind;
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

¹ hag.

² shoes.

Four and twanty siller bells
 Were a' tied till his mane,
 And yae tift¹ o' the norland wind,
 They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knights
 Rade by fair Annet's side,
 And four and twenty fair ladies,
 As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Mary's kirk,
 She sat on Mary's stean:
 The cleading that fair Annet had on
 It skinkled² in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
 She shimmer'd like the sun;
 The belt that was about her waist,
 Was a' wi' pearls bedone.

She sat her by the nut-brown bride,
 And her een they were sae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
 When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
 He gae it kisses three,
 And reaching by the nut-brown bride,
 Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up than spak the nut-brown bride,
 She spak wi' mickle spite;
 "And where gat ye that rose-water,
 That does mak ye sae white?"

"O I did get the rose-water
 Where ye wull ne'er get nane,
 For I did get that very rose-water
 Into my mither's wame."³

¹ puff.

² sparkled.

³ womb.

The bride she drew a long bodkin
 Frae out her gay head-gear,
 And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
 That word spak never mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wax pale,
 And marvelit what mote be:
 But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
 A' wood-wroth wexed he.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
 That was sae sharp and meet,
 And drave it into the nut-brown bride,
 That fell dead at his feet.

"Now stay for me, dear Annet," he said,
 "Now stay, my dear," he cried;
 Then strake the dagger until his heart,
 And fell dead by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
 Fair Annet within the choir;
 And o' the tane there grew a birk,¹
 The other a bonny briar.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,²
 As they wad fain be near;
 And by this ye may ken right well,
 They were twa lovers dear.

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY

O WALY, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly down the brae
 And waly, waly yon burn side,
 Where I and my love went to gae.

I lean'd my back unto an aik,³
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true love did lightly me!

¹ birch.

² throve.

³ oak.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time, while it is new;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be filed ¹ by me:
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pinn'd it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane!
For a maid again I'll never be.

¹ soiled.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

As it fell out on a long summer's day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

"I see no harm by you, Margaret,
Nor you see none by me;
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you shall see."

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spied sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down she laid her ivory comb,
And braided her hair in twain:
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Margaret,
And stood at William's feet.

"Are you awake, sweet William?" she said,
"Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding-sheet."

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady said,
"My dear, I have cause to weep.

"I dreamt a dream, my dear lady,
Such dreams are never good:
I dreamt my bower was full of red swine,
And my bride-bed full of blood."

Fair Margaret and Sweet William 23

“Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured lord,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of swine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.”

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, “I’ll away to fair Margaret’s bower,
By the leave of my lady.”

And when he came to fair Margaret’s bower,
He knocked at the ring;
And who so ready as her seven brethren,
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet;
“Pray let me see the dead;
Methinks she does look pale and wan,
She has lost her cherry red.

“I’ll do more for thee, Margaret,
Than any of thy kin:
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win.”

With that bespake the seven brethren,
Making most piteous mone,
“You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone.”

“If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
I ne’er made a vow to yonder poor corpse,
By day, or yet by night.

“Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine:
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.”

Fair Margaret died to-day, to-day,
Sweet William died the morrow:

Fair Margaret died for pure true love,
Sweet William he died for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher:
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church top,
And then they could grow no higher;
And then they tied in a true lover's knot,
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you this truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

YOUNG WATERS

ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cool;
And the round tables began,
A' there is come to our king's court
Mony a well-favoured man.

The queen looked o'er the castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw young Waters
Come riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind;
Ane mantle of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd ¹ his horse before,
And siller shod behind;
The horse young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

¹ girthed.

Out then spake a wily lord,
 Unto the queen said he:
 "O tell me wha's the fairest face
 Rides in the company?"

"I've seen lord, and I've seen laird,
 And knights of high degree,
 But a fairer face than young Waters
 Mine eyen did never see."

Out then spake the jealous king
 And an angry man was he:
 "O if he had been twice as fair,
 You might have excepted me."

"You're neither laird nor lord," she says,
 "But the king that wears the crown;
 There is not a knight in fair Scotland,
 But to thee maun bow down."

For a' that she could do or say,
 Appeased he wad nae be;
 But for the words which she had said,
 Young Waters he maun dee.

They hae ta'en young Waters,
 And put fetters to his feet;
 They hae ta'en young Waters,
 And thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
 In the wind but and the weet;
 But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
 Wi' fetters at my feet.

"Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town,
 In the wind but and the rain;
 But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
 Ne'er to return again."

They hae ta'en to the heading¹-hill
 His young son in his cradle;
 And they hae ta'en to the heading-hill
 His horse but and his saddle.

They hae ta'en to the heading-hill
 His lady fair to see;
 And for the words the queen had spoke
 Young Waters he did dee.

HUGH OF LINCOLN

FOUR and twenty bonny boys
 Were playing at the ba';
 And by it came him, sweet Sir Hugh,
 And he play'd o'er them a'.

He kick'd the ba' with his right foot,
 And catch'd it wi' his knee;
 And through-and-through the Jew's window,
 He gar'd² the bonny ba' flee.

He's done him to the Jew's castle,
 And walk'd it round about;
 And there he saw the Jew's daughter
 At the window looking out.

"Throw down the ba', ye Jew's daughter,
 Throw down the ba' to me!"
 "Never a bit," says the Jew's daughter,
 "Till up to me come ye."

"How will I come up? How can I come up?
 How can I come to thee?
 For as ye did to my auld father,
 The same ye'll do to me."

She's gane till her father's garden,
 And pu'd an apple, red and green;

¹ beheading.

² made.

'Twas a' to wile him, sweet Sir Hugh,
And to entice him in.

She's led him in through ae dark door,
And sae has she through nine;
She's laid him on a dressing table,
And stickit him like a swine.

And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne came out the thin;
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood;
There was nae mair within.

She's row'd ¹ him in a cake o' lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep;
She's thrown him in Our Lady's draw well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' the bairns came hame,
When every lady gat hame her son,
The Lady Maisry gat nane.

She's ta'en her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the hand;
And she's gane out to seek her son,
And wander'd o'er the land.

She's done her to the Jew's castle,
Where a' were fast asleep;
"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

She's done her to the Jew's garden,
Thought he had been gathering fruit;
"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

She near'd Our Lady's deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep;
"Where'er ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

¹ rolled.

“Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear;
 Prepare my winding sheet;
 And, at the back o’ merry Lincoln,
 The morn I will you meet.”

Now Lady Maisry is gane hame;
 Made him a winding sheet;
 And, at the back o’ merry Lincoln,
 The dead corpse did her meet.

And a’ the bells o’ merry Lincoln,
 Without men’s hands were rung;
 And a’ the books o’ merry Lincoln,
 Were read without man’s tongue;
 And ne’er was such a burial
 Sin Adam’s days begun.

CHILD WATERS

CHILD WATERS in his stable stood
 And stroked his milk-white steed;
 To him came a fair yong lady
 As ever did wear woman’s weed.¹

Says, “Christ you save, good Child Waters,”
 Says, “Christ you save and see;
 My girdle of gold which was too long,
 Is now too short for me.

“And all is with one child of yours
 I feel stir at my side;
 My gown of green it is too straight;
 Before, it was too wide.”

“If the child be mine, fair Ellen,” he said,
 “Be mine, as you tell me,
 Take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
 Take them your own to be.

¹ dress.

“ If the child be mine, fair Ellen,” he said,
“ Be mine, as you do swear,
Take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heir.”

She says, “ I had rather have one kiss,
Child Waters, of thy mouth,
Than I would have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lies by north and south.

“ And I had rather have a twinkling,
Child Waters, of your ee,
Than I would have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine own to be.”

“ To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ride
Far into the north countree;
The fairest lady that I can find,
Ellen, must go with me.”

“ And ever I pray you, Child Waters,
Your foot-page let me be.”

“ If you will my foot-page be, Ellen,
As you do tell it me,
Then you must cut your gown of green
An inch above your knee:

“ So must you do your yellow locks,
Another inch above your ee;
You must tell no man what is my name;
My foot-page then you shall be.”

All this long day Child Waters rode,
She ran barefoot by his side,
Yet he was never so courteous a knight,
To say, “ Ellen, will you ride? ”

But all this day Child Waters rode,
She ran barefoot through the broom,
Yet he was never so courteous a knight,
As to say, “ put on your shoon.”

"Ride softly," she said, "Child Waters,
Why do you ride so fast?
The child, which is no man's but yours,
My body it will burst."

He says, "Sees thou yonder water, Ellen,
That flows from bank to brim?"
"I trust to God, Child Waters," she said,
"You will never see me swim."

But when she came to the water's side,
She sailed to the chin:
"Except the Lord of heaven be my speed,
Now must I learn to swim."

The salt waters bare up Ellen's clothes,
Our Lady bare up her chin;
Child Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see fair Ellen swim!

And when she over the water was,
She then came to his knee:
He said, "Come hither, fair Ellen,
Lo yonder what I see.

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shine the gates:
There's four and twenty fair ladies,
The fairest is my worldly make.¹

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shineth the tower:
There is four and twenty fair ladies,
The fairest is my paramour."

"I do see the hall now, Child Waters,
That of red gold shineth the gates:
God give good then of yourself,
And of your worldly make.

¹ mate.

"I do see the hall now, Child Waters,
That of red gold shineth the tower:
God give good then of yourself,
And of your paramour."

There were four and twenty ladies
Were playing at the ball,
And Ellen, was the fairest lady,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There were four and twenty fair ladies
Was a playing at the chess,
And Ellen, she was the fairest lady,
Must bring his horse to grass.

And then bespake Child Waters' sister,
And these were the words said she:
"You have the prettiest foot-page, brother,
That ever I saw with mine eye.

"But that his belly it is so big,
His girdle goes wondrous high;
And ever, I pray you, Child Waters,
Let him go into the chamber with me."

"It is more meet for a little foot-page,
That has run through moss and mire,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And sit down by the kitchen fire,
Then to go into the chamber with any lady,
That wears so [rich] attire."

But when they had supped every one,
To bed they took the way:
He said, "Come hither, my little foot-page,
Hearken what I do say.

"And go thee down into yonder town,
And low into the street;
The fairest lady that thou canst find,
Hire her in mine arms to sleep;

And take her up in thine arms two,
For filing¹ of her feet."

Ellen is gone into the town,
And low into the street;
The fairest lady that she could find,
She hired in his arms to sleep;
And took her up in her arms two,
For filing of her feet.

"I pray you now, good Child Waters,
That I may creep in at your bed's feet;
For there is no place about this house,
Where I may say a sleep."

This [night] and it drove on afterward,
Till it was near the day,
He said, "Rise up, my little foot-page,
And give my steed corn and hay;
And so do thou the good black oats,
That he may carry me the better away."

And up then rose fair Ellen,
And gave his steed corn and hay;
And so she did and the good black oats,
That he might carry him the better away.

She leaned her back to the manger side,
And grievously did groan;
And that beheard his mother dear,
And heard her make her moan.

She said, "Rise up, thou Child Waters,
I think thou art a cursed man;
For yonder is a ghost in thy stable,
That grievously doth groan;
Or else some woman labours of child,
She is so woe-begone."

But up then rose Child Waters,
And did on his shirt of silk;
¹ to keep clean.

Then he put on his other clothes,
On his body as white as milk.

And when he came to the stable door,
Full still that he did stand,
That he might hear now fair Ellen,
How she made her monand.¹

She said, "Lullaby, my own dear child,
Lullaby, dear child, dear;
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother laid on a bier."

"Peace now," he said, "good, fair Ellen,
And be of good cheer, I thee pray;
And the bridal and the churcing both
They shall be upon one day."

THE BRAVE EARL BRAN

O DID you ever hear o' brave Earl Bran?
Ay lally, O lilly lally!
He courted the king's daughter of fair England,
All i' the night sae early.

She was scarcely fifteen years of age,
Till sae boldly she came to his bed-side.

"O, Earl Bran, fain wad I see
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea."

"O lady, I have no steeds but one,
And thou shalt ride, and I will run."

"O Earl Bran, my father has two,
And thou shalt have the best of them a'."

They have ridden o'er moss and moor,
And they met neither rich nor poor,

¹ moaning.

Until they met with old Carl Hood,
He comes for ill, but never for good.

“Earl Bran, if ye love me,
Seize this old carl, and gar him die.”

“O lady fair, it wad be sair,
To slay an old man that has grey hair.

“O lady fair, I’ll no do sae,
I’ll gie him a pound, and let him gae.”

“O where hae ye ridden this lee lang day,
And where hae ye stolen this lady away?”

“I have not ridden this lee lang day,
Nor yet have I stolen this lady away.

“She is my only, my sick sister,
Whom I have brought from Winchester.”

“If she be sick, and like to dead,
Why wears she the ribbon sae red?

“If she be sick, and like to die,
Then why wears she the gold on high?”

Then he came to this lady’s gate,
Sae rudely as he rapped at it.

“O where’s the lady of this ha’?”
“She’s out with her maids to play at the ba’.”

“Ha, ha, ha! ye are a’ mista’en;
Gae count your maidens o’er again.

“I saw her far beyond the moor,
Away to be the Earl o’ Bran’s whore.”

The father armed fifteen of his best men,
To bring his daughter back again.

O'er her left shoulder the lady looked then;
 "O Earl Bran, we both are ta'en."

"If they come on me ane by ane,
 You may stand by and see them slain."

"But if they come on me one and all,
 You may stand by and see me fall."

They have come on him ane by ane,
 And he has killed them all but ane.

And that ane came behind his back,
 And he's gi'en him a deadly whack.

But for a' sae wounded as Earl Bran was,
 He has set his lady on her horse.

They rode till they came to the water o' Doune,
 And then he alighted to wash his wounds.

"O Earl Bran, I see your heart's blood!"
 "'Tis but the gleat¹ o' my scarlet hood."

They rode till they came to his mother's gate,
 And sae rudely as he rapped at it.

"O my son's slain, my son's put down,
 And a' for the sake of an English loon."

"O say not sae, my dear mother,
 But marry her to my youngest brother.

"This has not been the death o' ane,
 But it's been that of fair seventeen."

¹ gleam.

THE NUTBROWN MAID

"BE it right or wrong, these men among
 On women do complain,
 Affirming this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vain
 To love them weel, for never a deal ¹
 They love a man again:
 For let a man do what he can
 Their favour to attain,
 Yet if a new do them pursue,
 Their first true lover than ²
 Laboureth for nought, and from her thought
 He is a banished man."

"I say not nay, but that all day
 It is both writ and said,
 That woman's faith is, as who saith,
 All utterly decayed:
 But nevertheless, right good witness
 In this case might be laid,
 That they love true, and continue,—
 Record THE NUTBROWN MAID;
 Which from her love, when her to prove
 He came to make his moan,
 Would not depart, for in her heart
 She loved but him alone."

"Then between us let us discuss
 What was all the mannér
 Between them two; we will also
 Tell all the pain and fear
 That she was in; now I begin,
 See that ye me answer:
 Wherefore [all] ye that present be,
 I pray you give an ear.
 I am the knight, I come by night,
 As secret as I can,
 Saying, 'Alas! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banished man!'"

¹ bit.² then.

“ And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse,
Trusting to shew, in words few,
That men have an ill use,
To their own shame, women to blame,
And causeless them accuse:
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse,
‘ Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer?
I pray you tell anon:
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.’ ”

“ It standeth so: a deed is do
Whereof much harm shall grow.
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trow,
Or else to flee,—the one must be:
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true,
None other red ¹ I can;
For I must to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man.”

“ O Lord, what is this worldés bliss
That changeth as the moon!
My summer’s day in lusty May
Is darked ² before the noon.
I hear you say Farewell: nay, nay,
We depart not so soon.
Why say ye so? Whither will ye go?
Alas, what have ye done?
All my welfare to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone:
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.”

“ I can believe it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distract;

¹ plan.

² darkened.

But afterward your painés hard,
Within a day or twain,
Shall soon aslake, and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye nought? for, to make thought
Your labour were in vain:
And thus I do, and pray you, too,
As heartily as I can:
For I must to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man."

"Now sith that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find:
Sith it is so that ye will go,
I will not leave behind;
Shall never be said the Nutbrown Maid
Was to her love unkind.
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anon;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

"Yet I you rede to take good heed
What men will think and say;
Of young and old it shall be told,
That ye be gone away
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In greenwood you to play;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill woman,
Yet would I to the greenwood go
Alone, a banished man."

"Though it be sung of old and young
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speak so large
In hurting of my name.
For I will prove that faithful love

It is devoid of shame,
In your distress and heaviness,
To part with you the same;
And sure all tho¹ that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
But in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

"I counsel yow remember how
It is no maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt, but to renne² out
To wood with an outlaw.
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow to bear and draw,
And as a thief thus must ye live,
Ever in dread and awe;
By which to yow great harm might grow;—
Yet had I liefer than
That I had to the greenwood go
Alone, a banished man."

"I think not nay; but, as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot
To get us meat and store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more;
From which to part, it maketh mine heart
As cold as any stone:
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

"For an outlaw this is the law,
That men him take and bind,
Without pity hanged to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had need, as God forbid,
What rescue could ye find?

¹ those.

² run.

For sooth, I trow, you and your bow
 Should draw for fear behind:
 And no mervail; for little avail
 Were in your counsel than;¹
 Wherefore I to the wood will go
 Alone, a banished man."

" Full well know ye that women be
 Full feeble for to fight;
 No womanhead is it indeed,
 To be bold as a knight.
 Yet in such fear if that ye were,
 Among enemies day and night,
 I would withstand, with bow in hand,
 To grieve them as I might,
 And you to save, as women have,
 From death many one:
 For in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone."

" Yet take good heed; for ever I dread
 That ye could not sustain
 The thorny ways, the deep vallies,
 The snow, the frost, the rain,
 The cold, the heat; for, dry or wet,
 We must lodge on the plain;
 And us above none other rove²
 But a brake bush or twain;
 Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
 And ye would gladly than
 That I had to the greenwood go
 Alone, a banished man."

" Sith I have here been partinere¹
 With you of joy and bliss,
 I must also part of your woe
 Endure, as reason is;
 Yet am I sure of one pleasure,
 And shortly, it is this;
 That where ye be, meseemth, perdé,
 I could not fare amiss.

¹ then.² roof.³ partner.

Without more speech, I you beseech
That we were soon agone;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

"If ye go thither, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for to get,
Nor drink, beer, ale, ne wine;
Ne sheetés clean to lien between,
Made of thread and twine:
None other house but leaves and boughs
To cover your head and mine.
Lo, mine heart sweet, this ill diet
Should make you pale and wan:
Wherefore I to the wood will go
Alone, a banished man."

"Among the wild deer such an archer
As men say that ye be
Ne may not fair of good vitail,¹
Where is so great plenty;
And water clear of the river
Shall be full sweet to me,
With which in hele² I shall right weel
Endure, as ye shall see:
And ere we go, a bed or two
I can provide anon;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

"Lo, yet before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me,
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be;
And this same night, before daylight,
To woodward will I flee;
And [if] ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can:

¹ victual.

² health.

Else will I to the greenwood go
Alone, a banished man."

"I shall as now do more for you
Than longeth to womanhood,
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need:
O my sweet mother, before all other,
For you have I most dread!
But now, adieu! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye; now let us flee;
The day comes fast upon;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

"Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go;
And I shall tell you why;
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy:
For right as ye have said to me,
In like wise, hardily,
Ye would answer, who so ever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, soon hot, soon cold,
And so is a woman;
Wherefore I to the wood will go
Alone, a banished man."

"If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Or I you loved, perdé.
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, what so befall,
To die therefore anon;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

“ A baron’s child to be beguiled,
It were a cursed deed!
To be fellow with an outlaw,
Almighty God forbid!
Yet better were the poor squire
Alone to forest yede,¹
Than ye shall say another day,
That by [my] wicked deed
Ye were betrayed; wherefore, good maid,
The best red ² that I can
Is that I to the greenwood go
Alone, a banished man.”

“ Whatsoever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid;
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you weel, how that ye deal,
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
Your love, the Nutbrown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.”

“ If that ye went, ye should repent,
For in the forest now
I have purveyed me of a maid
Whom I love more than you:
Another fairer than ever ye were,
I dare it well avow;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow,
It were mine ease to live in peace;
So will I, if I can;
Wherefore I to the wood will go
Alone, a banished man.”

“ Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,

¹ went.

² advice.

All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your;
And she shall find me soft and kind
And courteous every hour,
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me to my power;
For had ye, lo'e,¹ an hundred moe
Yet would I be that one.
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

" Mine own dear love, I see the prove
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changed new;
For it were ruth that for your truth
You should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed: whatsoever I said
To you when I began,
I will not to the greenwood go;
I am no banished man."

" This tidings be more glad to me
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure,
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordés on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal fro me, I ween;
Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more woe-begone;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

" Ye shall not need further to dread:
I will not disparage
You, God defend! sith you descend
Of so great a lineage.

¹ love.

Now understand, to Westmoreland,
Which is my heritage,
I will you bring, and with a ring,
By way of marriage,
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have ye won an earlés son,
And not a banished man.”

Here may ye see that women be
In love meek, kind, and stable:
Let never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But rather pray God, that we may
To them be comfortable,
Which sometime proveth such as loveth,
If they be charitable;
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one,
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

WHEN shaws ¹ been sheen,² and shrads ³ full fair,
And leaves both large and long,
It is merry walking in the fair forrest,
To hear the small bird's song.

The woodweel sang, and would not cease,
Among the leaves o' line;⁴
And it is by two wight yeomen,
By dear God, that I mean.⁵

.

“Methought they did me beat and bind,
And took my bow me fro;

¹ wood. ² bright. ³ an opening in a wood. ⁴ tree.

⁵ The lost stanza probably states that Robin Hood is having a dream.

If I be Robin alive in this land,
I'll be wroken ¹ on them two."

"Swevens ² are swift, master," quoth John,
"As the wind that blows o'er a hill;
For if it be never so loud this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

"Busk ye, boun ³ ye, my merry men all,
For John shall go with me,
For I'll go seek yond wight yeomàn,
In greenwood where they be."

They cast on their gowns of green,
A shooting gone are they;
Until they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest be;
There were they ware of [a] wight yeomàn,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Had been many a man's bane;
And he was clad in his capull ⁴ hide,
Top and tail and mane.

"Stand you still, master," quoth Little John,
"Under this trusty tree,
And I will go to yond wight yeomàn,
To know his meaning truly."

"Ah! John, by me thou sets no store,
And that's a farley ⁵ thing:
How oft send I my men before,
And tarry myself behind?"

"It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but hear him speak;
And it were not for bursting of my bow,
John, I would thy head break."

¹ revenged.
⁴ horse.

² dreams.
⁵ strange.

³ make ready.

But often words they breeden bale,¹
That parted Robin and John;
John is gone to Barnesdale;
The gates he knows each one.

And when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there he had,
He found two of his own fellows,
Were slain both in a slade.²

And Scarlet a-foot flying was
Over stocks and stone,
For the sheriff with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

“Yet one shot I’ll shoot,” says Little John,
“With Christ his might and main;
I’ll make yond fellow that flies so fast,
To be both glad and fain.”

John bent up a good yew bow,
And fettled³ him to shoot:
The bow was made of a tender bough,
And fell down to his foot.

“Woe worth thee, wicked wood,” said Little John,
“That ere thou grew on a tree!
For this day thou art my bale,
My boot when thou should be.”

This shot it was but loosely shot,
The arrow flew in vain,
And it met one of the sheriff’s men,
Good William a Trent was slain.

It had been better for William a Trent
To have been upon a gallow,
Than for to lie in the greenwood
There slain with an arrow.

¹ mischief or sorrow.

² valley.

³ made ready.

And it is said, when men be met
Six can do more than three,
And they have ta'en Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawn by dale and down," quoth the sheriff,
"And hanged high on a hill;"
"But thou may fail," quoth John,
"If it be Christ's own will."

Let us leave talking of Little John,
For he is bound fast to a tree,
And talk of Guy and Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where they be.

How these two yeomen together they met,
Under the leaves of line,¹
To see what merchandise they made,
Even at that same time.

"Good morrow, good fellow," quoth Sir Guy,
"Good morrow, good fellow," quoth he:
"Methinks by this bow thou bears in thy hand,
A good archer thou seems to be.

"I am wilful of my way," quoth Sir Guy,
"And of my morning tide:"
"I'll lead thee through the wood," quoth Robin,
"Good fellow, I'll be thy guide."

"I seek an outlaw," quoth Sir Guy,
"Men call him Robin Hood:
I'd rather meet with him upon a day,
Than forty pound of gold."

"If you two met, it would be seen whether were better,
Afore ye did part away;
Let us some other pastime find,
Good fellow, I thee pray.

¹ tree.

"Let us some masteries make,
And we will walk in the woods even;
We may chance meet with Robin Hood
Here at some unset steven."¹

They cut them down two summer shrogs,²
Which grew both under a briar,
And set them threescore rood in twin,³
To shoot the pricks full near.

"Lead on, good fellow," said Sir Guy,
"Lead on, I do bid thee;"
"Nay, by my faith," quoth Robin Hood,
"The leader thou shalt be."

The first good shot that Robin led
Did not shoot an inch the prick fro';
Guy was an archer good enough,
But he could ne'er shoot so.

The second shot Sir Guy shot,
He shot within the garlând;
But Robin Hood shot it better than he,
For he clove the good prick-wand.

"God's blessing on thy heart," says Guy,
"Good fellow, thy shooting is good;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand
Thou were better then Robin Hood.

"Tell me thy name, good fellow," quoth Guy,
"Under the leaves of line;"
"Nay, by my faith," quoth good Robin,
"Till thou have told me thine."

"I dwell by dale and down," quoth Guy,
"And I have done many a cursed turn;
And he that calls me by my right name,
Calls me Guy of good Gisbørne."

¹ unappointed time.

² shrubs.

³ apart.

"My dwelling is in the wood," says Robin,
"By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnésdale,
A fellow thou has long sought."

He that had neither been a kith nor kin
Might have seen a full fair fight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both brown and bright:

To have seen how these yeomen together fought
Two hours of a summer's day,
It was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
That fettled them to fly away.

Robin was reachless ¹ on a root,
And stumbled at that tide;
And Guy was quick and nimble withal,
And hit him o'er the left side.

"Ah, dear Lady," said Robin Hood,
"Thou art both mother and may;
I think it was never man's destiny
To die before his day."

Robin thought on our lady dear,
And soon leapt up again,
And thus he came with an awkward stroke,
Good Sir Guy he hath slain.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hair,
And stuck it on his bow's end:
"Thou hast been traitor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end."

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Could tell who Sir Guy was.

¹ reckless.

Says, " Lie there, lie there, good Sir Guy,
And with me be not wroth;
If thou have had the worse strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloth."

Robin did off his gown of green,
[On] Sir Guy he did it throw,
And he put on that capull hide,
That clad him top to toe.

" The bow, the arrows, and little horn,
And with me now I'll bear;
For I will go to Barnésdale,
To see how my men do fare."

Robin Hood set Guy's horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it he did blow:
That beheard the sheriff of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.¹

" Hearken, hearken," said the sheriff,
" I heard no tidings but good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
For he hath slain Robin Hood.

" For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
It blows so well in tide,
For yonder comes that wight yeomàn,
Clad in his capull hide.

" Come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Ask of me what thou wilt: "
" I'll have none of thy gold," says Robin Hood,
" Nor I'll none of it have.

" But now I have slain the master," he said,
" Let me go strike the knave;
This is all the reward I ask,
Nór no other will I have."

¹ small hill.

“Thou art a madman,” said the sheriff,
“Thou shouldest have had a knight’s fee;
Seeing thy asking hath been so bad,
Well granted it shall be.”

But Little John heard his master speak,
Well he knew that was his steven;¹
“Now shall I be loosed,” quoth Little John,
“With Christ’s might in heaven.”

But Robin he hied him towards Little John,
He thought he would loose him belive:²
The sheriff and all his company
Fast after him did drive.

“Stand aback, stand aback,” said Robin,
“Why draw you me so near?
It was never the use in our country,
One’s shrift another should hear.”

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And loosed John hand and foot,
And gave him Sir Guy’s bow in his hand,
And bade it be his boot.

But John took Guy’s bow in his hand,
His arrows were rusty by the root:
The sheriff saw Little John draw a bow,
And fettle³ him to shoot.

Towards his house in Nottingham
He fled full fast away,
And so did all his company,
Nor one behind did stay.

But he could neither so fast go,
Nor away so fast run,
But Little John with an arrow broad
Did cleave his heart in twin.

¹ voice.

² quickly.

³ make ready.

OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE

God let never so old a man
Marry so young a wife,
As did old Robin of Portingale;
He may rue all the days of his life.

For the mayor's daughter of Lynn, God wot,
He chose her to his wife,
And thought to have lived in quietness,
With her all the days of his life.

They had not in their wed-bed laid,
Scarcely were both on sleep,
But up she rose, and forth she goes,
To Sir Gyles, and fast can weep.

Says, "Sleep you, wake you, fair Sir Gyles?
Or be you not within?
[Sleep you, wake you, fair Sir Gyles,
Arise and let me in.]"

"But I am waking, sweet," he said,
"Lady, what is your will?"
"I have unbethought me of a wile
How my wed lord we shall spill.

"Four and twenty knights," she says,
"That dwells about this town,
E'en four and twenty of my next cousins
Will help to ding¹ him down."

With that beheard his little foot-page,
As he was watering his master's steed;
[And for his master's sad peril]
His very heart did bleed.

¹ knock.

He mourned, sighed, and wept full sore;
I swear by the holy rood,
The tears he for his master wept
Were blend water and blood.

With that beheard his dear master
As [he] in his garden sat:
Says, " Ever alack, my little page,
What causes thee to weep?"

" Hath any one done to thee wrong,
Any of thy fellows here?
Or is any of thy good friends dead,
Which makes thee shed such tears?"

" Or, if it be my head cook's-man,
Grieved again he shall be:
Nor no man within my house
Shall do wrong unto thee."

" But it is not your head cook's-man,
Nor none of his degree:
But, for to-morrow ere it be noon
You are deemed ¹ to die:

" And of that thank your head steward,
And after, your gay lady."
" If it be true, my little foot-page,
I'll make thee heir of all my land."

" If it be not true, my dear master,
God let me never the: " ²
" If it be not true, thou little foot-page,
A dead corse shalt thou be."

He called down his head cook's-man,
Cook in kitchen supper to dress:
" All and anon, my dear master,
Anon at your request."

¹ doomed.

² prosper.

“ And call you down my fair lady
This night to sup with me.”

And down then came that fair lady,
Was clad all in purple and pall:
The rings that were upon her fingers,
Cast light thorow the hall.

“ What is your will, my own wed lord?
What is your will with me? ”

“ I am sick, fair lady,
Sore sick and like to die.”

“ But and you be sick, my own wed lord,
So sore it grieveth me:
But my five maidens and myself
Will go and make your bed.

“ And at the wakening of your first sleep,
You shall have a hot drink made;
And at the wakening of your next sleep
Your sorrows will have a slake.”

He put a silk coat on his back,
Was thirteen inches fold;
And put a steel cap upon his head,
Was gilded with good red gold.

And he laid a bright brown sword by his side,
And another at his feet:
And full well knew old Robin then
Whether he should wake or sleep.

And about the middle time of the night,
Came twenty-four good knights;
Sir Gyles he was the foremost man,
So well he knew that gin.¹

Old Robin with a bright brown sword,
Sir Gyles' head he did win;
So did he all those twenty-four
Never a one went quick out [agen].

¹ trick.

None but one little foot-page,
Crept forth at a window of stone;
And he had two arms when he came in,
And [when he went out he had none].

Up then came that lady gay,
With torches burning bright;
She thought to have brought Sir Gyles a drink,
But she found her own wed knight.

And the first thing that this lady stumbled upon
Was of Sir Gyles his foot;
Says, "Ever alack, and woe is me!
Here lies my sweet heart-root."

And the second thing that this lady stumbled on
Was of Sir Gyles his head;
Says, "Ever alack, and woe is me!
Here lies my true love dead."

He cut the paps beside her breast,
And bade her wish her will;
And he cut the ears beside her head
And bade her wish on still.

Mickle is the man's blood I have spent,
To do thee and me some good;
Says, "Ever alack, my fair lady,
I think that I was wood!"¹

He called then up his little foot-page,
And made him heir of all his land;
And he shope² the cross on his right shoulder,
Of the white flesh and the red,
And he went him into the holy land,
Whereas Christ was quick and dead.

¹ mad.

² shaped, cut.

CAPTAIN CAR, OR EDMOND O' GORDON

It befell at Martinmas
When weather waxed cold,
Captain Car said to his men,
"We must go take a hold."

Sick, sick, and too-too sick,
And sick and like to die;
The sickest night that ever I abode,
God Lord have mercy on me.

"Hail, master, and whither you will,
And whither ye like it best."
"To the castle of Craickernbrough;
And there we will take our rest.

"I know where is a gay castle,
Is builded of lime and stone,
Within there is a gay lady,
Her lord is ridden and gone."

The lady she leaned on her castle-wall,
She looked up and down;
There was she ware of an host of men,
Come riding to the town.

"See now, my merry men all,
And see you what I see;
Yonder I see an host of men,
I muse who they be."

She thought he had been her wed lord,
As he comed riding home;
Then was it traitor Captain Car,
The lord of Ester-town.

They were no sooner at supper set,
Then after said the grace,

Or Captain Car and all his men
Were light about the place.

“ Give over this house, thou lady gay,
And I will make thee a band;¹
To-night thou shall lie within my arms,
To-morrow thou shall heir my land.”

Then bespake the eldest son,
That was both white and red,
“ O mother dear, give over your house,
Or else we shall be dead.”

“ I will not give over my house,” she saith,
“ Not for fear of my life;
It shall be talked throughout the land,
The slaughter of a wife.

“ Fetch me my pestilet,²
And charge me my gun,
That I may shoot at yonder bloody butcher,
The lord of Ester-town.”

Stiffly upon her wall she stood,
And let the pellets flee,
But then she missed the bloody butcher,
And she slew other three.

“ [I will] not give over my house,” she saith,
“ Neither for lord nor loon,
Nor yet for traitor Captain Car,
The lord of Ester-town.

“ I desire of Captain Car,
And all his bloody band,
That he would save my eldest son,
The heir of all my land.”

“ Lap him in a sheet,” he saith,
“ And let him down to me,

¹ bond.

² pistols.

And I shall take him in my arms,
His warrant shall I be."

The captain said unto himself,
With speed before the rest;
He cut his tongue out of his head,
His heart out of his breast.

He lapt them in a handkerchief,
And knit it of knots three,
And cast them over the castle-wall
At that gay lady.

"Fie upon thee, Captain Car,
And all thy bloody band,
For thou hast slain my eldest son,
The heir of all my land."

Then bespake the youngest son,
That sat on the nurse's knee,
Saith, "Mother gay, give over your house,
It smouldereth me."

"I would give my gold," she saith,
"And so I would my fee,
For a blast of the western wind
To drive the smoke from thee.

"Fie upon thee, John Hamilton,
That ever I paid thee hire,
For thou hast broken my castle-wall,
And kindled in the fire."

The lady gat to her close parlor,
The fire fell about her head;
She took up her children three,
Saith, "Babes, we are all dead."

Then bespake the high steward,
That is of high degree;
Saith, "Lady gay, you are enclosed,
Whether ye fight or flee."

Lord Hamilton dreamed in his dream,
In Carvall where he lay,
His hall was all of fire,
His lady slain or day.¹

“Busk and boun, my merry men all,
Even and go ye with me,
For I dreamed that my hall was on fire,
My lady slain or day.”

He busked him and bouned ² him,
And like a worthy knight,
And when he saw his hall burning;
His heart was no deal light.

He set a trumpet till his mouth,
He blew as it pleased his grace;
Twenty score of Hamiltons
Was light about the place.

“Had I known as much yesternight
As I do to-day,
Captain Car and all his men
Should not have gone so quite [away].

“Fie upon thee, Captain Car,
And all thy bloody band;
Thou hast slain my lady gay,
More worth then all thy land.

“If thou had ought any ill will,” he saith,
“Thou should have taken my life,
And have saved my children three,
All and my lovesome wife.”

¹ before day.

² prepared.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir ¹-men win ² their hay,
The doughty Douglas bouned him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindsays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wad not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambroughshire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
“ O wha's the lord of this castle,
O wha's the lady o't? ”

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake high!
“ I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay.”

“ If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us shall die.”

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,³
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiously.

¹ moor.² make.³ precious.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
 Frae aff the castle wa',
 When down before the Scottish spear
 She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
 And never an eye to see,
 I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
 But your sword sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
 And wait there dayés three;
 And if I come not ere three dayés end,
 A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
 'Tis pleasant there to be;
 But there is nought at Otterbourne,
 To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
 The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
 But there is neither bread nor kale,¹
 To fend² my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
 Where you shall welcome be;
 And if ye come not at three days' end,
 A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
 "By the might of Our Lady!"
 "There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
 "My troth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 Upon the bent³ sae brown;
 They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 And threw their pallions⁴ down.

¹ broth.

² field.

³ keep, support.

⁴ pavilions, tents.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
“O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy’s hard at hand.”

“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me.

“But I have dream’d a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.”

He belted on his guid braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain,

When Percy wi’ the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu’ fain;
They swakke¹ their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his guid braid sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-page,
And said—“Run speedily,
And fetch my ain dear sister’s son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.

¹ smote.

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain."

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the bracken bush,
That grows on yonder lily lea."

"O bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blooming briar,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the bracken bush,
That his merry-men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders ¹ flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steeped their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped ² swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

¹ fragments.

² smote.

“Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loon,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the bracken bush,
That grows upon yon lily lea.”

“I will not yield to a bracken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a briar;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here.”

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the ground;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the hand.

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the bracken bush
And the Percy led captive away.

THE BONNY LASS OF ANGLESEY

Our king he has a secret to tell,
And ay well keepit it must be;
The English lords are coming down
To dance and win the victory.

Our king has cried a noble cry,
And ay well keepit it must be:
“Gar saddle ye, and bring to me
The bonny lass of Anglesey.”

Up she starts, as white as the milk,
Between him and his company:
“What is the thing I hae to ask,
If I should win the victory?”

“Fifteen ploughs but and a mill
I gie thee till the day thou die,
And the fairest knight in a' my court
To chuse thy husband for to be.”

She's taen the fifteen lord[s] by the hand,
 Saying, " Will ye come dance with me? "
 But on the morn at ten o'clock
 They gave it o'er most shamefully.

Up then raise the fifteenth lord—
 I wat an angry man was he—
 Laid by frae him his belt and sword,
 And to the floor gaed manfully.

He said, " My feet shall be my `dead
 Before she win the victory; "
 But before't was ten o'clock at night
 He gaed it o'er as shamefully.

THE WEE WEE MAN

As I was walking all alone,
 Atween a water and a wa',
 And there I spied a wee wee man,
 He was the least that ere I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's ¹ length,
 And thick and thimber was his thigh;
 Between his brows there was a span,
 And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a mickle stane,
 And he flang't as far as I could see;
 Though I had been a Wallace wight,
 I couldna liften't to my knee.

" O wee wee man, but thou be strang!
 Oh, tell me where thy dwelling be? "
 " My dwelling's down at yon bonnie bower,
 O will ye go with me and see? "

On we lap,² and awa' we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonny green;

¹ six inches.

² leapt.

We lighted down for to bait our horse,
And out there cam a lady fine;

Four and twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the King of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might hae been his queen.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha';
Where the roof was o' the beaten gowd,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

When we cam to the stair foot
Ladies were dancing, jimp¹ and sma';
But in the twinkling of an eye,
My wee wee man was clean awa.

CLERK COLVILL, OR THE MERMAID

CLERK COLVILL and his lusty dame
Were walking in the garden green;
The belt around her stately waist
Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.

"O promise me now, Clerk Colvill,
Or it will cost ye muckle strife,
Ride never by the wells of Slane,
If ye wad live and brook² your life."

"Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,
Now speak nae mair of that to me:
Did I ne'er see a fair woman,
But I wad sin with her body?"

He's ta'en leave o' his gay lady,
Nought minding what his lady said,
And he's rode by the wells of Slane,
Where washing was a bonny maid.

¹ slender.

² preserve.

“Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,
 That wash sae clean your sark ¹ of silk;”
 “And weel fa’ you, fair gentleman,
 Your body whiter than the milk.”

.

Then loud, loud cried the Clerk Colvill,
 “O my head it pains me sair;”
 “Then take, then take,” the maiden said,
 “And frae my sark you’ll cut a gare.” ²

Then she’s gi’ed him a little bane ³-knife,
 And frae her sark he cut a share;
 She’s tide it round his whey-white face,
 But ay his head it ached mair.

Then louder cried the Clerk Colvill,
 “O sairer, sairer aches my head;”
 “And sairer, sairer ever will,”
 The maiden cries, “till you be dead.”

Out then he drew his shining blade,
 Thinking to stick her where she stood;
 But she was vanish’d to a fish,
 And swam far off, a fair mermaid.

“O mother, mother, braid my hair;
 My lusty lady, make my bed;
 O brother, take my sword and spear,
 For I have seen the false mermaid.”

.

¹ skirt.² gore.³ bone.

LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT

FAIR Lady Isabel sits in her bower sewing,
Aye as the gowans ¹ grow gay ;
There she heard an elf-knight blawing his horn,
The first morning in May.

“ If I had yon horn that I hear blawing,
And yon elf-knight to sleep in my bosom.”

This maiden had scarcely these words spoken,
Till in at her window the elf-knight has luppen.

“ It’s a very strange matter, fair maiden,” said he,
“ I canna blaw my horn, but ye call on me.”

“ But will ye go to yon greenwood side,
If ye canna’ gang, I will cause you to ride.”

He leapt on a horse, and she on another,
And they rode on to the greenwood together.

“ Light down, light down, Lady Isabel,” said he,
“ We are come to the place where ye are to die.”

“ Hae mercy, hae mercy, kind sir, on me,
Till ance my dear father and mother I see.”

“ Seven kings’ daughters here hae I slain,
And ye shall be the eight o’ them.”

“ O sit down a while, lay your head on my knee,
That we may hae some rest before that I die.”

She strok’d him sae fast, the nearer he did creep,
Wi’ a sma’ charm she lull’d him fast asleep.

¹ flowers.

Wi' his ain sword belt sae fast as she ban' ¹ him,
 With his ain dag-dirk ² sae sair as she dang ³ him.

"If seven kings' daughters here ye ha'e slain,
 Lie ye here, a husband to them a'."

FAIR JANET

"YE maun gang to your father, Janet,
 Ye maun gang to him soon;
 Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
 In case that his days are dune!"

Janet's awa' to her father,
 As fast as she could hie;
 "O what's your will wi' me, father?
 O what's your will wi' me?"

"My will wi' you, Fair Janet," he said,
 "It is both bed and board;
 Some say that ye lo'e Sweet Willie,
 But ye maun wed a French lord."

"A French lord maun I wed, father?
 A French lord maun I wed?
 Then, by my sooth," quo' Fair Janet,
 "He's ne'er enter my bed."

Janet's awa' to her chamber,
 As fast as she could go;
 Wha's the first ane that tapped there,
 But Sweet Willie her-jo!

"O we maun part this love, Willie,
 That has been lang between;
 'There's a French lord coming o'er the sea
 To wed me wi' a ring;
 There's a French lord coming o'er the sea,
 To wed and tak me hame."

¹ bound.

² dagger.

³ struck.

"If we maun part this love, Janet,
It causeth mickle woe;
If we maun part this love, Janet,
It makes me into mourning go."

"But ye maun gang to your three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean;
Tell them to come to Fair Janet,
In case that her days are dune."

Willie's away to his three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean;
"O haste, and gang to Fair Janet,
I fear that her days are dune."

Some drew to them their silken hose,
Some drew to them their shoon,
Some drew to them their silk mantles,
Their coverings to put on;
And they're awa' to Fair Janet,
By the high light o' the moon.

"O I have born this babe, Willie,
Wi' mickle toil and pain;
Take hame, take hame, your babe, Willie,
For nurse I dare be nane."

He's tane his young son in his arms,
And kissed him cheek and chin,—
And he's awa' to his mother's bower,
By the high light o' the moon.

"O open, open, mother," he says,
"O open, and let me in;
The rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dewdrops o'er my chin,—
And I hae my young son in my arms,
I fear that his days are dune."

With her fingers lang and sma'
She lifted up the pin;
And with her arms lang and sma'
Received the baby in.

“Gae back, gae back now, Sweet Willie,
And comfort your fair lady;
For where ye had but ae nourice,
Your young son shall hae three.”

Willie he was scarce awa',
And the lady put to bed,
When in and came her father dear:
“Make haste, and busk ¹ the bride.”

“There's a sair pain in my head, father,
There's a sair pain in my side;
And ill, O ill, am I, father,
This day for to be a bride.

“O ye maun busk this bonny bride,
And put a gay mantle on;
For she shall wed this auld French lord,
Gin she should die the morn.”

Some put on the gay green robes,
And some put on the brown;
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,
To shine foremost through the town.

And some they mounted the black steed,
And some mounted the brown;
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
To ride foremost through the town.

“O wha will guide your horse, Janet?
O wha will guide him best?”
“O wha but Willie, my true love,
He kens I lo'e him best!”

And when they cam to Mary's kirk,
To tie the haly ban,
Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,
And her colour ga'ed and cam.

¹ dress.

When dinner it was past and done,
And dancing to begin,
“ O we’ll go take the bride’s maidens,
And we’ll go fill the ring.”

O ben then cam the auld French lord,
Saying, “ Bride, will ye dance with me? ”
“ Awa’, awa’, ye auld French Lord,
Your face I downa ¹ see.”

O ben then cam now Sweet Willie,
He cam with ane advance:
“ O I’ll go tak the bride’s maidens,
And we’ll go tak a dance.”

“ I’ve seen ither days wi’ you, Willie,
And so has mony mae;
Ye would hae danced wi’ me mysel’,
Let a’ my maidens gae.”

O ben then cam now Sweet Willie,
Saying, “ Bride, will ye dance wi’ me? ”
“ Aye, by my sooth, and that I will,
Gin my back should break in three.”

[And she’s taen Willie by the hand,
The tear blinded her e’e;
“ O I wad dance wi’ my true love,
Tho’ bursts my heart in three! ”]

She hadna turned her through the dance,
Through the dance but thrice,
Whan she fell down at Willie’s feet,
And up did never rise!

[She’s ta’en her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee:
“ Gie that, gie that, to my young son;
He’ll ne’er his mother see.”]

¹ cannot.

Willie's ta'en the key of his coffer,
 And gi'en it to his man;
 "Gae hame, and tell my mother dear,
 My horse he has me slain;
 Bid her be kind to my young son,
 For father he has nane."

["Gar deal, gar deal the bread," he cried,
 "Gar deal, gar deal the wine;
 This day has seen my true love's death,
 This night shall witness mine."]

The tane ¹ was buried in Mary's kirk,
 And the tither ² in Mary's quire:
 Out of the tane there grew a birk,
 And the tither a bonny briar.

FAIR HELEN

PART SECOND

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
 Night and day on me she cries;
 O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd ³ Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
 When my love dropt down and spak nae mair,
 There did she swoon wi' mickle care,
 On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 On fair Kirconnell Lee;

¹ one.

² other.

³ maid.

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"—

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

LAMKIN

It's Lamkin was a mason good
As ever built with stane,
He built Lord Wearie's castle,
But payment gat he nane.

"O pay me, Lord Wearie;
Come pay me my fee."
"I canna pay you, Lamkin,
For I maun gang o'er the sea."

" O pay me now, Lord Wearie;
Come, pay me out o' hand."
" I canna pay you, Lamkin,
Unless I sell my land."

" O gin ye winna pay me,
I here sall mak a vow,
Before that ye come hame again,
Ye sall ha'e cause to rue."

Lord Wearie got a bonny ship,
To sail the saut sea faem;¹
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,
Ay till he should come hame.

But the nourice² was a fause limmer³
As e'er hung on a tree;
She laid a plot wi' Lamkin,
When her lord was o'er the sea.

She laid a plot wi' Lamkin,
When the servants were awa';
Let him in at a little shot window,⁴
And brought him to the ha'.

" O where's a' the men o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin? "
" They're at the barn well thrashing,
'Twill be lang ere they come in."

" And where's the women o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin? "
" They're at the far well washing;
'Twill be lang ere they come in."

" And where's the bairns o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin? "
" They're at the school reading;
'Twill be night or they come hame."

¹ foam.² nurse.³ wretch.⁴ projecting window.

"O where's the lady o' this house,
That ca's me Lamkin? "
"She's up in her bower sewing,
But we soon can bring her down."

Then Lamkin's tane a sharp knife,
That hang down by his gair,¹
And he has gi'en the bonny babe
A deep wound and a sair.

Then Lamkin he rocked,
And the fause nourice sang,
Till frae ilka bore ² o' the cradle
The red blood out sprang.

Then out it spak the lady,
As she stood on the stair,
"What ails my bairn, nourice,
That he's greeting ³ sae sair?"

"O still my bairn, nourice;
O still him wi' the pap! "
"He winna still, lady,
For this, nor for that."

"O still my bairn, nourice;
O still him wi' the wand! "
"He winna still, lady,
For a' his father's land."

"O still my bairn, nourice,
O still him wi' the bell! "
"He winna still, lady,
Till ye come down yoursel'."

O the firsten step she steppit,
She steppit on a stane;
But the neisten step she steppit,
She met him, Lamkin.

"O mercy, mercy, Lamkin!
Ha'e mercy upon me!

¹ skirt.

² hole.

³ crying.

Though you've ta'en my young son's life,
Ye may let mysel' be."

"O sall I kill her, nourice?
Or sall I lat her be? "

"O kill her, kill her, Lamkin,
For she ne'er was good to me."

"O scour the basin, nourice,
And mak it fair and clean,
For to keep this lady's heart's blood,
For she's come o' noble kin."

"There need nae basin, Lamkin;
Let it run through the floor;
What better is the heart's blood
O' the rich than o' the poor? "

But ere three months were at an end,
Lord Wearie came again;
But dowie, dowie ¹ was his heart
When first he came hame.

"O wha's blood is this," he says,
"That lies in the châmer? "
"It is your lady's heart's blood;
'Tis as clear as the lamer." ²

"And wha's blood is this," he says,
"That lies in my ha'? "
"It is your young son's heart's blood;
'Tis the clearest ava'."

O sweetly sang the black-bird
That sat upon the tree;
But sairer grat Lamkin,
When he was condemn'd to die.

And bonny sang the mavis
Out o' the thorny brake;
But sairer grat the nourice,
When she was tied to the stake.

¹ gloomy.

² amber.

COSPATRICK

COSPATRICK has sent o'er the faem,¹
Cospatrick brought his lady hame;
And fourscore ships have come her wi',
The lady by the greenwood tree.

There were twal' ² and twal' wi' baken bread,
And twal' and twal' wi' gowd sae red,
And twal' and twal' wi' bouted ³ flour,
And twal' and twal' wi' the paramour.

Sweet Willy was a widow's son,
And at her stirrup he did run;
And she was clad in the finest pall,
But aye she let the tears down fall.

"O is your saddle set awry?
Or rides your steed for you ower high?
Or are you mourning, in your tide,⁴
That you should be Cospatrick's bride?"

"I am not mourning, at this tide,
That I should be Cospatrick's bride;
But I am sorrowing in my mood,
That I should leave my mother good.

"But, gentle boy, come tell to me,
What is the custom of thy country?"—
"The custom thereof, my dame," he says,
"Will ill a gentle lady please.

"Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
And seven king's daughters has our lord bedded;
But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast-bane,
And sent them mourning hame again.

"Yet, gin you're sure that you're a maid,
Ye may gae safely to his bed;

¹ sea.² twelve.³ bolted.⁴ time.

But gif o' that ye be na sure,
Then hire some damsel o' your bower."—

The lady's call'd her bour maiden,
That waiting was into her train;
"Five thousands merks I'll gie to thee,
To sleep this night with my lord for me."—

When bells were rung, and mass was sayen,
And a' men unto bed were gane,
Cospatrick and the bonny maid,
Into a chamber they were laid.

"Now, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me, bed,
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web;
And speak up, my bonny brown sword, that winna lie,
Is this a true maiden that lies by me?"—

"It is not a maid that you hae wedded,
But it is a maid that you hae bedded;
It is a leal maiden that lies by thee,
But not the maiden that it should be."—

O wrathfully he left the bed,
And wrathfully his claes on did;
And he has ta'en him through the ha',
And on his mother he did ca'.

"I am the most unhappy man,
That ever was in Christian land!
I courted a maiden, meek and mild,
And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi' child."—

"O stay, my son, into this ha',
And sport ye wi' your merry men a';
And I will to the secret bower,
To see how it fares wi' your paramour."—

The carline ¹ she was stark ² and sture,³
She aff the hinges dang ⁴ the dure;⁵

¹ old woman.
⁴ struck.

² strong.
⁵ door.

³ big.

"O is your bairn to laird or loon,
Or is it to your father's groom?"—

"O hear me, mother, on my knee,
Till my sad story I tell to thee:
O we were sisters, sisters seven,
We were the fairest under heaven.

"It fell on a summer's afternoon,
When a' our toilsome task was done,
We cast the kevils ¹ us amang,
To see which should to the greenwood gang.

"Ohon! alas, for I was youngest,
And aye my weird ² it was the hardest!
The kevil it on me did fa',
Whilk was the cause of a' my woe.

"For to the greenwood I maun gae,
To pu' the red rose and the slae; ³
To pu' the red rose and the thyme,
To deck my mother's bower and mine.

"I hadna pu'd a flower but ane,
When by there came a gallant hend; ⁴
Wi' high-coll'd ⁵ hose and laigh ⁶-coll'd shoon,
And he seem'd to be some king's son.

"And be I a maid, or be I nae,
He kept me there till the close o' day;
And be I a maid, or be I nane,
He kept me there till the day was done.

"He gae me a lock o' his yellow hair,
And bade me keep it ever mair;
He gae me a carknet ⁷ o' bonny beads,
And bade me keep it against my needs.

"He gae to me a gay gold ring,
And bade me keep it abune a' thing."—

¹ lots.

² destiny.

³ sloe.

⁴ handsome.

⁵ cut.

⁶ low.

⁷ necklace.

"What did ye wi' the tokens rare,
That ye gat frae that gallant there?"—

"O bring that coffer unto me,
And a' the tokens ye sall see."—
"Now stay, daughter, your bower within,
While I gae parley wi' my son."—

O she has ta'en her thro' the ha',
And on her son began to ca';
"What did ye wi' the bonny beads
I bade you keep against your needs?"

"What did you wi' the gay gold ring
I bade you keep abune a' thing?"—
"I gae them to a lady gay,
I met on greenwood on a day."

"But I wad gie a' my halls and towers,
I had that lady within my bowers;
But I wad gie my very life,
I had that lady to my wife."—

"Now keep, my son, your halls and towers,
Ye have the bright burd ¹ in your bowers;
And keep, my son, your very life,
Ye have that lady to your wife."—

Now, or a month was come and gane,
The lady bare a bonny son;
And 'twas weel written on his breast-bane,
"Cospatrick is my father's name."
"O row ² my lady in satin and silk,
And wash my son in the morning milk."

¹ maid.

² wrap.

YOUNG TAM LIN

“ O I forbid ye, maidens a’,
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tam Lin is there.

“ There’s nane that gaes by Carterhaugh,
But they leave him a wad,¹
Either their rings, or green mantles,
Or else their maidenhead.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle,
A little aboon her knee;
And she has braided her yellow hair,
A little aboon her bree,²
And she’s awa to Carterhaugh,
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin was at the well;
And there she found his steed standing,
But away was himsel’.

She hadna pu’d a double rose,
A rose but only twa;
Till up then started Young Tam Lin,
Says, “ Lady, thou’s pu’ nae mae.”

—“ Why pu’s thou the rose, Janet?
And why breaks thou the wand?
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh,
Withouten my command? ”—

—“ Carterhaugh it is my ain;
My daddy gave it me;
I’ll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave at thee.”

¹ wager, forfeit.

² brow.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle,
A little aboon her knee;
And she has snooded her yellow hair,
A little aboon her bree,
And she is to her father's ha'
As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba';
And out then came fair Janet,
Aunce the flower among them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess;
And out then came the fair Janet,
As green as any grass.

Out then spak an auld grey knight,
Lay o'er the castle wa',—
And says, "Alas! fair Janet, for thee,
But we'll be blamed a'!"—

"Haud your tongue, ye auld faced knight!
Some ill death may ye die;
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee."—

Out then spak her father dear,
And he spak meek and mild—
"And ever, alas! sweet Janet," he says,
"I think thou gaes with child."—

"And if I gae with child, father,
Mysel' maun bear the blame;
There's ne'er a laird about your ha'
Shall get the bairnie's name.

"If my love were an earthly knight,
As he's an elfin grey,
I wadna gie my ain true love
For nae lord that ye hae.—

“ The steed that my true love rides on,
Is lighter than the wind;
Wi’ siller he is shod before,
Wi’ burning gowd behind.”

Janet has kilted her green kirtle,
A little aboon her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair,
A little aboon her bree.
And she’s awa to Carterhaugh,
As fast as she can hie.

And when she came to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin was at the well;
And there she found his steed standing,
But away was himsel’.

She hadna pu’d a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
Till up then started young Tam Lin,
Says—“ Lady, thou pu’s nae mae!

“ Why pu’ ye the rose, Janet,
Amang the groves sae green,
And a’ to kill the bonny babe,
That we gat us between? ”

“ O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin,” she says,
“ For’s sake that died on tree,
If e’er ye was in holy chapel,
Or christendom did see? ”—

[“ The truth I’ll tell to thee, Janet,
A word I winna lie;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
As well as they did thee.]

“ Roxburgh, he was my grandfather,
Took me with him to bide,
And ance it fell upon a day
That wae did me betide.

“ And ance it fell upon a day,
A cauld day and a snell,¹
That we were frae the hunting come,
That frae my horse I fell;
The Queen of Fairies she caught me,
In yon green hill to dwell;

“ And pleasant is the fairy land, Janet,
But, an eerie tale to tell,
Aye, at the end of seven years,
We pay a teind² to hell;
And I am sae fair and fu o’ flesh,
I fear ’twill be mysel’.

“ But the night is Hallowe’en, lady,
The morn is Hallowday;
Then win me, win me, an ye will,
For well I wot ye may.

“ Just at the mirk and midnight hour
The fairy folk will ride;
And they that wad their true-love win,
At Miles Cross they maun bide.”

“ But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin?
Or how my true love knaw,
Amang so many unco³ knights,
The like I never saw? ”

“ O first let pass the black, lady,
And syne let pass the brown;
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,
Pu’ ye his rider down.

“ For I’ll ride on the milk-white steed,
And ay nearest the town;
Because I was an earthly knight,
They gie me that renown.

“ My right hand will be gloved, lady,
My left hand will be bare;

¹ keen.

² tithe.

³ strange.

Cocked up shall my bonnet be,
And kaimed down shall my hair,
And thae's the tokens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
Into an esk ¹ and adder;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I am your bairn's father.

"They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,
And then a lion bold;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
As ye shall love your child.

"Again they'll turn me in your arms,
To a red-hot gaud of airn; ²
But haud me fast, and fear me not,
I'll do to you nae harm.

"And last they'll turn me in your arms
Into a burning gleed; ³
Then throw me into will-water,
O throw me in wi' speed.

"And then I'll be your ain true-love,
I'll turn a naked knight;
Then cover me wi' your green mantle,
And cover me out o' sight."

Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,
And eerie was the way,
As fair Jenny, in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

About the middle o' the night,
She heard the bridles ring;
This lady was as glad at that
As any earthly thing.

¹ newt.

² bar of iron.

³ coal.

First she let the black pass by,
And syne she let the brown;
But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

Sae weel she minded what he did say,
And young Tam Lin did win;
Syne covered him wi' her green mantle,
As blithe's a bird in spring.

Out then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out of a bush o' broom—
“Them that has gotten young Tam Lin,
Has gotten a stately groom.”—

Out then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
And an angry women was she,
“Shame betide her ill-fared face,
And an ill death may she die,
For she's ta'en awa' the bonniest knight
In a' my company.

“But had I kenn'd, Tam Lin,” she says,
“What now this night I see,
I wad hae ta'en out thy twa grey een,
Put in twa een o' tree.”¹

THE BROOMFIELD HILL

THERE was a knight and a lady bright,
Had a true tryst at the broom;
The ane ga'ed early in the morning,
The other in the afternoon.

And aye she sat in her mother's bower door,
And aye she made her mane,
“O whether should I gang to the Broomfield hill,
Or should I stay at hame?

¹ wood.

“ For if I gang to the Broomfield hill,
My maidenhead is gone;
And if I chance to stay at hame,
My love will ca’ me mansworn.” ¹—

Up then spake a witch-woman,
Ay from the room aboon;
“ O, ye may gang to Broomfield hill,
And yet come maiden hame.

“ For when ye come to the Broomfield hill,
Ye’ll find your love asleep,
With a silver belt about his head,
And a broom-cow ² at his feet.

“ Take ye the blossom of the broom,
The blossom it smells sweet,
And strew it at your true love’s head,
And likewise at his feet.

“ Take ye the rings off your fingers,
Put them on his right hand,
To let him know, when he doth awake,
His love was at his command.”—

She pu’d the broom flower on Hive-hill,
And strew’d on’s white hals ³-bane,
And that was to be wittering ⁴ true,
That maiden she had gane.

“ O where were ye, my milk-white steed,
That I hae coft ⁵ sae dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
When there was maiden here? ”—

“ I stamped wi’ my foot, master,
And gar’d ⁶ my bridle ring;
But nae kin’ ⁷ thing wad waken ye,
Till she was past and gane.”—

¹ perjured.

⁴ witness.

² bush of broom.

⁵ bought.

⁶ made.

³ neck.

⁷ kind of.

“ And wae betide ye, my gay gosshawk,
 That I did love sae dear,
 That wadna watch and waken me,
 When there was maiden here.”—

“ I clapped wi’ my wings, master,
 And aye my bells I rang,
 And aye cry’d, Waken, waken, master,
 Before the lady gang.”—

“ But haste and haste, my gude white steed,
 To come the maiden till,
 Or a’ the birds of gude greenwood
 Of your flesh shall have their fill.”—

“ Ye needna burst your gude white steed,
 Wi’ racing o’er the howm;¹
 Nae bird flies faster through the wood,
 Than she fled through the broom.”

YOUNG JOHNSTONE

YOUNG Johnstone and the young Col’nel
 Sat drinking at the wine:
 “ O gin ye wad marry my sister,
 It’s I wad marry thine.”

“ I wadna marry your sister,
 For a’ your houses and land;
 But I’ll keep her for my leman,
 When I come o’er the strand.

“ I wadna marry your sister,
 For a’ your gowd so gay;
 But I’ll keep her for my leman,
 When I come by the way.”

Young Johnstone had a little small sword,
 Hung low down by his gair,²

¹ flats.

² skirt.

And he stabbed it through the young Col'nel
That word he ne'er spak mair.

But he's awa' to his sister's bower,
He's tirl'd at the pin:

"Where hae ye been, my dear brither,
Sae late a coming in?"

"I hae been at the school, sister,
Learning young clerks to sing."

"I've dreamed a dreary dream this night,
I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young Col'nel was dead."

"Hawks and hounds they may seek me,
As I trow well they be;
For I have killed the young Col'nel,
And thy own true love was he."

"If ye hae killed the young Col'nel,
O dule ¹ and wae is me;
But I wish ye may be hanged on a high gallows,
And hae nae power to flee."

And he's awa' to his true love's bower,
He's tirl'd at the pin:
"Where hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late a coming in?"
"It's I hae been at the school," he says,
"Learning young clerks to sing."

"I have dreamed a dreary dream," she says,
"I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young Col'nel was dead."

"Hawks and hounds they may seek me,
As I trow well they be;
For I hae killed the young Col'nel,
And thy ae brother was he."

¹ sad.

“ If ye hae killed the young Col’nel,
O dule and wae is me;
But I care the less for the young Col’nel,
If thy ain body be free.

“ Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,
Come in and take a sleep;
And I will go to my casement,
And carefully I will thee keep.”

He had not weel been in her bower-door,
No not for half an hour,
When four and twenty belted knights
Came riding to the bower.

“ Well may you sit and see, lady,
Well may you sit and say;
Did you not see a bloody squire
Come riding by this way? ”

“ What colour were his hawks? ” she says,
“ What colour were his hounds?
What colour was the gallant steed
That bore him from the bounds! ”

“ Bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds;
But milk-white was the gallant steed
That bore him from the bounds.”

“ Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds;
And milk-white was the gallant steed
That bore him from the bounds.

“ Light down, light down now, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine;
An ¹ the steed be swift that he rides on,
He’s past the brig o’ Lyne.”

¹ if.

“ We thank you for your bread, fair lady,
We thank you for your wine;
But I wad gie thrice three thousand pound,
That bloody knight was ta'en.”

“ Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,
Lie still and take a sleep;
For thy enemies are past and gone,
And carefully I will thee keep.”

But young Johnstone had a little wee sword,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he stabbed it in fair Annet's breast,
A deep wound and a sair.

“ What aileth thee now, dear Johnstone?
What aileth thee at me?
Hast thou not got my father's gold,
But and my mither's fee? ”

“ Now live, now live, my dear lady,
Now live but half an hour,
And there's no a leech in a' Scotland
But what shall be in thy bower.”

“ How can I live, how shall I live?
Young Johnstone, do not you see
The red, red drops o' my bonny heart's blood
Rin trinkling ¹ down my knee?

“ But take thy harp into thy hand,
And harp out ower yon plain,
And ne'er think mair on thy true love
Than if she had never been.”

He hadna weel been out o' the stable,
And on his saddle set,
Till four-and-twenty broad arrows
Were thrilling in his heart.

¹ trickling.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John,
 Down a down, a down, a down.

Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
 " We have shot for many a pound:
 Hey down, a down, a down.

" But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
 My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
 Please God, she will bleed me."

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
 As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
 He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
 He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
 For to let bold Robin in.

" Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
 " And drink some beer with me? "

" No, I will neither eat nor drink,
 Till I am blooded by thee."

" Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
 " Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
 You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
 And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
 Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
 And lock'd him up in the room;
 There did he bleed all the live-long day,
 Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
 Thinking for to be gone;
 He was so weak he could not leap,
 Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
 Which hung low down to his knee;
 He set his horn unto his mouth,
 And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
 As he sat under the tree,
 "I fear my master is near dead,
 He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
 As fast as he can dri'e;¹
 But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
 He broke locks two or three:

Until he came bold Robin to,
 Then he fell on his knee;
 "A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
 "Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood,
 "Little John, thou begs of me?"
 "It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
 And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
 "That boon I'll not grant thee;
 I never hurt woman in all my life,
 Nor man in woman's company.

¹ drive.

“ I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
 Nor at my end shall it be;
 But give me my bent bow in my hand,
 And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
 And where this arrow is taken up,
 There shall my grave digg'd be.

“ Lay me a green sod under my head,
 And another at my feet;
 And lay my bent bow by my side,
 Which was my music sweet;
 And make my grave of gravel and green,
 Which is most right and meet.

“ Let me have length and breadth enough,
 With under my head a green sod;
 That they may say, when I am dead,
 Here lies bold Robin Hood.”

These words they readily promis'd him,
 Which did bold Robin please:
 And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
 Near to the fair Kirkclèys.

KING HENRY

LAT never a man a wooing wend,
 That lacketh thingés three;
 A routh ¹ o' gold, an open heart,
 And fu' o' courtesy.

As this was seen o' King Henry,
 For he lay burd-alane; ²
 And he has ta'en him to a haunted hunt's ha', ³
 Was seven miles frae a town.

He's chas'd the dun deer thro' the wood,
 And the roe down by the den,
 Till the fattest buck in a' the herd
 King Henry he has slain.

¹ plenty. ² alone, without a *burd* or maiden. ³ hunting-lodge.

He's ta'en him to his hunting ha',
For to make bierly¹ cheer;
When loud the wind was heard to sound,
And an earthquake rocked the floor.

And darkness covered a' the hall
Where they sat at their meat;
The grey dogs, youling, left their food
And crept to Henry's feet.

And louder howled the rising wind,
And burst the fastened door;
And in there came a grisly ghost,
Stood stamping on the floor.

Her head hit the roof-tree o' the house,
Her middle ye mot weel span;—
Each frightened huntsman fled the ha';
And left the king alone."

Her teeth was a' like tether stakes,
Her nose like club or mell;²
And I ken naething she 'pear'd to be,
But the fiend that wons³ in hell.

"Some meat, some meat, ye King Henry;
Some meat ye gie to me."

"And what meat's in this house, lady?
That ye're nae welcome tae?"

"O ye's gae kill your berry-brown steed,
And serve him up to me."

O when he slew his berry-brown steed,
Wow but nis heart was sair!
She ate him a' up, skin and bane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,
Mair meat ye gie to me."

"And what meat's in this house, lady?
That ye're nae welcome tae?"

¹ proper.

² mallet.

³ dwells.

"O ye do kill your good greyhounds,
And ye bring them a' to me."

O when he slew his good greyhounds,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She ate them a' up, ane by ane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,
Mair meat ye bring to me."

"And what meat's in this house, lady?
That I hae left to gie? "

"O ye do fell your gay gosshawks,
And ye bring them a' to me."

O when he felled his gay gosshawks,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She ate them a' up, bane by bane,
Left naething but feathers bare.

"Some drink, some drink, now, King Henry;
Some drink ye bring to me."

"O what drink's in this house, lady,
That ye're nae welcome tae? "

"O ye sew up your horse's hide,
And bring in a drink to me."

And he's sewed up the bloody hide,
And put in a pipe o' wine;
She drank it a' up at ae draught,
Left na ae drap therein.

"A bed, a bed, now, King Henry,
A bed ye mak to me."

"And what's the bed i' this house, lady,
That ye're nae welcome tae? "

"O ye maun pu' the green heather,
And mak a bed to me."

And pu'd has he the heather green,
And made to her a bed;
And up he's ta'en his gay mantle,
And o'er it has he spread.

"Now swear, now swear, ye King Henry,
To take me for your bride,"

"O God forbid," says King Henry,

"That ever the like betide;

That ever the fiend that wons in hell,

Should streak¹ down by my side."

When day was come and night was gane,

And the sun shone thro' the ha',

The fairest lady that ever was seen

Lay atween him and the wa'.

"O weel is me!" says King Henry;

"How lang'll this last wi' me?"

And out and spake that lady fair,—

"E'en till the day you die.

"For I was witched to a ghastly shape,

All by my stepdame's skill,

Till I should meet wi' a curteous knight,

Would gie me a' my will."

THE DÆMON LOVER

"O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more?"—

"O I'm come to seek my former vows

Ye granted me before."—

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,

For they will breed sad strife;

O hold your tongue of your former vows,

For I am become a wife."

He turn'd him right and round about,

And the tear blinded his ee;

"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,

If it had not been for thee.

¹ stretch, lie.

" I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee."—

" If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yoursel' ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kened that I was nane."—

[" O false are the vows of womankind,
But fair is their false body;
I never wad hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee."—]

" If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go? "—

" I hae seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land;
With four and twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kiss'd them baith cheek and chin;
" O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffety,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie¹ grew his ee.

¹ gloomy.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
 Bent not on the heaving seas;
 But the sails, that were o' the taffety,
 Fill'd not in the east land-breeze.—]

They had not sailed a league, a league,
 A league but barely three,
 Until she espied his cloven foot,
 And she wept right bitterly.

“O hold your tongue of your weeping,” says he,
 “Of your weeping now let me be;
 I will show you how the lilies grow
 On the banks of Italy.”—

“O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
 That the sun shines sweetly on?”—
 “O yon are the hills of heaven,” he said,
 “Where you will never win.”—

“O whaten a mountain is yon,” she said,
 “All so dreary wi' frost and snow?”—
 “O yon is the mountain of hell,” he cried,
 “Where you and I will go.”

[And aye when she turn'd her round about,
 Aye taller he seem'd for to be;
 Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
 Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
 And the levin ¹ fill'd her ee;
 And waesome wail'd the snaw-white sprites
 Upon the gurlie ² sea.]

He strack the tap-mast wi' his hand,
 The fore-mast wi' his knee;
 And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
 And sank her in the sea.

¹ lightning.

² stormy.

CLERK SAUNDERS

CLERK SAUNDERS and may Margaret,
Walked ower yon garden green;
And sad and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
"A bed, a bed for you and me!"—
"Fie na, fie na," the lady said,
"Until the day we married be;

"For in it will come my seven brothers,
And a' their torches burning bright;
They'll say—'We hae but ae sister,
And here her lying wi' a knight!'"—

"Ye'll take the sword from my scabbard,
And lowly, lowly lift the gin;¹
And you may swear, and your oath to save,
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

"Ye'll take a napkin in your hand,
And ye'll tie up baith your een;
And you may swear, and your oath to save
Ye saw na Sandy since late yestreen."

—"Ye'll take me in your armés twa,
Ye'll carry me ben into your bed,
And ye may swear, and your oath to save,
That in your bower-floor I ne'er tread."

She has ta'en the sword frae his scabbard,
And lowly, lowly lifted the gin;
She was to swear, her oath to save,
She never let Clerk Saunders in.

¹ latch.

She has ta'en a napkin in her hand,
And she tied up baith her een;
She was to swear, her oath to save,
She saw na him since late yestreen.

She ta'en him in her armés twa
And carried him ben into her bed;
She was to swear her oath to save
He never on her bower-floor tread.

In and came her seven brothers,
And all their torches burning bright;
Says they, " We hae but ae sister,
And see there her lying wi' a knight! "

Out and speaks the first o' them,
" I wot that they hae been lovers dear! "
Out and speaks the next o' them,
" They hae been in love this many a year! "

Out and speaks the third o' them,
" It were great sin this twa to twain! "
Out and speaks the fourth of them,
" It were a sin to kill a sleeping man! "

Out and speaks the fifth of them,
" I wot they'll ne'er be twained by me; "
Out and speaks the sixth of them,
" We'll tak our leave and gae our way."

Out and speaks the seventh o' them,
" Altho' there were no man but me;

I bear the brand I'll gar ¹ him dee."

Out he has ta'en a bright long brand,
And he has striped it through the straw,
And through and through Clerk Saunders' bcdy
I wot he has gared cold iron gae.

¹ make.

Saunders he started, and Margaret she leapt
Into his arms where she lay;
And well and wellsome was the night
I wot it was between those twa.

And they lay still and slept sound,
Until the day began to daw;
And kindly to him she did say,
“It is time, true love, you were awa’.”

They lay still, and slept sound,
Until the sun began to sheen;
She looked atween her and the wa’,
And dull and drowsy was his een.

She thought it had been a loathsome sweat,
I wot it had fallen these twa between;
But it was the blood of his fair body,
I wot his life-days were na lang.

O Saunders, I’ll do for your sake
What other ladies would na thole;¹
When seven years is come and gone,
There’s ne’er a shoe go on my sole.

O Saunders, I’ll do for your sake
What other ladies would think mair;
When seven years is come and gone,
There’s ne’er a comb go in my hair.

O Saunders, I’ll do for your sake
What other ladies would think lack;²
When seven long years is come and gone,
I’ll wear nought but dowie³ black.

The bells gaed clinking through the town,
To carry the dead corpse to the clay,
An sighing says her may Margaret,
I wot I bide a doleful day.

¹ endure.² loss.³ sad.

In and came her father dear,
Stout stepping on the floor.

“Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
Let all your mourning a-be;
I’ll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And I’ll come back and comfort thee.”

“Comfort well your seven sons,
For comforted will I never be:
I ween ’twas neither lord nor loon
That was in bower last night wi’ me.”

FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY

SHE sat down below a thorn,
Fine flowers in the valley ;
And there she has her sweet babe born,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

“Smile na sae sweet, my bonny babe,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And ye smile sae sweet, ye’ll smile me dead,”
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She’s ta’en out her little penknife,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And twinn’d the sweet babe o’ its life,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She’s howket ¹ a grave by the light o’ the moon,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And there she’s buried her sweet babe in,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

As she was going to the church,
Fine flowers in the valley,
She saw a sweet babe in the porch,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

¹ digged.

“ O sweet babe, and thou were mine,
Fine flowers in the valley,
 I wad clead ¹ thee in the silk so fine,”
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

“ O mother dear, when I was thine,
Fine flowers in the valley,
 Ye did na prove to me sae kind,”
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
 Or early in the morning,
 They set a combat them between,
 To fight it in the dawning.

“ O stay at hame, my noble lord,
 O stay at hame, my marrow! ²
 My cruel brother will you betray
 On the dowie ³ houms ⁴ of Yarrow.”

“ O fare ye weel, my lady gay!
 O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
 For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
 Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.”

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
 As she had done before, O;
 She belted on his noble brand,
 And he's away to Yarrow.

O he's gane up yon high, high hill,
 I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
 An' in a den spied nine arm'd men,
 I' the dowie houms of Yarrow.

“ O are ye come to drink the wine,
 As ye hae doon before, oh?

¹ clad.² mate.³ gloomy.⁴ marshes.

Or are ye come to wield the brand,
On the bonny banks of Yarrow? ”

“ I am no come to drink the wine,
As I hae doon before, oh,
But I am come to wield the brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.”

Four he hurt, and five he slew,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

“ Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her noble lord;
Who’s sleepin’ sound on Yarrow.”—

“ Yestreen I dream’d a dolefu’ dream;
I kenn’d there wad be sorrow!
I dream’d I pu’d the heather green,
On the dowie banks o’ Yarrow.”

She gaed up yon high, high hill—
I wot she gaed wi’ sorrow—
An’ in a den spied nine dead men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaim’d his hair,
As oft she did before, O;
She drank the red blood frae him ran,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

“ O haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For what needs a’ this sorrow;
I’ll wed ye on a better lord,
Than him you lost on Yarrow.”—

“ O haud your tongue, my father dear!
And dinna grieve your Sarah;
A better lord was never born
Than him I lost on Yarrow.

“ Take hame your ousen, take hame your kye,
 For they hae bred our sorrow;
 I wish that they had a’ gane mad
 When they came first to Yarrow.”

GRÆME AND BEWICK

GUDE Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane, -
 Sir Robert Bewick there met he,
 And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
 And they drank till they were baith merry.

Gude Lord Græme has ta’en up the cup,
 “ Sir Robert Bewick, and here’s to thee!
 And here’s to our twa sons at hame!
 For they like us best in our ain country.”—

“ O were your son a lad like mine,
 And learn’d some books that he could read,
 They might hae been twa brethren bold,
 And they might hae bragged ¹ the Border side.

“ But your son’s a lad, and he is but bad,
 And billy to my son he canna be; ”

“ [I] sent him to the schools, and he wadna learn;
 [I] bought him books, and he wadna read;
 But my blessing shall he never earn,
 Till I see how his arm can defend his head.”—

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning call’d,
 A reckoning then called he;
 And he paid a crown, and it went roun’,
 It was all for the gude wine and free.

And he has to the stable gane,
 Where there stood thirty steeds and three;
 He’s ta’en his ain horse amang them a’,
 And hame he rade sae manfully.

¹ defied.

"Welcome, my auld father!" said Christie Græme,
"But where sae lang frae hame were ye?"—
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick he met me;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but bad,
And billy to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to the schools, and ye wadna learn;
I bought ye books, and ye wadna read;
Therefore my blessing ye shall never earn,
Till I see with Bewick thou save my head."

"Now, God forbid, my auld father,
That ever sic a thing should be!
Billy Bewick was my master, and I was his scholar,
And aye sae weel as he learned me."

"O hold thy tongue, thou limmer ¹ loon,
And of thy talking let me be!
If thou does na end me this quarrel soon,
There is my glove, I'll fight wi' thee."

Then Christie Græme he stooped low
Unto the ground, you shall understand;—
"O father, put on your glove again,
The wind has blown it from your hand?"

"What's that thou says, thou limmer loon?
How dares thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
There's my right hand, thou shalt fight with me."—

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be;
Whether he should fight with his auld father,
Or with his billy Bewick, he.

¹ rascal.

" If I should kill my billy dear,
God's blessing I shall never win;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think 'twould be a mortal sin.

" But if I kill my billy dear,
It is God's will, so let it be;
But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
That I shall be the next man's die."—

Then he's put on's back a gude auld jack,¹
And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword and buckler by his side;
O gin he did not become them weel!

We'll leave off talking of Christie Græme,
And talk of him again belive;²
And we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.

When he had taught them well to fence,
And handle swords without any doubt,
He took his sword under his arm,
And he walk'd his father's close about.

He look'd atween him and the sun,
And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man in armour bright,
Was riding that way most hastily.

" O wha is yon, that came this way,
Sae hastily that hither came?
I think it be my brother dear,
I think it be young Christie Græme.

" Ye're welcome here, my billy dear,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me!"—
" But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day,
When I am come to fight wi' thee.

¹ coat of mail.

² soon.

“ My father’s gane to Carlisle town,
Wi’ your father Bewick there met he:
He says I’m a lad, and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.

“ He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn;
He gae me books, and I wadna read;
Sae my father’s blessing I’ll never earn,
Till he see how my arm can guard my head.”

“ O God forbid, my billy dear,
That ever such a thing should be!
We’ll take three men on either side,
And see if we can our fathers agree.”

“ O hold thy tongue, now, billy Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be!
But if thou’rt a man, as I’m sure thou art,
Come o’er the dyke, and fight wi’ me.”

“ But I hae nae harness, billy, on my back,
As weel I see is on thine.”—

“ But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, billy, shall be on mine.”—

Then he’s thrown off his coat o’ mail,
His cap of steel away flung he;
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrown off his cloak,
And’s psalter-book frae’s hand flung he;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap most manfully.

O they hae fought for twa lang hours;
When twa lang hours were come and gane,
The sweat drapp’d fast frae off them baith,
But a drap of blude could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an awkward stroke,
Ane awkward stroke strucken sickerly;¹

¹ surely.

He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

"Rise up, rise up, now, billy dear,
Arise and speak three words to me!
Whether thou's gotten thy deadly wound,
Or if God and good leeching may succour thee?"

"O horse, O horse, now, billy Græme,
And get thee far from hence with speed;
And get thee out of this country,
That none may know who has done the deed."—

"O I have slain thee, billy Bewick,
If this be true thou tellest to me;
But I made a vow, ere I came frae hame,
That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitch'd his sword in a moodie-hill,¹
And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
And on his ain sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the ground fell he.

'Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewick,
And his brave son alive saw he;
"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
"For I think ye hae gotten the victory."

"O hold your tongue, my father dear,
Of your prideful talking let me be!
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billy be.

"Gae dig a grave, baith wide and deep,
And a grave to hold baith him and me;
But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he won the victory."

"Alack! a wae!" auld Bewick cried,
"Alack! was I not much to blame?
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad
That e'er was born unto my name."

¹ mole-hill.

“ Alack! a wae! ” quo’ gude Lord Græme,
“ I’m sure I hae lost the deeper lack! ¹
I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.

“ Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free!

“ I’ve lost my hopes, I’ve lost my joy,
I’ve lost the key but and the lock;
I durst hae ridden the world round,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.”

FAIR ANNIE

“ It’s narrow, narrow, make your bed,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I’m gaun o’er the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame.
Wi’ her I will get gowd and gear;
Wi’ you I ne’er got nane.

“ But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring o’er the dale? ”—

“ It’s I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring o’er the dale.”—

“ But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,²
And braid her yellow hair.”—

¹ loss.² slim.

"But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
And am with child again?"—

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand;
And she's up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

"Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And look o'er yon sea-strand,
And see your father's new-come bride,
Before she come to land."—

"Come down, come down, my mother dear,
Come frae the castle wa'!
I fear, if langer ye stand there,
Ye'll let yoursel' down fa'."—

And she gaed down, and farther down,
Her love's ship for to see;
And the topmast and the mainmast
Shone like the silver free.¹

And she's gane down, and farther down,
The bride's ship to behold;
And the topmast and the mainmast
They shone just like the gold.

She's ta'en her seven sons in her hand;
I wot she didna fail!
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
As they came o'er the dale.

"You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas,
You're welcome to your land;
You're welcome with your fair lady,
That you lead by the hand.

"You're welcome to your ha's, lady,
You're welcome to your bowers;

¹ precious.

You're welcome to your hame, lady,
For a' that's here is yours."—

"I thank thee, Annie; I thank thee, Annie;
Sae dearly as I thank thee;
You're the likest to my sister Annie,
That ever I did see.

"There came a knight out o'er the sea,
And steal'd my sister away;
The shame scoup ¹ in his company
And land where'er he gae!"—

She hang ae napkin at the door,
Another in the ha';
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,
Sae fast as they did fa'.

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with wine;
And aye she drank the wan water,
To had ² her colour fine.

And aye she served the lang tables,
With white bread and with brown;
And aye she turned her round about,
Sae fast the tears fell down.

And he's ta'en down the silk napkin,
Hung on a silver pin;
And aye he wipes the tear trickling
Adown her cheek and chin.

And aye he turn'd him round about,
And smiled amang his men,
Says—"Like ye best the old lady,
Or her that's new come hame?"

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride,
To their chamber they were gaed.

¹ go.

² hold, keep.

Annie made her bed a little forbye,¹
 To hear what they might say;
 "And ever alas!" fair Annie cried,
 "That I should see this day!

"Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,
 Running on the castle wa',
 And I were a grey cat mysel',
 I soon would worry them a'.

"Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,
 Running o'er yon lily lea,
 And I were a greyhound mysel',
 Soon worried they a' should be."—

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,
 And dreary was her sang;
 And ever, as she sobb'd and grat,²
 "Wae to the man that did the wrang!"—

"My gown is on," said the new-come bride,
 "My shoes are on my feet,
 And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
 And see what gars³ her greet.—

"What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair Annie,
 That ye make sic a moan?
 Has your wine barrels cast the girds,
 Or is your white bread gone?

"O wha was't was your father, Annie,
 Or wha was't was your mother?
 And had you ony sister, Annie,
 Or had you ony brother?"—

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
 The Countess of Wemyss my mother;
 And a' the folk about the house,
 To me were sister and brother."—

¹ on one side.² wept.³ makes.

“ If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine;
And it shall not be for lack o’ gowd,
That ye your love sall tyne.¹

“ For I have seven ships o’ mine ain,
A’ loaded to the brim;
And I will gie them a’ to thee,
Wi’ four to thine eldest son.
But thanks to a’ the powers in heaven
That I gae maiden hame! ”

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK

“ O weel’s me, my gay goss-hawk,
That he can speak and flee;
He’ll carry a letter to my love,
Bring back another to me.”

“ O how can I your true love ken,
Or how can I her know?
When frae her mouth I ne’er heard couth,²
Nor wi’ my eyes her saw.”

“ O weel sall ye my true love ken,
As soon as ye her see;
For, of a’ the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

“ And even at my love’s bower-door
There grows a bowing birk;³
And sit ye doun and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

“ And four-and-twenty ladies fair
Will wash and to the kirk,
But well shall ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her skirt.

¹ lose.² could hear.³ birch.

“ And four-and-twenty gay ladies
Will to the mass repair;
But weel shall ye my true love ken,
For she wears goud on her hair.”

And even at the lady's bower-door
There grows a bowing birk;
And [he] sat down and sang thereon
As she gaed to the kirk.

“ O eat and drink, my Maries a',
The wine flows you among,
Till I gang to my shot-window,¹
And hear yon bonny bird's song.

“ Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The song ye sang [yestreen];
For I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye're frae my true love sen.”²

O first he sang a merry song,
And then he sang a grave;
And then he pick'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

“ Ha, there's a letter frae your love,
He says he sent you three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die.

“ He bids you write a letter to him;
He says he's sent ye five;
He canna wait your love langer,
Tho' you're the fairest woman alive.”

“ Ye bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I'll meet him in fair Scotland,
Lang, lang ere it be stale.”

¹ projecting window.

² sent.

She's doen to her father dear,
 Fa'en low down on her knee:
 "A boon, a boon, my father dear,
 I pray you, grant it me."

"Ask on, ask on, my daughter,
 An granted it shall be;
 Except ae squire in fair Scotland,
 An him you shall never see."

"The only boon, my father dear,
 That I do crave of thee,—
 Is, gin I die in southern lands,
 In Scotland to bury me.

"And the firstin kirk that ye come till,
 Ye gar ¹ the bells be rung;
 And the nextin kirk that ye come to,
 Ye gar the mass be sung.

"And the thirdin kirk that ye come till,
 You deal gold for my sake.
 And the fourthin kirk that ye come till,
 You tarry there till night."

She has doen her to her bigly ² bower
 As fast as she could fare;
 And she has ta'en a sleepy draught,
 That she had mix'd wi' care.

She's laid her down upon her bed,
 An soon she fa'en asleep,
 And soon o'er every tender limb
 Cold death began to creep.

When night was flown, and day was come,
 Nae ane that did her see
 But thought she was a surely dead,
 As ony lady could be.

¹ make.

² big.

Her father and her brothers dear
Gar'd make to her a bier;
The tae half was o' gude red gold,
The tither o' silver clear.

Her mither and her sisters fair
Gar'd work for her a sark;
The tae half was o' cambric fine,
The tither o' needle wark.

An the firstin kirk that they came till,
They gar'd the bells be rung;
The nextin kirk that they came till,
They gar'd the mass be sung.

The thirdin kirk that they came till,
They dealt gold for her sake,
An' the fourthin kirk that they came till,
Lo, there they met her make.¹

"Lay down, lay down the bigly bier,
Let me the dead look on:"
Wi' cherry cheeks and ruby lips
She lay and smiled on him.

"O ae shave of your bread, true love,
An' ae glass of your wine;
For I hae fasted for your sake
These fully days is nine.

"Gang hame, gang hame, my seven bold brithers,
Gang hame and sound your horn!
And ye may boast in southern lands
Your sister's played you scorn."

¹ mate.

BROWN ADAM

O WHA wad wish the wind to blaw,
Or the green leaves fa' therewith?
Or wha wad wish a lealer love
Than Brown Adam the Smith?

His hammer's o' the beaten gold,
His study's ¹ o' the steel,
His fingers white, are my delight,
He blows his bellows weel.

But they hae banish'd him, Brown Adam,
Frae father and frae mother;
And they hae banish'd him, Brown Adam,
Frae sister and frae brother.

And they hae banish'd Brown Adam,
Frae the flower o' a' his kin;
And he's bigg'd a bower i' the gude greenwood
Between his lady and him.

O it fell once upon a day,
Brown Adam he thought lang;
An' he would to the greenwood gang,
To hunt some venison.

He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
His bran' intill his han',
And he is to the gude greenwood
As fast as he could gang.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the briar;
And he sent it hame to his lady,
Bade her be of gude cheer.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the thorn;

¹ that which stands, *i.e.* the anvil (?).

And sent it hame to his lady,
Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he came to his lady's bower door
He stood a little forbye,
And there he heard a fu' fause knight
Tempting his gay lady.

For he's ta'en out a gay goud ring,
Had cost him many a poun',
"O grant me love for love, lady,
And this sall be thy own."—

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says;
"I wot sae does he me;
An' I wadna gie Brown Adam's love
For nae fause knight I see."—

Out has he ta'en a purse o' goud,
Was a' fu' to the string,
"O grant me but love for love, lady,
And a' this sall be thine."—

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says;
"I wot sae does he me:
I wadna be your light leman,
For mair nor ye could gie."

Then out has he drawn his lang, lang bran',
And he's flash'd it in her een;
"Now grant me love for love, lady,
Or thro' ye this shall gang!"—

Oh, sighing, said that gay lady,
"Brown Adam tarries lang!"—
Then up it starts Brown Adam,
Says—"I'm just at your hand."—

He's gar'd him leave his bow, his bow,
He's gar'd him leave his brand,
He's gar'd him leave a better pledge—
Four fingers o' his right hand.

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE

I WILL sing, if ye will hearken,
 If ye will hearken unto me;
 The king has ta'en a poor prisoner,
 The wanton laird o' young Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,
 Carmichael's the keeper o' the key;
 And May Margaret's lamenting sair,
 A' for the love o' young Logie.

" Lament, lament na, May Margaret,
 And of your weeping let me be;
 For ye maun to the king himsel',
 To seek the life o' young Logie."

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
 And she has curl'd back her yellow hair,—
 " If I canna get young Logie's life,
 Farewell to Scotland for evermair."

When she came before the king,
 She kneelit lowly on her knee.
 " O what's the matter, May Margaret?
 And what needs a' this courtesy? "

" A boon, a boon, my noble liege,
 A boon, a boon, I beg o' thee!
 And the first boon that I come to crave
 Is to grant me the life o' young Logie."

" O na, O na, May Margaret,
 Forsooth, and so it mauna be;
 For a' the gowd o' fair Scotland
 Shall not save the life o' young Logie."

But she has stown ¹ the king's redding kaim,²
 Likewise the queen her wedding knife;

¹ stolen.

² hair comb.

And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
Another o' the white money;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
And bade him shoot when he gat free.

When he came to the Tolbooth stair,
Then he let his volley flee;
It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he might be.

"Gae out, gae out, my merry men a',
And bid Carmichael come speak to me;
For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the shot o' young Logie."

When Carmichael came before the king,
He fell low down upon his knee;
The very first word that the king spake
Was,—“Where's the laird of young Logie?”

Carmichael turn'd him round about
(I wot the tear blinded his e'e)—
“There came a token frae your grace
Has ta'en away the laird frae me.”

“Hast thou play'd me that, Carmichael?
And hast thou play'd me that?” quoth he;
“The morn the Justice Court's to stand,
And Logie's place ye maun supply.”

Carmichael's awa to Margaret's bower,
Even as fast as he may dri'e,¹—
“O if young Logie be within,
Tell him to come and speak with me!”

May Margaret turn'd her round about
(I wot a loud laugh laughed she)—
“The egg is chipp'd, the bird is flown,
Ye'll see nae mair of young Logie.”

¹ drive.

The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,
The t'other at the Queen's Ferry;
And she's gotten a father to her bairn,
The wanton laird of young Logie.

JOHNNIE OF BREADISLEE

JOHNNIE rose up in a May morning,
Call'd for water to wash his hands—
“Gar loose to me the gude grey dogs,
That are bound wi' iron bands.”

When Johnnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang—
“O Johnnie! for my benison,
To the greenwood dinna gang!

“Enough ye hae o' gude wheat bread,
And enough o' the blood-red wine;
And therefore, for nae venison, Johnnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame.”

But Johnnie's busk'd up his gude bent bow,
His arrows, ane by ane,
And he has gane to Durrisdeer,
To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemass,
And in by the benty line,¹
There has he espied a deer lying
Aneath a bush of ling.

Johnnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side;
But atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnnie has bryttled ² the deer sae weel,
That he's had out her liver and lungs;

¹ path covered with bent (?).

² cut up.

And wi' these he has feasted his bluidy hounds,
As if they had been earl's sons.

They eat sae much o' the venison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnnie and a' his bluidy hounds
Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there came a silly auld carle,¹
An ill death mote he die!
For he's awa' to Hislinton,
Where the Seven Foresters did lie.

"What news, what news, ye grey-headed carle,
What news bring ye to me?"
"I bring nae news," said the grey-headed carle,
"Save what these eyes did see.

"As I came down by Merriemass,
And down among the scroggs,²
The bonniest child that ever I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

"The shirt that was upon his back
Was o' the Holland fine;
The doublet which was over that
Was o' the Lincoln twine.

"The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o' the goud sae gude;
The gude grey hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi' blude."

Then out and spak the First Forester
The head man ower them a'—
"If this be Johnnie o' Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw."

But up and spak the Sixth Forester
(His sister's son was he),

¹ churl.

² stunted trees.

“ If this be Johnnie o’ Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die.”

The first flight of arrows the Foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spak the Seventh Forester,
“ The next will gar him die.”

Johnnie’s set his back against an aik,¹
His foot against a stane;
And he has slain the Seven Foresters,
He has slain them a’ but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane’s side,
But and his collar bane;
He’s laid him twa-fald ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

“ O is there nae a bonny bird
Can sing as I can say,
Could flee away to my mother’s bower,
And tell to fetch Johnnie away? ”

The starling flew to his mother’s window stane,
It whistled and it sang;
And aye the ower word ² o’ the tune
Was—“ Johnnie tarries lang! ”

They made a rod o’ the hazel bush,
Another o’ the sloe-thorn tree,
And mony mony were the men
At fetching o’er Johnnie.

Then out and spake his auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa’—
“ Ye wad nae be warn’d, my son Johnnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa’.

“ Aft hae I brought to Breadislee
The less gear and the mair,
But I ne’er brought to Breadislee
What grieved my heart sae sair.

¹ oak.

² the refrain.

“ But wae betide that silly auld carle!
 An ill death shall he die!
 For the highest tree in Merriemass
 Shall be his morning’s fee.”

Now Johnnie’s gude bend bow is broke,
 And his gude grey dogs are slain;
 And his body lies dead in Durrisdeer,
 And his hunting it is done.

KINMONT WILLY

O HAVE ye na heard o’ the fause Sakelde?
 O have ye na heard o’ the keen Lord Scroope?
 How they hae ta’en bould Kinmont Willy,
 On Haribee to hang him up?

Had Willy had but twenty men,
 But twenty men as stout as he,
 Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta’en,
 Wi’ eight score in his company.

They band ¹ his legs beneath the steed,
 They tied his hands behind his back;
 They guarded him, five some on each side,
 And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him thro’ the Liddel-rack,
 And also thro’ the Carlisle sands;
 They brought him to Carlisle castle,
 To be at my Lord Scroope’s commands.

“ My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
 And wha will dare this deed avow?
 Or answer by the Border law?
 Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch? ”

“ Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver! ²
 There’s never a Scot shall set thee free:

¹ bound.

² robber.

Before ye cross my castle yate,¹
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willy:
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelry,
But I paid my lawing² before I gaed."

Now word is gane to the bauld keeper,
In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willy,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He gar'd the red wine spring on high—
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!

"O is my basnet³ a widow's curch?⁴
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly me!

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willy,
Against the truce of Border tide,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is keeper there on the Scottish side?

"And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willy,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight⁵ Carlisle castle high,
Though it were builded of marble stone.

"I would set that castle in a low,
And sloken⁶ it with English blood!

¹ gate.

² reckoning.

³ helmet.

⁴ kerchief

⁵ make little of.

⁶ slake.

There's never a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle castle stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain namè,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, call'd
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent¹ on spauld,²
And gloves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright:
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, array'd for fight.

And five and five, like a mason-gang,
That carried the ladders lang and high;
And five and five, like broken men;
And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Wha should it be but fause Sakelde?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"

"We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespass'd on the Scots country."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal-men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"

"We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

¹ armour.

² shoulder.

“Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi’ a’ your ladders lang and high?”

“We gang to herry ¹ a corbie’s nest,
That wons ² not far frae Woodhouselee.”

“Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?”
Quo’ fause Sakelde; “Come tell to me!”

Now Dicky of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word of lear ³ had he.

“Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed ⁴ outlaws, stand!” quo’ he;
Then never a word had Dicky to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause body.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross’d;
The water was great and mickle of spate,
But the never a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reach’d the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and high;
And there the laird gar’d leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and neigh.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But ’twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa’.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa’;
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel’
To mount the first before us a’.

He has ta’en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
“Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!

¹ herry.

² lying.

³ dwells.

⁴ rough-footed.

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
 "Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrily!"
 Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
O wha dare meddle wi' me?

Then speedily to wark we gaed,
 And raised the slogan ¹ ane and a',
 And cut a hole through a sheet of lead
 And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
 Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
 It was but twenty Scots and ten,
 That put a thousand in sic a stear! ²

Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers, ³
 We gar'd the bars bang merrily,
 Until we came to the inner prison,
 Where Willy o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we came to the lower prison,
 Where Willy o' Kinmont he did lie—
 "O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willy,
 Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
 It's lang since sleeping was fley'd ⁴ frae me;
 Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
 And a' gude fellows that speer for me."

Then Red Rowan has hente ⁵ him up,
 The starkest ⁶ man in Teviotdale—
 "Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
 Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
 My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried—
 "I'll pay you for my lodging mail,
 When first we meet on the Border side."

¹ war-cry.
⁴ frightened.

² stir.
⁵ caught.

³ sledge-hammers.
⁶ strongest.

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang:
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns ¹ play'd clang.

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willy,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willy,
"I've prick'd a horse out ower the furs; ²
But since the day I back'd a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs."

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men on horse and foot
Came wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew ³ his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
"I wadna hae ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christianity."

¹ iron.

² furrows.

³ trust.

KEMP OWYNE

HER mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the worst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand,
In everything that she could dee;
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
And borrow ¹ you with kisses three,
Let all the world do what they will,
Oh borrowed shall you never be."

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she;
This news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived far beyond the sea.

He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast look'd he;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me."

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I have found in the green sea:
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."

¹ redeem.

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me."

"Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted aince around the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me."

"Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be:
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi';
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree;
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

THE DROWNED LOVERS

“ YE gie corn unto my horse,
An’ meat unto my man;
For I will gae to my true love’s gates
This night, that I can win.”

“ O stay at hame this ae night, Willy,
This ae bare night wi’ me;
The best bed in a’ my house
Shall be well made to thee.”

“ I carena for your beds, mither,
I carena a pin;
For I’ll gae to my love’s gates
This night, gin I can win.”

“ Oh stay, my son Willy, this night,
This ae night wi’ me;
The best hen in a’ my roost
Shall be well made ready for thee.”

“ I carena for your hens, mither,
I carena a pin;
I shall gae to my love’s gates
This night, gin I can win.”

“ Gin ye winna stay, my son Willy,
This ae bare night wi’ me,
Gin Clyde’s waters be deep and fu’ o’ flood,
My malison drown thee! ”

He rade up yon high hili,
And down yon dowie den,¹
The roaring of Clyde’s water
Wad hae fleyed ten thousand men.

“ O spare me, Clyde’s water,
O spare me as I gae!

¹ hollow.

Mak' me your wrack as I come back,
But spare me as I gae! "

He rade in, and farther in,
Till he came to the chin;
And he rade in, and farther in,
Till he came to dry land.

And when he came to his love's gates,
He tirl'd at the pin.
" Open your gates, Meggie,
Open your gates to me;
For my boots are fu' o' Clyde's water
And the rain rains ower my chin."

" I hae nae lovers thereout," she says,
" I hae nae love within;
My true-love is in my arms twa,
An' nane will I let in."

" Open your gates, Meggie, this ae night,
Open your gates to me;
For Clyde's water is fu' o' flood,
And my mother's malison 'll drown me."

" Ane o' my chambers is fu' o' corn,
An ane is fu' o' hay;
Another is fu' o' gentlemen;—
An' they winna move till day."

Out waked her may Meggie,
Out of her drowsy dream.
" I dreamed a dream sin the yestreen,
God read ¹ a' dreams to guid,
That my true love Willy,
Was staring at my bed-feet."

" Lay still, lay still, my ae dochter,
An keep my back frae the call,²
For it's na the space o' half an hour,
Sen he gaed frae your hall."

¹ explain.

² cold.

An' hey Willy, and ho, Willy,
 Winna ye turn agen;
 But aye the louder that she cried,
 He rade against the win'.

He rade up yon high hill,
 And doun yon dowie den;
 The roaring that was in Clyde's water,
 Wad ha fleyed ten thousand men.

He rade in, an' farther in,
 Till he came to the chin;
 An' he rade in, an' further in,
 But never mair was seen.

There was na mair seen o' that guid lord,
 But his hat frae his head;
 There was na more seen of that lady,
 But her comb and her snood.

There waders went up and doun,
 Eddyng Clyde's water;
 Have done us wrang.

THE TWA BROTHERS

THERE were twa brethren in the north,
 They went to the school together;
 The one unto the other said
 Will ye try a warsle¹ afore?

They warsled up, they warsled doun,
 Till Sir John fell to the ground;
 And there was a knife in Sir William's pouch,
 Gi'ed him a deadly wound.

"O brither dear, take me upon your back,
 Carry me to yon burn clear,
 And wash the blood from off my wound,
 And it will bleed nae mair."

¹ wrestle.

He's took him up upon his back,
 Carried him to yon burn clear,
 And wash'd the blood from off his wound,
 But aye it bled the mair.

“ O brither dear, take me on your back,
 Carry me to yon kirk-yard,
 And dig a grave baith wide and deep,
 And lay my body there.”

He's ta'en him up upon his back,
 Carried him to yon kirkyard,
 And dug a grave baith deep and wide,
 And laid his body there.

“ But what will I say to your father dear,
 Gin he chance to say, Willy, where's John? ”

“ O say that he's to England gone,
 To buy him a cask of wine.”

“ And what will I say to my mother dear,
 Gin she chance to say, Willy, where's John? ”

“ Oh say that he's to England gone,
 To buy her a new silk gown.”

“ And what will I say to my sister dear,
 Gin she chance to say, Willy, where's John? ”

“ Oh say that he's to England gone,
 To buy her a wedding ring.”

“ But what shall I say to her you love dear,
 Gin she cry, why tarries my John? ”

“ Oh tell her I lie in Kirkland fair,
 And home again will never come.”

YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE

In London city was Beichan born,
 He longed strange countries for to see;
 But he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
 Who handled him right cruelly;

For through his shoulder he put a bore;¹
 And through the bore has putten a tree;²
 And he's gar'd him draw the carts of wine
 Where horse and oxen had wont to be.

He's casten [him] in a dungeon deep,
 Where he could neither hear nor see;
 He's shut him up in a prison strong,
 And he's handled him right cruelly.

O this Moor he had but ae daughter,
 I wot her name was Susie Pye;
 She do'en her to the prison house,
 And she's called young Beichan one word by.

"O have ye any lands, or rents,
 Or cities in your own country,
 Could free you out of prison strong,
 And could maintain a lady free?"³

"O London city is my own,
 And other cities twa or three,
 Could loose me out of prison strong,
 And could maintain a lady free."

O she has brib'd her father's men
 Wi' mickle gold and white money;
 She's gotten the keys of the prison door
 And she has set young Beichan free.

¹ hole.² pole.³ noble.

She's gi'en him a loaf of good white bread,
 But an' a flask of Spanish wine;
 And she bad him mind on the lady's love
 That sae kindly freed him out of pine.¹

"Go set your foot on good ship-board,
 And haste ye back to your own country;
 And before that seven years have an end,
 Come back again, love, and marry me."

It was long ere seven years had an end,
 She long'd full sore her love to see;
 She's set her foot on good ship-board,
 And turn'd her back on her own country.

She's sailed up, so has she down,
 Till she came to the other side;
 She's landed at young Beichan's gates,
 An I hope this day she shall be his bride.

"Is this young Beichan's gates," says she,
 "Or is that noble prince within?"
 "He's up the stairs wi' his bonny bride,
 An mony a lord and lady wi' him."

"And has he ta'en a bonny bride?
 An' has he clean forgotten me?"
 An', sighin', said that gay lady,
 "I wish I were in my own country."

But she's putten her han' in her pocket,
 An' gi'en the porter guineas three;
 Says, "Take ye that, ye proud porter,
 An' bid the bridegroom speak to me."

O when the porter came up the stair,
 He's fa'n low down upon his knee—
 "Win up, win up ² ye proud porter,
 And what makes a' this courtesy?"

¹ woe.

² get up.

“ O I’ve been porter at your gates,
This mair nor seven years and three;
But there is a lady at them now,
The like of whom I never did see;

“ For on every finger she has a ring,
And on the mid finger she has three;
And as mickle gold aboon her brow
As would buy an earldom o’ lan’ to me.”

Then up it started Young Beichan,
An’ swear so loud by Our Lady,
“ It can be nane but Susie Pye,
That has come o’er the sea to me.”

And quickly ran he down the stair;
Of fifteen steps he has made but threc;
He’s ta’en his bonny love in his arms,
And I wot he kissed her tenderly.

“ O hae ye ta’en a bonny bride?
And hae ye quite forsaken me?
And hae ye quite forgotten her,
That gave you life and liberty? ”

She looked o’er her left shoulder,
To hide the tears stood in her e’e:
“ Now fare thee well, young Beichan,” she says,
“ I’ll try to think no more on thee.”

“ Take back your daughter, madam,” he says,
“ An’ a double dowry I’ll gie her wi’;
For I maun marry my first true love,
That’s done and suffered so much for me.”

He’s ta’en his bonny love by the hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane;
He’s changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he’s call’d her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD

O WILLY's large o' limb and lith,¹
And come o' high degree,
And he is gone to Earl Richard
To serve for meat and fee.

Earl Richard had but ae daughter,
Fair as a lily flower;
And they made up their love-contract
Like proper paramour.

It fell upon a simmer's night,
When the leaves were fair and green,
That Willy met his gay lady,
Intill the wood alane.

"O narrow is my gown, Willy,
That wont to be sae wide;
And gane is a' my fair colour,
That wont to be my pride.

"But gin my father should get word
What's past between us twa,
Before that he should eat or drink,
He'd hang you o'er that wa'.

"But ye'll come to my bower, Willy,
Just as the sun goes down;
And keep me in your arms twa,
And latna me fa' down."

O when the sun was now gane down,
He's do'en him till her bower;
And there, by the lee ² light o' the moon,
Her window she lookit o'er.

Intill a robe o' red scarlet
She lap, fearless o' harm;

¹ joint.

² sad.

And Willy was large o' lith and limb,
And keepit her in his arm.

And they've gane to the gude greenwood,
And ere the night was deen,¹
She's borne to him a bonny young son,
Among the leaves sae green.

Whan night was gane, and day was come,
And the sun began to peep,
Up and raise the Earl Richard
Out o' his drowsy sleep.

He's ca'd upon his merry young men,
By ane, by twa, and by three,
"O what's come o' my daughter dear,
That she's na come to me?"

"I dreamt a dreary dream last night,
God grant it come to gude!
I dreamt I saw my daughter dear,
Drown in the saut sea flood.

"But gin my daughter be dead or sick,
Or yet be stown awa',
I mak a vow, and I'll keep it true,
I'll hang ye ane and a'!"

They sought her back, they sought her fore,
They sought her up and down;
They got her in the gude greenwood,
Nursing her bonny young son.

He took the bonny boy in his arms,
And kissed him tenderly;
Says, "Though I would your father hang,
Your mother's dear to me."

He kissed him o'er and o'er again;
"My grandson I thee claim;
And Robin Hood in gude greenwood,
And that shall be your name."

¹ done.

And mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,
And mony ane sings o' corn;
And mony ane sings o' Robin Hood,
Kens little where he was born.

It was na in the ha', the ha',
Nor in the painted bower;
But it was in the gude greenwood,
Among the lily flower.

THE BARON OF BRACKLEY

DOWN Dee side came Inverey whistling and playing;
He's lighted at Brackley yates at the day dawning.

Says, "Baron o' Brackley, O are ye within?
There's sharp swords at the yate will gar your blood spin."

The lady raise up, to the window she went;
She heard her kye lowing o'er hill and o'er bent.¹

"O rise up, ye baron, and turn back your kye;
For the lads o' Drumwharran are driving them by."

"How can I rise, lady, or turn them again!
Where'er I have ae man, I wot they hae ten."

"Then rise up, my lasses, take rocks ² in your hand,
And turn back the kye;—I hae you at command.

"Gin I had a husband, as I hae nane,
He wadna lie in his bower, see his kye ta'en."

Then up got the baron, and cried for his graith;³
Says, "Lady, I'll gang, tho' to leave you I'm laith.

"Come kiss me, then, Peggy, and gie me my spear;
I ay was for peace, though I never fear'd weir."⁴

"Come kiss me, then, Peggy, nor think I'm to blame;
I weel may gae out, but I'll never win in!"

¹ plain.

² distaffs.

³ armour.

⁴ war.

When Brackley was busked,¹ and rade o'er the closs,²
A gallanter baron ne'er lap to a horse.

When Brackley was mounted, and rade o'er the green,
He was as bold a baron as ever was seen.

Tho' there cam' wi' Inverey thirty-and-three,
There was nane wi' bonny Brackley but his brother and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw;
But against four-and-thirty, wae's me, what is twa?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround;
And they've pierced bonny Brackley wi' mony a wound.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey
The Gordons may mourn him, and bann Inverey.

"O came ye by Brackley yates, was ye in there?
Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving her hair?"

"O I came by Brackley yates, I was in there,
And I saw his Peggy a-making good cheer."

That lady she feasted them, carried them ben;
She laugh'd wi' the men that her baron had slain.

"O fie on you, lady! how could you do sae?
You open'd your yates to the fause Inverey."

She ate wi' him, drank wi' him, welcom'd him in;
She welcom'd the villain that slew her baron!

She kept him till morning, syne bade him be gane,
And shaw'd him the road that he shou'dna be ta'en.

"Thro' Birss and Aboyne," she says, "lyin in a tour,
O'er the hills o' Glentanar you'll skip in an hour."

—There's grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha';
But the Baron o' Brackley is dead and awa.

¹ dressed.

² close.

CHILD VYET

LORD INGRAM and Child Vyet,
Were both born in ane bower,
Had both their loves on one lady,
The less was their honour.

Child Vyet and Lord Ingram,
Were both born in one hall,
Had both their loves on one lady,
The worse did them befall.

Lord Ingram woo'd the Lady Maisry,
From father and from mother;
Lord Ingram woo'd the Lady Maisry,
From sister and from brother.

Lord Ingram wooed the Lady Maisry,
With leave of all her kin;
And every one gave full consent,
But she said no to him.

Lord Ingram wooed the Lady Maisry,
Into her father's ha';
Child Vyet wooed the Lady Maisry,
Amang the sheets so sma'.

Now it fell out upon a day,
She was dressing her head,
That ben ¹ did come her father dear,
Wearing the gold so red.

"Get up now, Lady Maisry,
Put on your wedding gown,
For Lord Ingram will be here,
Your wedding must be done!"

¹ in.

“ I’d rather be Child Vyet’s wife,
The white fish to sell,
Before I were Lord Ingram’s wife,
To wear the silk so well !

“ I’d rather be Child Vyet’s wife,
With him to beg my bread,
Before I’d be Lord Ingram’s wife,
To wear the gold so red.

“ Where will I get a bonny boy,
Will win gold to his fee,
Will run unto Child Vyet’s,
With this letter from me ? ”

“ O here, I am the boy,” says one,
“ Will win gold to my fee,
And carry away any letter,
To Child Vyet from thee.”

And when he found the bridges broke,
He bent his bow and swam ;
And when he found the grass growing,
He hasten’d and he ran.

And when he came to Vyet’s castle,
He did not knock nor call,
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly leaped the wall ;
And ere the porter open’d the gate,
The boy was in the hall.

The first line that Child Vyet read,
A grieved man was he ;
The next line that he looked on,
A tear blinded his e’e.

“ What ails my own brother,” he says,
“ He’ll not let my love be ;
But I’ll send to my brother’s bridal ;
The woman shall be free.

“Take four-and-twenty bucks and ewes,
And ten tun of the wine,
And bid my love be blithe and glad,
And I will follow syne.”

There was not a groom about that castle,
But got a gown of green;
And a' was blithe, and a' was glad,
But Lady Maisry was wi' wean.¹

There was no cook about the kitchen,
But got a gown of grey;
And a' was blythe, and a' was glad,
But Lady Maisry was wae.

'Tween Mary Kirk and that castle,
Was all spread o'er with [garl ²].
To keep the lady and her maidens,
From tramping on the [marl ³].

From Mary Kirk to that castle,
Was spread a cloth of gold,
To keep the lady and her maidens,
From treading on the mould.

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then Lord Ingram and Lady Maisry,
In one bed they were laid.

When they were laid upon their bed,
It was baith soft and warm,
He laid his hand over her side,
Says he, “You are with bairn.”

“I told you once, so did I twice,
When ye came as my wooer,
That Child Vyet, your one brother,
One night lay in my bower!”

“I told you twice, so did I thrice,
Ere ye came me to wed,

¹ child.

² gravel.

³ mould

That Child Vyet, your one brother,
One night lay in my bed! ”

“ O will you father your bairn on me,
And on no other man?
And I'll gie him to his dowry,
Full fifty ploughs of land.”

“ I will not father my bairn on you,
Nor on no wrongous man,
Tho' you would give him to his dowry,
Five thousand ploughs of land.”

Then up did start him Child Vyet,
Shed by ¹ his yellow hair,
And gave Lord Ingram to the heart,
A deep wound and a sair.

Then up did start him Lord Ingram,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Child Vyet to the heart,
A deep wound and a sair.

There was no pity for the two lords,
Where they were lying slain,
All was for Lady Maisry:
In that bower she gaed brain! ²

There was no pity for the two lords,
When they were lying dead,
All was for Lady Maisry:
In that bower she went mad!

“ O get to me a cloak of cloth,
A staff of good hard tree; ³
If I have been an evil woman,
I shall beg till I die.

“ For ae bit I'll beg for Child Vyet,
For Lord Ingram I'll beg three,
All for the honourable marriage, that
At Mary Kirk he gave me! ”

¹ put back.

² mad.

³ wood.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK

In summer when the shaws ¹ be sheen,²
 And leaves be large and long,
 It is full merry in fair forest
 To hear the fowlés song.

To see the deer draw to the dale,
 And leave the hillés high,
 And shadow them in the leaves green,
 Under the greenwood tree.

It befell on Whitsuntide,
 Early in a May morning,
 The sun up fair can shine,
 And the birdés merry can sing.

“This is a merry morning,” said Little John,
 “By Him that died on tree;
 A more merry man then I am one
 Lives not in Christianté.”

“Pluck up thy heart, my dear master,”
 Little John can say,
 “And think it is a full fair time
 In a morning of May.”

“The one thing grieves me,” said Robin,
 “And does my heart much woe,
 That I may not so solemn day
 To mass nor matins go.

“It is a fortnight and more,” said he,
 “Since I my Saviour see;
 To-day will I to Nottingham,” said Robin,
 “With the might of mild Mary.”

Then spake Much the miller son,
 Ever more well him betide,

¹ wood.

² bright.

“Take twelve of thy wight yeomen
 Well weaponed by thy side.
 Such one would thyself slon ¹
 That twelve dare not abide.”

“Of all my merry men,” said Robin,
 “By my faith I will none have;
 But Little John shall bear my bow
 Till that me list to draw.”

“Thou shall bear thine own,” said Little John,
 “Master, and I will bear mine;
 And we will shoot a penny,” said Little John,
 “Under the greenwood line.” ²

“I will not shoot a penny,” said Robin Hood,
 “In faith, Little John, with thee,
 But ever for one as thou shoots,” said Robin,
 “In faith I hold thee three.”

Thus shot they forth, these yeomen two,
 Both at busk ³ and broom,
 Till Little John won of his master
 Five shillings to hose and shoon.

A ferly ⁴ strife fell them between,
 As they went by the way;
 Little John said he had won five shillings,
 And Robin Hood said shortly nay.

With that Robin Hood lied Little John,
 And smote him with his hand;
 Little John waxed wroth therewith,
 And pulled out his bright brand.

“Were thou not my master,” said Little John,
 “Thou shouldest be hit full sore;
 Get thee a man where thou wilt, Robin,
 For thou gets me no more.”

¹ slay.² tree.³ bush.⁴ wonderful.

Then Robin goes to Nottingham,
Himself morning alone,
And Little John to merry Sherwood,
The paths he knēw ilkone.¹

When Robin came to Nottingham,
Certainly withouten lain,²
He prayed to God and mild Mary
To bring him out safe again.

He goes into Saint Mary church,
And kneeled down before the rood;
All that ever were the church within
Beheld well Robin Hood.

Beside him stood a great-headed monk,
I pray to God woe he be;
Full soon he knew good Robin
As soon as he him see.

Out at the door he ran
Full soon and anon;
All the gates of Nottingham
He made to be sparred³ every one.

"Rise up," he said, "thou proud sheriff,
Busk thee and make thee boun;⁴
I have spied the king's felon,
Forsooth he is in this town.

"I have spied the false felon,
As he stands at his mass;
It is long of thee," said the monk,
"An ever he fro us pass.

"This traitor's name is Robin Hood;
Under the greenwood lind,⁵
He robbed me once of a hundred pound,
It shall never out of my mind."

¹ each one.
⁴ ready.

² hindrance (?)
⁵ tree.

³ shut.

Up then rose this proud sheriff,
 And radly ¹ made him yare; ²
 Many was the mother son
 To the kirk with him can fare.

In at the door they throlly ³ thrast ⁴
 With staves full God wone. ⁵
 "Alas, alas," said Robin Hood,
 "Now miss I Little John."

But Robin took out a two-hand sword
 That hanged down by his knee;
 There as the sheriff and his men stood thickest,
 Thitherward would he.

Thrice throughout them he ran,
 Forsooth as I you say,
 And wounded many a mother's son,
 And twelve he slew that day.

His sword upon the sheriff's head
 Certainly he brake in two;
 "The smith that thee made," said Robin,
 "I pray to God work him woe.

"For now am I weaponless," said Robin,
 "Alas, against my will;
 But if I may flee these traitors fro,
 I wot they will me kill."

Robin in to the church ran,
 Throughout them every one;

Some fell in swooning as they were dead,
 And lay still as any stone.
 None of them were in their mind
 But only Little John.

"Let be your [dule ⁶]," said Little John,
 "For His love that died on tree;

¹ quickly.
⁴ pressed.

² ready.
⁵ knows.

³ boldly.
⁶ weeping.

Ye that should be doughty men,
It is great shame to see.

“ Our master has been hard bestood,
And yet scaped away;
Pluck up your hearts and leave this moan,
And hearken what I shall say.

“ He has served Our Lady many a day,
And yet will securely;
Therefore I trust in her specially
No wicked death shall he die.

“ Therefore be glad,” said Little John,
“ And let this mourning be,
And I shall be the monk’s guide,
With the might of mild Mary.

“ We will go but we two
And I meet him,” said Little John,
.
.
.
.
.
.

“ Look that ye keep well our tristil ¹ tree
Under the leaves small,
And spare none of this venison
That goes in this vale.”

Forth then went these yeomen two,
Little John and Much infere,²
And looked on Much emy’s ³ house
The highway lay full near.

Little John stood at a window in the morning,
And looked forth at a stage;
He was ware where the monk came riding,
And with him a little page.

“ By my faith,” said Little John to Much,
“ I can thee tell tidings good,
I see where the monk comes riding,
I know him by his wide hood.”

¹ trysting.

² together.

³ uncle’s.

They went into the way these yeomen both,
As courteous men and hende,¹
They speered tidings at the monk,
As they had been his friend.

“Fro whence come ye?” said Little John;
“Tell us tidings, I you pray,
Of a false outlaw [called Robin Hood],
Was taken yesterday.

“He robbed me and my fellows both
Of twenty mark in certain.
If that false outlaw be taken,
Forsooth we would be fain.”

“So did he me,” said the monk,
“Of a hundred pound and more;
I laid first hand him upon,
Ye may thank me therefore.”

“I pray God thank you,” said Little John,
“And we will when we may;
We will go with you, with your leave,
And bring you on your way.

“For Robin Hood has many a wild fellow,
I tell you in certain;
If they wist ye rode this way,
In faith ye should be slain.”

As they went talking by the way,
The monk and Little John,
John took the monk's horse by the head
Full soon and anon.

John took the monk's horse by the head,
Forsooth as I you say,
So did Much the little page,
For he should not stir away.

By the gullet of the hood
John pulled the monk down;

¹ gentle.

John was nothing of him aghast,
He let him fall on his crown.

Little John was sore aggrieved,
And drew out his sword in high;
The monk saw he should be dead,
Lord mercy can he cry.

"He was my master," said Little John,
"That thou hast brought in bale;¹
Shall thou never come at our king
For to tell him tale."

John smote off the monk's head,
No longer would he dwell;
So did Much the little page,
For fear lest he would tell.

There they buried them both
In neither moss nor ling,
And Little John and Much infere
Bare the letters to our king.

He kneeled down upon his knee,
"God you save, my liege lord,
"Jesus you save and see.

"God you save, my liege king,"
To speak John was full bold;
He gave him the letters in his hand,
The king did it unfold.

The king read the letters anon,
And said, "So mot I thee,
There was never yeoman in merry England
I longed so sore to see.

"Where is the monk that these should have brought?"
Our king gan say;
"By my troth," said Little John,
"He died after the way."

¹ trouble.

The king gave Much and Little John
Twenty pound in certain,
And made them yeomen of the crown,
And bade them go again.

He gave John the seal in hand,
The sheriff for to bear,
To bring Robin him to,
And no man do him dere.¹

John took his leave at our king,
The sooth as I you say;
The next way to Nottingham
To take he yede ² the way.

When John came to Nottingham
The gates were sparred each one;
John called up the porter,
He answered soon anon.

"What is the cause," said Little John,
"Thou sparrest the gates so fast?"
"Because of Robin Hood," said [the] porter,
"In deep prison is cast.

"John, and Much, and Will Scathlock,
Forsooth as I you say,
There slew our men upon our walls,
And sawten ³ us every day."

Little John speered after the sheriff,
And soon he him found;
He opened the king's privy seal,
And gave him in his hand.

When the sheriff saw the king's seal,
He did off his hood anon;
"Where is the monk that bare the letters?"
He said to Little John.

"He is so fain of him," said Little John,
"Forsooth as I you say,

¹ harm.² went.³ sought

He has made him abbot of Westminster,
A lord of that abbey."

The sheriff made John good cheer,
And gave him wine of the best;
At night they went to their bed,
And every man to his rest.

When the sheriff was on sleep
Drunken of wine and ale,
Little John and Much forsooth
Took the way into the jail.

Little John called up the jailer,
And bade him rise anon;
He said Robin Hood had broken prison,
And out of it was gone.

The porter rose anon certain,
As soon as he heard John call;
Little John was ready with a sword,
And bare him to the wall.

"Now will I be porter," said Little John,
"And take the keys in hand;"
He took the way to Robin Hood,
And soon he him unbound.

He gave him a good sword in his hand,
His head therewith for to keep,
And there as the wall was lowest
Anon down can they leap.

By that the cock began to crow,
The day began to spring,
The sheriff found the jailer dead,
The coming bell made he ring.

He made a cry throughout all the tow[n],
Whether he be yeoman or knave,
That could bring him Robin Hood,
His warison ¹ he should have.

¹ reward.

“For I dare never,” said the sheriff,
 “Come before our king,
 For if I do, I wot certain,
 Forsooth he will me hang.”

The sheriff made to seek Nottingham,
 Both by street and stye,¹
 And Robin was in merry Sherwood
 As list ² as leaf on lind.

Then bespake good Little John,
 To Robin Hood can he say,
 “I have done thee a good turn for an evil,
 Quit thee when thou may.

“I have done thee a good turn,” said Little John,
 “Forsooth as I you say;
 I have brought thee under greenwood lind;
 Farewell, and have good day.”

“Nay, by my troth,” said Robin Hood,
 “So shall it never be;
 I make thee master,” said Robin Hood,
 “Of all my men and me.”

“Nay, by my troth,” said Little John,
 “So shall it never be,
 But let me be a fellow,” said Little John,
 “None other kepe I’ll be.” ³

Thus John got Robin Hood out of prison,
 Certain withouten lain; ⁴
 When his men saw him whole and sound,
 Forsooth they were full fain.

They filled in wine, and made them glad,
 Under the leaves small,
 And eat pasties of venison,
 That good was with ale.

¹ lane.² relations I’ll have.³ pleased.⁴ deception.

Then word came to our king,
How Robin Hood was gone,
And how the sheriff of Nottingham
Durst never look him upon.

Then bespake our comely king,
In an anger high,
"Little John has beguiled the sheriff,
In faith so has he me,

"Little John has beguiled us both,
And that full well I see,
Or else the sheriff of Nottingham
High hanged should he be.

"I made them yeomen of the crown,
And gave them fee with my hand,
I gave them grith,"¹ said our king,
"Throughout all merry England.

"I gave them grith," then said our king,
"I say, so might I thee,
Forsooth such a yeoman as he is one
In all England are not three.

"He is true to his master," said our king,
"I say, by sweet Saint John;
He loves better Robin Hood,
Then he does us each one.

"Robin Hood is ever bound to him,
Both in street and stall;
Speak no more of this matter," said our king,
"But John has beguiled us all."

Thus ends the talking of the monk
And Robin Hood i-wis;
God, that is ever a crowned king,
Bring us all to his bliss.

¹ protection.

THE BONNY HOUSE O' AIRLY

It fell on a day, and a bonny summer day,
When the corn grew green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute,
Between Argyle and Airly.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle
To come in the morning early,
An' lead in his men, by the back o' Dunkeld,
To plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

The lady look'd o'er her window sae high,
And O but she looked weary!
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he says,
"Come down, and kiss me fairly,
Or before the morning clear daylight,
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly.

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wadna kiss thee fairly,
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
Gin you shouldna leave a standing stane in Airly,

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',
Says, "Lady, where is your drury?"¹
"It's up and down by the bonny burn side,
Amang the planting o' Airly."

They sought it up, they sought it down,
They sought it late and early,
And found it in the bonny balm-tree,
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly.

¹ dowry.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
And O but she grat ¹ sairly,
And led her down to yon green bank,
Till they plundered the bonny house o' Airly.

"But gin my good lord had been at hame,
As this night he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west
Hae plundered the bonny house o' Airly.

"O it's I hae seven braw sons," she says,
"And the youngest ne'er saw his daddy,
And altho' I had as mony mae,
I wad gie them a' to Charlie."

BONNY JAMES CAMPBELL

O r'r's up in the Hielands,
And along the sweet Tay,
Did bonny James Campbell
Ride mony a day.

Saddled and bridled
And bonny rode he;
Hame came horse, hame came saddle,
But ne'er hame came he!

And doun came his sweet sisters
Greeting sae sair,
And doun came his bonny wife,
Tearing her hair.

"My house is unbigged,²
My bairn's unborn,
My corn's unshorn;
My meadow grows green."

¹ wept.

² unbuilt.

HIND HORN

IN Scotland there was a baby born,

Lill lal, etc. ;

And his name it was called young Hind Horn,

With a fal lal, etc.

He sent a letter to our King,

That he was in love with his dochter Jean.

He's gi'en to her a silver wand,

With seven living laverocks ¹ sitting thereon.

She's gi'en to him a diamond ring,

With seven bright diamonds set therein.

When this ring grows pale and wan,

You may know by it my love is gane.

One day as he looked his ring upon,

He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

He left the sea, and came to land,

And the first that he met was an old beggar man.

"What news, what news?" said young Hind Horn,

"No news, no news," said the old beggar man.

"No news," said the beggar, "no news at a',

But there is a wedding in the King's ha'.

"But there is a wedding in the King's ha',

That has holden these forty days and twa."

"Will you lend me your begging coat?

And I'll lend you my scarlet cloak.

"Will you lend me thy begging rung? ²

And I'll give ye my steed to ride upon.

¹ larks.

² staff.

“ Will ye lend me your wig o’ hair
To cover mine, because it is fair.”

The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
But young Hind Horn for the King’s hall.

The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
But young Hind Horn was bound for the bride.

When he came to the King’s gate,
He sought a drink for Hind Horn’s sake.

The bride came down with a glass of wine,
When he drank out the glass, and dropt in the ring.

“ O got ye this by sea, or land?
Or got ye it off a dead man’s hand? ”

“ I got it not by sea, I got it by land,
And I got it, madam, out of your own hand.”

“ O I’ll cast off my gowns of brown,
And beg wi’ you frae town to town;

“ O I’ll cast off my gowns of red,
And I’ll beg with you to win my bread.”

“ Ye needna cast off your gowns of brown,
For I’ll make you lady of many a town;

“ Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,
It’s only a sham, the begging o’ my bread.”

The bridegroom he had wedded the bride,
But young Hind Horn he took her to bed.

RICHIE STORY

THE Earl of Wigton had three daughters,
O and a wally, but they were unco bonny;
The eldest of them had the far brawest house,
But she's fallen in love with her footman-laddy.

As she was a-walking doun by yon river-side,
O and a wally, but she was unco bonny;
There she espied her own footman,
With ribbons hanging over his shoulders sae bonny.

"Here's a letter to you, madame,
Here's a letter to you, madame;
The Earl of Hume is waiting on,
And he has his service to you, madame."

"I'll have none of his service," says she,
"I'll have none of his service," says she,
"For I've made vow, and I'll keep it true,
That I'll marry none but you, Richie."

"O say not so again, madame,
O say not so again, madame;
For I have neither land nor rents
For to keep you on, madame."

"I'll live where'er you please, Richie,
I'll live where'er you please, [Richie]
And I'll be ready at your ca',
Either late or early, Richie."

As they went in by Stirling toun,
O and a wally, but she was unco bonny!
A' her silks were sailing on the ground,
But few of them knew of Richie Story.

As they went in by the Parliament Close,
O and a wally, but she was unco bonny!

All the nobles took her by the hand,
But few of them knew she was Richie's lady.

As they came in by her good-mother's ¹ yetts,
O and a wally, but she was unco bonny!
Her good-mother bade her kilt her coats,
And muck the byre ² with Richie Story.

"O, may not ye be sorry, madame,
O, may not ye be sorry, madame,
To leave a' your lands at bonny Cumberland,
And follow home your footman-laddy?"

"What need I be sorry?" says she,
"What need I be sorry?" says she,
"For I've gotten my lot and my heart's desire,
And what Providence has ordered for me."

EPPIE MORRIE

FOUR-AND-TWENTY Highland men
Came a' from Carrie side,
To steal awa' Eppie Morrie,
'Cause she would not be a bride.

Out it's came her mother,
It was a moonlight night,
She could not see her daughter,
The swords they shin'd so bright.

"Haud far awa' frae me, mother,
Haud far awa' frae me;
There's not a man in a' Strathdon
Shall wedded be with me."

They have taken Eppie Morrie,
And horseback bound her on,
And then awa' to the minister,
As fast as horse could gang.

¹ mother-in-law.

² cow-house.

He's taken out a pistol,
And set it to the minister's breast;
"Marry me, marry me, minister,
Or else I'll be your priest."

"Haud far awa' frae me, good sir,
Haud far awa' frae me;
For there's not a man in a' Strathdon
That shall married be with me."

"Haud far awa' frae me, Willy,
Haud far awa' frae me;
For I darna avow to marry you,
Except she's as willing as ye."

They have taken Eppie Morrie,
Since better could na be,
And they're awa' to Carrie side,
As fast as horse could flee.

Then mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all were bound for bed,
Then Willy an' Eppie Morrie
In one bed they were laid.

"Haud far awa' frae me, Willy,
Haud far awa' frae me;
Before I'll lose my maidenhead,
I'll try my strength with thee."

She took the cap from off her head,
And threw it to the way;
Said, "Ere I lose my maidenhead,
I'll fight with you till day."

Then early in the morning,
Before her clothes were on,
In came the maiden of Scalletter,
Gown and shirt alone.

"Get up, get up, young woman,
And drink the wine wi' me;"

“ You might have called me maiden,
I’m sure as leal as thee.”

“ Wally fa’ you, Willy,
That ye could na prove a man,
And ta’en the lassie’s maidenhead;
She would have hired your han’.”

“ Haud far awa’ frae me, lady,
Haud far awa’ frae me;
There’s not a man in a’ Strathdon,
The day shall wed wi’ me.”

Soon in there came Belbordlane,
With a pistol on every side;
“ Come awa’ hame, Eppie Morrie,
And there you’ll be my bride.”

“ Go get to me a horse, Willy,
And get it like a man,
And send me back to my mother,
A maiden as I cam’.

“ The sun shines o’er the westlin hills,
By the light lamp of the moon,
Just saddle your horse, young John Forsyth,
And whistle, and I’ll come soon.”

YOUNG AKIN

LADY MARGARET sits in her bower door,
Sewing at her silken seam;
She heard a note in Elmond’s-wood,
And wish’d she there had been.

She loot the seam fa’ frae her side,
And the needle to her tae;
And she is on to Elmond-wood
As fast as she could gae.

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but ane,
Till by it came a young hind chiel,¹
Says, "Lady, lat alane.

"O why pu' ye the nut, the nut,
Or why brake ye the tree?
For I am forester o' this wood;
Ye shou'd speer² leave at me."

"I'll ask leave at no living man,
Nor yet will I at thee;
My father is king o'er a' this realm,
This wood belongs to me."

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but three,
Till by it came him Young Akin,
And gar'd her lat them be.

The highest tree in Elmond's-wood,
He's pu'd it by the reet;
And he has built for her a bower
Near by a hollow seat.

He's built a bower, made it secure
Wi' carbuncle and stane;
Tho' travellers were never sae nigh,
Appearance it had nane.

He's kept her there in Elmond's-wood,
For six lang years and one;
Till six pretty sons to him she bear,
And the seventh she's brought home.

It fell ance upon a day,
This guid lord went from home;
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his eldest son,

And when they were on a guid way,
Wi' slowly pace did walk,

¹ young stripling.

² ask.

The boy's heart being something wae,
He thus began to talk:—

“ A question I wou'd ask, father,
Gin ye wou'dna angry be? ”

“ Say on, say on, my bonny boy,
Ye'se na be quarrell'd by me.”

“ I see my mither's cheeks aye weet,
I never can see them dry;
And I wonder what aileth my mither,
To mourn continually.”

“ Your mither was a king's daughter,
Sprung frae a high degree;
And she might hae wed some worthy prince,
Had she na been stown by me.

“ I was her father's cup-bearer,
Just at that fatal time;
I catch'd her on a misty night,
When summer was in prime.

“ My love to her was most sincere,
Her love was great for me;
But when she hardships doth endure,
Her folly she does see.”

“ I'll shoot the buntin' ¹ o' the bush,
The linnet o' the tree,
And bring them to my dear mither,
See if she'll merrier be.”

It fell upo' another day,
This guid lord he thought lang,
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his dog and gun.

Wi' bow and arrow by his side,
He's off, single, alane;
And left his seven children to stay
Wi' their mither at hame.

¹ blackbird.

"O, I will tell to you, mither,
 Gin ye wadna angry be: "
 "Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,
 Ye'se na be quarrell'd by me."

"As we came frae the hind-hunting,
 We heard fine music ring: "
 "My blessings on you, my bonny boy,
 I wish I'd been there my lane."¹

He's ta'en his mither by the hand,
 His six brithers also,
 And they are on thro' Elmond's-wood,
 As fast as they could go.

They wistna weel where they were ga'en,
 Wi' the strattlins² o' their feet;
 They wistna weel where they were ga'en,
 Till at her father's gate.

"I hae nae money in my pocket,
 But royal rings hae three;
 I'll gie them you, my little young son,
 And ye'll walk there for me.

"Ye'll gie the first to the proud porter,
 And he will lat you in;
 Ye'll gie the next to the butler boy,
 And he will show you ben;

"Ye'll gie the third to the minstrel
 That plays before the king;
 He'll play success to the bonny boy,
 Came thro' the wood him lane."

He gae the first to the proud porter,
 And he open'd and let him in;
 He gae the next to the butler boy,
 And he has shown him ben;³

He gae the third to the minstrel
 That play'd before the king;

¹ self.² straddlings (?).³ in.

And he play'd success to the bonny boy,
Came thro' the wood him lane.

Now when he came before the king,
Fell low down on his knee:
The king he turned round about,
And the saut tear blinded his e'e.

"Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
Gang frae my company;
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,
My heart will burst in three."

"If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder it is none;
If I look like your dear daughter,
I am her eldest son.

"Will ye tell me, ye wee little boy,
Where may my Margaret be?"
"She's just now standing at your gates,
And my six brothers her wi'."

"O where are all my porter-boys
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my gates baith wide and braid?
Let her come in to me."

When she came in before the king,
Fell low down on her knee:
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'll dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canna eat, father,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Till I see my mither and sister dear,
For lang for them I think."

When she came before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee:
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

“ Ae bit I canna eat, mithers,
Nor æ drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear sister,
For lang for her I think.”

When that these two sisters met,
She hail'd her courteously:
“ Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me.”

“ Ae bit I canna eat, sister,
Nor æ drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear husband,
For lang for him I think.”

“ O where are all my rangers bold
That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far an' wide,
And bring Akin to me? ”

Out it speaks the wee little boy,—
“ Na, na, this mauna be;
Without ye grant a free pardon,
I hope ye'll na him see.”

“ O here I grant a free pardon,
Well seal'd by my own han';
Ye may make search for young Akin,
As soon as ever you can.”

They search'd the country wide and braid,
The forests far and near,
And found him into Elmond's-wood,
Tearing his yellow hair.

“ Win up, win up, now young Akin,
Win up, and boun ¹ wi' me;
We're messengers come from the court;
The king wants you to see.”

“ O lat him take frae me my head,
Or hang me on a tree;

¹ go.

For since I've lost my dear lady,
Life's no pleasure to me."

"Your head will na be touch'd, Akin,
Nor hang'd upon a tree:
Your lady's in her father's court,
And all he wants is thee."

When he came in before the king,
Fell low down on his knee:
"Win up, win up now, young Akin,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

But as they were at dinner set,
The boy asked a boon;
"I wish we were in the good church,
For to get christendoun.

"We hae lived in guid greenwood
This seven years and ane;
But a' this time since e'er I mind,
Was never a church within."

"Your asking's na sae great, my boy,
But granted it shall be;
This day to guid church ye shall gang,
And your mither shall gang you wi'."

When unto the guid church she came,
She at the door did stan';
She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame,
She couldna come farther ben.

Then out it speaks the parish priest,
And a sweet smile gae he;—
"Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,
Present your babes to me."

Charles, Vincent, Sam, and Dick,
And likewise James and John;
They call'd the eldest Young Akin,
Which was his father's name.

Then they staid in the royal court,
And liv'd wi' mirth and glee;
And when her father was deceas'd,
Heir of the crown was she.

THE LAIRD O' DRUM

THE Laird o' Drum is a wooing gane,
It was on a morning early,
And he has fawn ¹ in wi' a bonny may,
A-shearing at her barley.

"My bonny may, my weel-faur'd may,
O will you fancy me, O;
And gae and be the Lady o' Drum,
And lat your shearing a-be, O?"

"It's I canna fancy thee, kind sir,
I winna fancy thee, O,
I winna gae and be Lady o' Drum,
And lat my shearing a-be, O.

"But set your love on anither, kind sir,
Set it not on me, O,
For I am not fit to be your bride,
And your whore I'll never be, O.

"My father he is a shepherd mean,
Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O,
And ye may gae and speer at him,
For I am at his will, O."

Drum is to her father gane,
Keeping his sheep on yon hill, O;
And he has gotten his consent
That the may was at his will, O.

"But my dochter can neither read nor write,
She was ne'er brought up at scheel, O;

¹ fallen.

But weel can she milk cow and ewe,
And mak a kebbuck ¹ weel, O.

“ She'll win ² in your barn at bear-seed time,
Cast out your muck at Yule, O,
She'll saddle your steed in time o' need,
And draw off your boots hersel', O.”

“ Have not I no clergymen?
Pay I no clergy fee, O?
I'll scheel her as I think fit,
And as I think weel to be, O.

“ I'll learn your lassie to read and write,
And I'll put her to the scheel, O;
She'll neither need to saddle my steed,
Nor draw off my boots hersel', O.

“ But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale, O;
And wha will welcome my bonny bride,
Is mair than I can tell, O.”

Drum is to the hielands gane,
For to mak a' ready,
And a' the gentry round about,
Cried, “ Yonder's Drum and his lady!

“ Peggy Coutts is a very bonny bride,
And Drum is a wealthy laddy,
But he might hae chosen a higher match,
Than ony shepherd's lassie.”

Then up bespak his brither John,
Says, “ Ye've deen us mickle wrang, O;
Ye've married e'en below our degree,
A lake ³ to a' our kin, O.”

“ Hold your tongue, my brither John,
I have deen you na wrang, O;
For I've married e'en to work and win,
And ye've married e'en to spend, O.

¹ cheese.

² go.

³ reproach.

“ The first time that I had a wife,
 She was far abeen my degree, O;
 I durst na come in her presence,
 But wi’ my hat upo’ my knee, O.

“ The first wife that I did wed,
 She was far abeen my degree, O;
 She wadna hae walk’d to the yetts o’ Drum,
 But the pearls abeen her bree,¹ O.

“ But an’ she was ador’d for as much gold,
 As Peggy’s for beauty, O,
 She might walk to the yetts o’ Drum,
 Amang geed company, O.”

There war four-and-twenty gentlemen
 Stood at the yetts o’ Drum, O;
 There was na ane amang them a’
 That welcom’d his lady in, O.

He has tane her by the milk-white hand,
 And led her in himsel’, O,
 And in thro’ ha’s, and in thro’ bowers,—
 “ And ye’re welcome, Lady o’ Drum, O.”

Thrice he kissed her cherry cheek,
 And thrice her cherry chin, O;
 And twenty times her comely mou’,—
 “ And ye’re welcome, Lady o’ Drum, O.

“ Ye sall be cook in my kitchen,
 Butler in my ha’, O;
 Ye sall be lady in my command,
 Whan I ride far awa, O.”—

“ But I told ye afore we war wed,
 I was ower low for thee, O;
 But now we are wed, and in ae bed laid,
 And ye maun be content wi’ me, O.

“ For an’ I war dead, and ye war dead,
 And baith in ae grave laid, O,
 And ye and I war tane up again,
 Wha could distan ² your moulds frae mine, O? ”

¹ brow.² distinguish.

JOHNNY SCOTT

O JOHNNY was as brave a knight
As ever sail'd the sea,
An' he's done him to the English court,
To serve for meat and fee.

He had na been in England
But yet a little while
Until the king's ae daughter
To Johnny proves wi' chil'.

O word's come to the king himsel'
In his chair where he sat
That his ae daughter was wi' bairn
To Jack, the Little Scott.

Gin this be true that I do hear,
As I trust well it be,
Ye put her into prison strong,
An' starve her till she die.

O Johnny's on to fair Scotland,
I wot, he went wi' speed,
And he has left the king's court,
I wot, good was his need.

O it fell once upon a day
That Johnny he thought lang;
An' he's gane to the good greenwood,
As fast as he could gang.

O where will I get a bonny boy,
To rin my errand soon;
That will rin into fair England,
An' haste him back again?

O up it starts a bonny boy,
Gold yellow was his hair,

I wish his mither mickle joy,
His bonny love mickle mair.

O here am I, a bonny boy,
Will rin your errand soon;
I will gang into fair England,
An' come right soon again.

O when he came to broken briggs
He bent his bow and swam,
An' when he came to the green grass growing
He slaiked ¹ his shoon an' ran.

When he came to yon high castle,
He ran it round about;
An' there he saw the king's daughter
At the window looking out.

"O here's a sark ² o' silk, lady,
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve,
You're bidden come to fair Scotland,
Speer nane o' your parents' leave.

"Ha, take this sark o' silk, lady,
Your ain hand sew'd the gare; ³
You're bidden come to good greenwood,
Love Johnny waits you there."

She's turned her right and round about
The tear was in her ee:

"How can I come to my true-love
Except I had wings to flee?

"Here am I kept wi' bars and bolts,
Most grievous to behold;
My breast-plate's o' the sturdy steel,
Instead of the beaten gold.

"But take this purse, my bonny boy,
Ye well deserve a fee,
And bear this letter to my love,
An' tell him what you see."

¹ loosened, *i.e.* took off.

² shirt.

³ hem.

Then quickly ran the bonny boy,
 Again to Scotland fair,
 An' soon he reached Pitnachton's tow'rs,
 An' soon found Johnny there.

He put the letter in his han',
 An' told him what he saw,
 But ere he half the letter read,
 He loot the tears doun fa'.

O I will gae back to fair England,
 Tho' death should me betide,
 An' I will relieve the damsel
 That lay last by my side.

Then out it spake his father dear:
 "My son, you are to blame;
 An' gin you're catched on English ground,
 I fear you'll ne'er win hame."

Then out it spake a valiant knight,
 Johnny's best friend was he:
 "I can command five hunder men,
 An' I'll his surety be."

The first in town that they came till,
 They gar'd the bells be rung;
 An' the nextin town that they came till,
 They gar'd the mass be sung.

The thirdin town that they came till,
 They ga'd the drums beat round,
 The king but an' his nobles a'
 Was startled at the sound.

When they came to the king's palace,
 They rade it round about;
 An' there they saw the king himsel',
 At the window looking out.

"Is this the Duke o' Albany,
 Or James, the Scottish king?"

Or are ye some great foreign lord,
That's come a-visiting?"

"I'm na the Duke of Albany,
Nor James, the Scottish king,
But I'm a valiant Scottish knight;
Pitnachton is my name."

"O if Pitnachton be your name,
As I trust well it be;
The morn, or I taste meat or drink,
You shall be hanged hi'."

Then out it spake the valiant knight,
That came brave Johnny wi':
"Behold five hunder bowmen bold,
Will die to set him free."

Then out it spake the king again,
An' a scornful laugh laugh he:
"I have an Italian i' my house,
Will fight you three by three."

"O grant me a boon," brave Johnny cried,
"Bring your Italian here;
Then if he fall beneath my sword,
I've won your daughter dear."

Then out it came, that Italian,
An' a curious ghost was he;
Upon the point o' Johnny's sword,
This Italian did die.

Out has he drawn his lang, lang bran',
Struck it across the plain:
"Is there any more o' your English dogs,
That you want to be slain?"

"A clerk, a clerk," the king then cried,
"To write her tocher free;"
"A priest, a priest," says love Johnny,
"To marry my love and me."

“ I’m seeking nane o’ your gold,” he says,
 “ Nor of your silver clear;
 I only seek your daughter fair,
 Whose love hast cost her dear.”

LORD DERWENTWATER

OUR King has wrote a lang letter
 And sealed it ower with gold;
 He sent it to my lord Dunwaters,
 To read it if he could.

He has not sent it with a boy, with a boy,
 Nor with any Scotch lord;
 But he’s sent it with the noblest knight
 E’er Scotland could afford.

The very first line that my lord did read,
 He gave a smirking smile;
 Before he had the half of it read,
 The tears from his eyes did fall.

“ Come saddle to me my horse,” he said,
 “ Come saddle to me with speed;
 For I must away to fair London town,
 For me there was ne’er more need.”

Out and spoke his lady gay,
 In child-bed where she lay:
 “ I would have you make your will, my lord Dunwaters,
 Before you go away.”

“ I leave to you, my eldest son,
 My houses and my land;
 I leave to you, my youngest son,
 Ten thousand pounds in hand.

“ I leave to you, my lady gay,—
 You are my wedded wife,—
 I leave to you the third of my estate,
 That’ll keep you in a lady’s life.”

They had not rode a mile but one,
Till his horse fell ower a stane:
“It’s a warning good enough,” my lord Dunwaters said,
“Alive I’ll ne’er come hame.”

When they came to fair London town,
Into the courtiers’ hall,
The lords and knights in fair London town
Did him a traitor call.

“A traitor! a traitor!” says my lord,
“A traitor! how can that be?
An’ it was na for the keeping of five thousand men,
To fight for King Jamie.

“O all you lords and knights in fair London town,
Come out and see me die:
O all you lords and knights in fair London town,
Be kind to my lady.

“There’s fifty pounds in my right pocket,
Divide it to the poor;
There’s other fifty in my left pocket,
Divide it from door to door.”

THE TWA MAGICIANS

THE lady stands in her bower door,
As straight as willow wand;
The blacksmith stood a little forbye,¹
Wi’ hammer in his hand.

“Weel may ye dress ye, lady fair,
Into your robes o’ red;
Before the morn at this same time,
I’ll gain your maidenhead!”

“Awa’, awa’, ye coal-black smith,
Would ye do me the wrang,

¹ on one side.

To think to gain my maidenhead,
That I hae kept sae lang? "

Then she has hadden up her hand,
And she sware by the mould,
" I wadna be a blacksmith's wife,
For the full o' a chest o' gold.

" I'd rather I were dead and gone,
And my body laid in grave,
Ere a rusty stock o' coal-black smith,
My maidenhead should have."

But he has hadden up his hand,
And he sware by the mass,
" I'll cause ye be my light leman,
For the half o' that and less."
O bide, lady, bide,
And aye he bade her bide,
The rusty smith your leman shall be,
For a' your muckle pride.

Then she became a turtle dow,
To fly up in the air,
And he became another dow,
And they flew pair by pair.
O bide, lady, bide, etc.

She turned hersel' into an eel,
To swim into yon burn,
And he became a speckled trout,
To gie the eel a turn.¹
O bide, lady, bide, etc.

Then she became a duck, a duck,
To puddle in a peel,²
And he became a rose-kaimed drake,
To gie the duck a dreel.³
O bide, lady, bide, etc.

¹ trick.

² pool.

³ rush (?)

She turned hersel' into a hare,
To rin upon yon hill,
And he became a gude grey-hound,
And boldly he did fill.
O bide, lady, bide, etc.

Then she became a gay grey mare,
And stood in yonder slack,¹
And he became a gilt saddle,
And sat upon her back.
Was she wae, he held her sae,²
And still he bade her bide;
The rusty smith her leman was,
For a' her muckle pride.

Then she became a hot girdle,
And he became a cake,
And a' the ways she turn'd hersel',
The blacksmith was her make.²
Was she wae, etc.

She turn'd herself' into a ship,
To sail out ower the flood;
He ca'ed ³ a nail intill her tail,
And syne the ship she stood.
Was she wae, etc.

Then she became a silken plaid,
And stretch'd upon a bed,
And he became a green covering,
And gain'd her maidenhead.
Was she wae, etc.

¹ dell.² mate.³ drove.

BROWN ROBIN

THE king but an' his nobles a' } *bis*
 Sat birling ¹ at the wine;
 He would ha' nane but his ae daughter
 To wait on them at dine.

She's serv'd them but, she's serv'd them ben,
 Intill a gown of green,
 But her e'e was aye on Brown Robin
 That stood low under the rain.

She's do'en her to her bigly ² bower,
 As fast as she could gang,
 An' there she's drawn her shot-window,³
 An' she's harped an' she's sang.

"There sits a bird i' my father's garden,
 An O but she sings sweet!
 I hope to live and see the day
 When wi' my love I'll meet."

"O gin that ye like me as well
 As your tongue tells to me,
 What hour o' the night, my lady bright,
 At your bower shall I be?"

"When my father and gay Gilbert
 Are baith set at the wine,
 O ready, ready I will be
 To let my true-love in."

O she has birl'd her father's porter
 Wi' strong beer an' wi' wine,
 Until he was as beastly drunk
 An ony wild-wood swine;
 She's stown the keys o' her father's gates
 An letten her true-love in.

¹ drinking.² pleasant.³ projecting.

Whan night was gane, and day was come,
An' the sun shone on their feet,
Then out it spake him Brown Robin:
"I'll be discovered yet."

Then out it spake that gay lady:
"My love, ye needna doubt;
For wi' ae wile I've got you in,
Wi' anither I'll bring you out."

She's ta'en her to her father's cellar,
As fast as she can fare;
She's drawn a cup o' the guid red wine,
Hung't low down by her gare;¹
An' she met wi' her father dear
Just coming down the stair.

"I wouldna gie that cup, daughter,
That ye hold i' your hand
For a' the wines in my cellar,
An' gauntrees where they stand."

"O wae be to your wine, father,
That ever't came o'er the sea;
'Tis putten my head in sick a steer²
I' my bower I canna be."

"Gang out, gang out, my daughter dear,
Gang out an' take the air;
Gang out an' walk i' the good greenwood,
An' a' your marys fair."

Then out it spake the proud porter—
Our lady wished him shame—
"We'll send the marys to the wood,
But we'll keep our lady at hame."

"There's thirty marys i' my bower,
There's thirty o' them an' three;
But there's na ane among them a'
Kens what flower gains for me."

¹ skirt.² stir.

She's do'en her to her bigly bower,
As fast as she could bang,
An' she has dressed him, Brown Robin,
Like ony bower-woman.

The gown she put upon her love
Was o' the dainty green,
His hose was o' the saft, saft silk,
His shoon o' the cordwain ¹ fine.

She's putten his bow in her bosom,
His arrow in her sleeve,
His sturdy bran' her body next,
Because he was her love.

Then she is unto her bower-door,
As fast as she could gang;
But out it spake the proud porter—
Our lady wished him shame—
“We'll count our marys to the wood,
An' we'll count them back again.”

The firsten mary she sent out
Was Brown Robin by name;
Then out it spake the king himsel',
“This is a sturdy dame.”

O she went out in a May morning,
In a May morning so gay,
But she came never back again,
Her auld father to see.

¹ leather.

BLANCHEFLOUR AND JELLYFLORICE

THERE was a maid, richly array'd,
In robes were rare to see;
For seven years and something mair,
She serv'd a gay lady.

But being fond o' a higher place,
In service she thought lang;
She took her mantle her about,
Her coffer ¹ by the band.

And as she walk'd by the shore side,
As blithe's a bird on tree,
Yet still she gaz'd her round about,
To see what she could see.

At last she spied a little castle,
That stood near by the sea;
She spied it far, and drew it near,
To that castle went she.

And when she came to that castle,
She tirl'd at the pin;
And ready stood a little wee boy
To let this fair maid in.

"O who's the owner of this place,
O porter boy, tell me?"
"This place belongs unto a queen
O' birth and high degree."

She put her hand in her pocket,
And gae him shillings three;
"O porter, bear my message well,
Unto the queen frae me."

The porter's gane before the queen,
Fell low down on his knee;

¹ cap.

"Win up, win up, my porter boy,
What makes this courtesy?"

"I hae been porter at your yetts,
My dame, these years full three,
But see a lady at your yetts,
The fairest my eyes did see."

"Cast up my yetts baith wide and braid,
Let her come in to me;
And I'll know by her courtesy,
Lord's daughter if she be."

When she came in before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee;
"Service frae you, my dame, the queen,
I pray you grant it me."

"If that service ye now do want,
What station will ye be?
Can ye card wool, or spin, fair maid,
Or milk the cows to me?"

"No, I can neither card nor spin,
Nor cows I canna milk;
But sit into a lady's bower,
And sew the seams o' silk."

"What is your name, ye comely dame?
Pray tell this unto me:"

"O Blancheflour, that is my name,
Born in a strange country."

"O keep ye well frae Jellyflorice;
My ain dear son is he;
When other ladies get a gift,
O' that ye shall get three."

It wasna told into the bower,
Till it went thro' the ha',
That Jellyflorice and Blancheflour
Were grown ower great witha'.

When the queen's maids their visits paid,
 Upo' the gude Yule day,
 When other ladies got horse to ride,
 She boud ¹ take foot and gae.

The queen she call'd her stable groom,
 To come to her right seen; ²
 Says, "Ye'll take out yon wild waith ³ steed,
 And bring him to the green.

"Ye'll take the bridle frae his head,
 The lighters ⁴ frae his e'en;
 Ere she ride three times roun' the cross,
 Her weel days will be dune."

Jellyflorice his true love spy'd,
 As she rade roun' the cross;
 And thrice he kiss'd her lovely lips,
 And took her frae her horse.

"Gang to your bower, my lily flower,
 For a' my mother's spite;
 There's nae other amang her maids,
 In whom I take delight.

"Ye are my jewel, and only ane,
 Nane's do you injury;
 For ere this-day-month come and gang,
 My wedded wife ye'se be."

THE UNQUIET GRAVE

THE wind doth blow to-day, my love,
 And a few small drops of rain;
 I never had but one true-love,
 In cold grave she was lain.

I'll do as much for my true-love
 As any young man may;
 I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
 For a twelvemonth and a day.

¹ was bound (?).

² soon.

³ wandering.

⁴ blinkers.

The twelvemonth and a day being up,
The dead began to speak:

“ Oh, who sits weeping on my grave,
And will not let me sleep? ”

“ ’Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,
And will not let you sleep;
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
And that is all I seek.”

“ You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
But my breath smells earthy strong;
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long.

“ ’Tis down in yonder garden green,
Love, where we used to walk;
The finest flower that ere was seen
Is withered to a stalk.

“ The stalk is withered dry, my love,
So will our hearts decay;
So make yourself content, my love,
Till God call you away! ”

O wet and weary is the night,
And even down pours the rain, O,
And he that was sae true to me,
Lies in the greenwood slain, O.

PEASANT BALLADS

YOUNG ROGER OF THE VALLEY

YOUNG Roger of the mill
One morning very soon,
Put on his best apparel,
New hose and clouted shoon;
And he a-wooing came
To bonny, buxom Nell.
“Adzooks!” cried he, “couldst fancy me?
For I like thee wondrous well.

“My horses I have dress’d,
And gi’en them corn and hay,
Put on my best apparel;
And having come this way,
Let’s sit and chat a while,
With thee, my bonny Nell;
Dear lass,” cries he, “couldst fancy me?
I’se like thy person well.”

“Young Roger, you’re mistaken,”
The damsel then reply’d,
“I’m not in such a haste
To be a ploughman’s bride;
Know I then live in hopes
To marry a farmer’s son.”
“If it be so,” says Hodge, “I’ll go,
Sweet mistress, I have done.”

“Your horses you have dress’d,
Good Hodge, I heard you say,
Put on your best apparel;
And being come this way,
Come sit and chat awhile.”
“O no, indeed, not I,
I’ll neither wait, nor sit, nor prate,
I’ve other fish to fry.”

“Go, take your farmer’s son,
With all my honest heart;
What tho’ my name be Roger,
That goes at plough and cart?
I need not tarry long,
I soon may gain a wife:
There’s buxom Joan, it is well known,
She loves me as her life.”

“Pray, what of buxom Joan?
Can’t I please you as well?
For she has ne’er a penny,
And I am buxom Nell;
And I have fifty shillings ”
(The money made him smile):
“O then, my dear, I’ll draw a chair,
And chat with thee a while.”

Within the space of half-an-hour
This couple a bargain struck,
Hoping that with their money
They both would have good luck;
“To your fifty I’ve forty,
With which a cow we’ll buy;
We’ll join our hands in wedlock bands,
Then who but you and I? ”

THE GOLDEN GLOVE

A WEALTHY young squire of Tamworth, we hear,
He courted a nobleman’s daughter so fair;
And for to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations gave their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding-day,
A young farmer chosen to give her away;
As soon as the farmer the young lady did spy,
He inflamèd her heart; “O, my heart!” she did cry.

She turned from the squire, but nothing she said,
Instead of being married she took to her bed;
The thought of the farmer soon run in her mind,
A way for to have him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and breeches she then did put on,
And a hunting she went with her dog and her gun;
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she did love him full well:

She oftentimes fired, but nothing she killed,
At length the young farmer came into the field;
And to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

"I thought you had been at the wedding," she cried,
"To wait on the squire, and give him his bride."
"No, sir," said the farmer, "if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."

"Suppose that the lady should grant you her love,
You know that the squire your rival will prove."
"Why, then," says the farmer, "I'll take sword in hand,
By honour I'll gain her when she shall command."

It pleased the lady to find him so bold;
She gave him a glove that was flowered with gold,
And told him she found it when coming along,
As she was a-hunting with her dog and gun.

The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove;
And said, "Who has found it, and brings it to me,
Whoever he is, he my husband shall be."

The farmer was pleased when he heard of the news,
With heart full of joy to the lady he goes:
"Dear, honoured lady, I've picked up your glove,
And hope you'll be pleased to grant me your love."

"It's already granted, I will be your bride;
I love the sweet breath of a farmer," she cried.

" I'll be mistress of my dairy, and milking my cow,
While my jolly brisk farmer is whistling at plough."

And when she was married she told of her fun,
How she went a-hunting with her dog and gun:
" And " [said] " now I've got him so fast in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare! "

SIR ARTHUR AND CHARMING MOLLEE

As noble Sir Arthur one morning did ride,
With his hounds at his feet, and his sword by his side,
He saw a fair maid sitting under a tree,
He asked her name, and she said 'twas Mollee.

" O, charming Mollee, you my butler shall be,
To draw the red wine for yourself and for me!
I'll make you a lady so high in degree,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!

" I'll give you fine ribbons, I'll give you fine rings,
I'll give you fine jewels, and many fine things;
I'll give you a petticoat flounced to the knee,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee! "

" I'll have none of your ribbons, and none of your rings,
None of your jewels, and other fine things;
And I've got a petticoat suits my degree,
And I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dee."

" Oh, charming Mollee, lend me then your penknife,
And I will go home, and I'll kill my own wife;
I'll kill my own wife, and my bairnies three,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee! "

" Oh, noble Sir Arthur, it must not be so,
Go home to your wife, and let nobody know;
For seven long years I will wait upon thee,
But I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dee."

Now seven long years are gone and are past,
The old woman went to her long home at last;
The old woman died, and Sir Arthur was free,
And he soon came a-courting to charming Mollee.

Now charming Mollee in her carriage doth ride,
With her hounds at her feet, and her lord by her side:
Now, all ye fair maids, take a warning by me,
And ne'er love a married man till his wife dee.

UNDAUNTED MARY

It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,
Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds in gold,
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
And you shall hear this maiden fair did prove his over-
throw.

Her uncle had a ploughboy, young Mary loved full well,
And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell;
There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
But still she loved her ploughboy, on the banks of sweet
Dundee.

It was on one summer's morning, her uncle went straight-
way,
He knocked at her chamber door, and unto her did say,
"Come, rise up, pretty maiden, a lady you may be,
The squire is waiting for you on the banks of sweet
Dundee."

"A fig for all your squires, your lords and dukes likewise,
For William's hand appears to me like diamonds in my
eyes;"

"Begone, unruly maiden, you ne'er shall happy be,
For I mean to banish William from the banks of sweet
Dundee."

Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer day,
"Young William he's in favour," her uncle he did say,

"But indeed it's my intention to tie him to a tree,
Or else to bribe the pressgang, on the banks of sweet
Dundee."

The pressgang came to William when he was all alone,
He bravely fought for liberty, but they were six to one,
The blood did flow, in torrents: "Pray kill me now,"
said he,
"I'd rather die for Mary I, on the banks of sweet Dundee."

This maid one day was walking, lamenting for her love,
She met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove,
He put his arm around her: "Stand off, base man,"
said she,
"For you've sent the only lad I love, from the banks of
sweet Dundee."

He clasped his arms around her, and tried to throw her
down,
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning
gown,
The pistol proved so active, the sword she used so free,
That she shot and slew the squire, on the banks of sweet
Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, and hastened to the ground,
"Since you have slain the squire, I'll give you your death
wound,"
"Stand off, stand off," said Mary, "undaunted I will be,"
She the trigger drew, and her uncle slew, on the banks of
sweet Dundee.

The doctor he was sent for, a man of noted skill,
And likewise was a lawyer, all for to sign his will,
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,
And closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet
Dundee.

THE ROVING JOURNEY-MAN

YOUNG Jack he was a journey-man
That roved from town to town;
And when he'd done a job of work
He lightly sat him down.
With his kit upon his shoulder, and
A grafting knife in hand,
He roved the country round about,
A merry journey-man.

And when he came to Exeter
The maidens leaped for joy;
Said one and all, both short and tall,
"Here comes a gallant boy."
The lady dropt her needle, and
The maid her frying-pan;
Each plainly told her mother that
She loved the journey-man.

He had not been in Exeter
The days were barely three,
Before the Mayor, his sweet daughter,
She loved him desperately;
She bid him to her mother's house,
She took him by the hand,
Said she, "My dearest mother, see,
I love the journey-man!"

"Now out on thee, thou silly maid!
Such folly speak no more:
How can'st thou love a roving man
Thou ne'er hast seen before?"
"O mother sweet, I do entreat,
I love him all I can;
Around the country glad I'll rove
With this young journey-man.

“ He need no more to trudge afoot,
He'll travel coach and pair;
My wealth with me—or poverty
With him, content I'll share.”
Now fill the horn with barleycorn,
And flowing fill the can,
Here let us toast the Mayor's daughter
And the roving journey-man.

THYME AND RUE

O ONCE I had plenty of thyme,
I could flourish by night and by day,
Till a saucy lad he
Returned from sea,
And stole my thyme away.

O and I was a damsel so fair,
But fairer I wished to appear;
So I wash'd me in milk,
And I dressed me in silk,
And put the sweet thyme in my hair.

With June is the red rose in bud,
But that's not the flower for me;
So I plucked the bud,
And it pricked me to blood,
And I gazed on the willow tree.

O the willow tree it will twist,
And the willow tree, it will turn;
I would I were clasped
In my lover's arms fast,
For 'tis he that has stolen my thyme.

O it's very good drinking of ale,
But it's far better drinking of wine;
I would I were clasped
In my lover's arms fast,
For 'tis he that has stolen my thyme.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son:
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so,
No nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see,—
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go,
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Pray tell me where you were born."

"At Islington, kind sir," said she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some far country,
Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride."

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

THE SIMPLE PLOUGHBOY

O THE ploughboy was a ploughing
With his horses on the plain,
And was singing of a song as on went he.
"Since that I have fall'n in love,
If the parents disapprove,
'Tis the first thing that will send me to the sea."

When the parents came to know
That their daughter loved him so,
Then they sent a gang, and pressed him for the sea.
And they made of him a tar,
To be slain in cruel war,
Of the simple ploughboy singing on the lea.

The maiden sore did grieve,
And without a word of leave
From her father's house she fled secretly,
In male attire dress'd
With a star upon her breast,
All to seek her simple ploughboy on the sea.

Then she went o'er hill and plain,
And she walked in wind and rain,
Till she came to the brink of the blue sea,
Saying, "I am forced to rove,
For the loss of my true love,
Who is but a simple ploughboy from the lea."

Now the first she did behold,
O it was a sailor bold,
"Have you seen my simple ploughboy?" then said she;
"They have press'd him to the fleet,
Sent him tossing on the deep,
Who is but a simple ploughboy from the lea."

Then she went to the captain
And to him she made complain,
O a silly ploughboy's run away from me!
Then the captain smiled and said,
"Why, sir! surely you're a maid?
So the ploughboy I will render up to thee."

Then she pulléd out a store
Of five hundred crowns and more
And she strewed them on the deck, did she;
Then she took him by the hand,
And she rowed him to the land,
Where she wed the simple ploughboy back from sea.

CUPID'S GARDEN

As I were in Cupid's garden,
 Not more nor half-an-hour,
 'Twere there I see'd two maidens,
 Sitting under Cupid's bower,
 A-gathering of sweet jassamine,
 The lily and the rose.
 These be the fairest flowers
 As in the garden grows.

I fondly stepped to one o' them,
 These words to her I says,
 "Be you engaged to arra young man,
 Come tell to me, I prays."
 "I bean't engaged to narra young man,
 I solemnly declare,
 I aims to live a maiden,
 And still the laurel wear."

Says I, "My stars and garters!
 This here's a pretty go,
 For a fine young maid as never was,
 To serve all mankind so."
 But t'other young maiden looked sly at me,
 And from her seat she risen,
 Says she, "Let thee and I go our own way,
 And we'll let she go shis'n."

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon
 Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
 And he ruled England with main and with might,
 For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
 Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;

How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were known
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,¹
For spending of my own true-gotten gear."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this stead,²
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

"Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;

¹ harm.

² place

For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold:
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three
My head will be smitten from my body.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now cheer up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope."

"Now, welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
" 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,¹
"I did not think I had been worth so little!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. John,
"I did not think it could be gone so soon!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles a week then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

¹ Botolph (?).

SADDLE TO RAGS

THIS story I'm going to sing,
I hope it will give you content,
Concerning a silly old man
That was going to pay his rent.
With a till da dill, till a dill, dill,
Till a dill, dill a dill, dee,
Sing fal de dill, dill de dill, dill,
Fall de dill, dill de dill, dee.

As he was a-riding along,
Along all on the highway,
A gentleman-thief overtook him,
And thus unto him he did say:

"O! well overtaken, old man,
O! well overtaken," said he:
"Thank you kindly, sir," says the old man,
"If you be for my company."

"How far are you going this way? "
It made the old man to smile;
"To tell you the truth, kind sir,
I'm just a-going twa mile.

"I am but a silly old man,
Who farms a piece of ground;
My half-year rent, kind sir,
Just comes to forty pound.

"But my landlord's not been at hame,
I've not seen him twelve month or more;
It makes my rent to be large,
I've just to pay him fourscore."

"You should not have told anybody,
For thieves they are ganging many;
If they were to light upon you
They would rob you of every penny."

"O! never mind," says the old man,
"Thieves I fear on no side;
My money is safe in my bags,
In the saddle on which I ride."

As they were a-riding along,
And riding a-down a ghyll,¹
The thief pulled out a pistol,
And bade the old man stand still.

The old man was crafty and false,
As in this world are many;
He flung his old saddle o'er t' hedge,
And said, "Fetch it, if thou'lt have any."

This thief got off his horse,
With courage stout and bold,
To search this old man's bags,
And gave him his horse to hold.

The old man put foot in stirrup,
And he got on astride;
He set the thief's horse in a gallop,—
You need not bid the old man ride!

"O, stay! O, stay!" says the thief,
"And thou half my share shalt have;"
"Nay, marry, not I," quoth the old man,
"For once I've bitten a knave!"

This thief he was not content,
He thought there *must* be bags,
So he up with his rusty sword,
And chopped the old saddle to rags.

The old man gallop'd and rode,
Until he was almost spent,
Till he came to his landlord's house,
And he paid him his whole year's rent.

¹ ravine.

He opened this rogue's portmantle,
It was glorious for to behold;
There was five hundred pound in money,
And other five hundred in gold.

His landlord it made him to stare,
When he did the sight behold;
"Where did thou get the white money,
And where get the yellow gold?"

"I met a fond fool by the way,
I swopped horses, and gave him no boot;
But never mind," says the old man,
"I got a fond fool by the foot."

"But now you're grown cramped and old,
Nor fit for to travel about;"
"O, never mind," says the old man,
"I can give these old bones a route!"

As he was a-riding hame,
And a-down a narrow lane,
He spied his mare tied to a tree,
And said, "Tib, thou'lt now gae hame."

And when that he got hame,
And told his old wife what he'd done:
She rose and she donned her clothes,
And about the house did run.

She sung, and she danced, and sung,
And she sung with a merry devotion,
"If ever our daughter gets wed,
It will help to enlarge her portion!"

THE MERMAID

ON Friday morning as we set sail,
It was not far from land,
O there I espied a fair pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.
O the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
While we poor sailors were up into the top,
And the land lubbers laid below.

Then up spoke a boy of our gallant ship,
And a well speaking boy was he,
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me."

Then up spoke a man of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken man was he,
"I have married a wife in fair London town,
And this night a widow she shall be."

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
And a valiant man was he,
"For want of a boat we shall be drowned,"
For she sunk to the bottom of the sea.

The moon shone bright, and the stars gave light,
And my mother was looking for me,
She might look, and weep, with watery eyes,
She might look to the bottom of the sea.

Three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
Three times round went our gallant ship,
Then she sunk to the bottom of the sea.

CAPTAIN WARD AND THE "RAINBOW"

(Broadside)

STRIKE up, you lusty gallants,
With music and sound of drum,
For we have descried a rover
Upon the sea is come.
His name is Captain Ward,
Right well it doth appear
There has not been such a rover
Found out this thousand year.

For he hath sent unto the king,
The sixth of January
Desiring that he might come in
With all his company:
"And if your king will let me come,
Till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransom
Full thirty ton of gold."

"O nay, O nay," then said our king,
"O nay, this may not be,
To yield to such a rover,
Myself will not agree;
He hath deceived the Frenchman,
Likewise the king of Spain,
And how can he be true to me
That hath been false to twain?"

With that our king provided
A ship of worthy fame,
Rainbow is she callèd,
If you would know her name.
Now the gallant *Rainbow*,
She roves upon the sea,
Five hundred gallant seamen
To bear her company.

The Dutchman, and the Spaniard,
She made them for to flee,
Also the bonny Frenchman,
As she met him on the sea.
When as this gallant *Rainbow*
Did come where Ward did lie,
“Where is the captain of this ship?”
This gallant *Rainbow* did cry.
“Oh, that am I,” said Captain Ward,
“There’s no man bids me lie;
And if thou art the king’s fair ship,
Thou art welcome unto me.”
“I tell thee what,” says *Rainbow*,
“Our king is in great grief,
That thou shouldst lie upon the sea,
And play the arrant thief.
“And will not let our merchant ships
Pass as they did before;
Such tidings to our king is come,
Which grieves his heart full sore.”
With that this gallant *Rainbow*
She shot out of her pride,
Full fifty gallant brass pieces,
Charged on every side.
And yet these gallant shooters,
Prevailed not a pin;
Though they were brass on the outside,
Brave Ward was steel within:
“Shoot on, shoot on,” says Captain Ward,
“Your sport well pleaseth me,
And he that first gives over
Shall yield unto the sea.
“I never wronged an English ship,
But Turk and king of Spain,
And the jovial Dutchman,
As I met on the main.
If I had known your king
But one two years before,
I would have saved brave Essex life,
Whose death did grieve me sore.

“Go tell the king of England,
Go tell him thus from me,
If he reign king of all the land,
I will reign king at sea.”
With that the gallant *Rainbow* shot,
And shot, and shot in vain,
And left the rover’s company,
And returned home again.

“Our royal king of England,
Your ship’s returned again,
For Ward’s ship is so strong
It never will be ta’en.”
“O Everlasting,” said our king,
“I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the wars,
And brought proud Ward to me.”

The first was Lord Clifford,
Earl of Cumberland;
The second was Lord Mountjoy,
As you shall understand;
The third was brave Essex,
From field would never flee,
Which would agone unto the seas,
And brought proud Ward to me.

GOLDEN VANITEE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH has built a ship
In the Netherlands;
And it is called the *Sweet Trinity*,
And was taken by the false *Gallaly*,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

Is there never a seaman bold
In the Netherlands?
That will go take this false *Gallaly*,
And to redeem the *Sweet Trinity*,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

Then spoke the little ship-boy
In the Netherlands;
" Master, master, what will you give me?
And I will take this false *Gallaly*,
And release the *Sweet Trinity*
Sailing in the Lowlands."

" I'll give thee gold, and I'll give thee fee,
In the Netherlands;
And my eldest daughter thy wife shall be,
Sailing in the Lowlands."

He set his breast and away he did swim,
In the Netherlands;
Until he came to the false *Gallaly*,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

He had an augur fit for the nonce ¹
In the Netherlands;
The which will bore fifteen good holes at once,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

Some were at cards, and some at dice,
In the Netherlands;
Until the salt water flashed in their eyes,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

Some cut their hats, and some their caps,
In the Netherlands;
For to stop the salt-water gaps,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

He set his breast and away did swim,
In the Netherlands;
Until he came to his own ship again,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

" I have done the work I promised to do
In the Netherlands;
For I have sunk the false *Gallaly*,
And released the *Sweet Trinity*,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

¹ occasion.

“ You promis’d me gold, and you promis’d me fee,
In the Netherlands;
Your eldest daughter my wife she must be,
Sailing in the Lowlands.”

“ You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,
In the Netherlands;
But my eldest daughter your wife shall never be,
Sailing in the Lowlands.”

“ Then fare you well, you cozening lord,
In the Netherlands;
Seeing you are not as good as your word,
For sailing in the Lowlands.”

And thus shall I conclude my song
Of the sailing in the Lowlands;
Wishing happiness to all seamen, old and young,
In their sailing in the Lowlands.

THE YORKSHIRE HORSE-DEALER

NEAR to Clapham town-gate ¹ lived an old Yorkshire tike,
Who in dealing in horseflesh had ne’er met his like;
’Twas his pride that in all the hard bargains he’d hit,
He’d bit a great many, but never been bit.

This old Tommy Tavers (by that name he was known),
Had an old carrion bit that was sheer skin and bone;
To have killed him for the curs would have been quite as
well,
But ’twas Tommy’s opinion he’d die of himsel’.

Well! one Abey Muggins, a neighbouring cheat,
Thought to diddle old Tommy would be a great treat;
He’d a horse, too, ’twas worse than old Tommy’s, you see,
Fortnight afore that h’d thought proper to dee!

¹ high road.

Thinks Abey, th' old codger'll never smoke t' trick,
 I'll swop with him my poor dead horse for his quick,
 And if Tommy I nobbut ¹ can happen to trap,
 'Twill be a fine feather in Aberram cap.

So to Tommy he goes and to Tommy he pops:
 "Between my horse and thine, prithee, Tommy, what
 swops?
 What will give me to boot? for mines t' better horse still!"
 "Nought," says Tommy, "I'll swop even hands, an ye
 will."

Abey preached a long time about something to boot,
 Insisting that his was the liveliest brute;
 But Tommy stuck fast where he first had begun,
 Till Abey shook hands, and said, "Well, Tommy, done."

"O! Tommy," said Abey, "I'se sorry for thee,
 I thought thou'd a hadden more white in thy ee;
 Good luck's in thy bargain, for my horse is dead"—
 "Hey," says Tommy, "my lad, so is mine, an' it's flayed."

So Tommy got t' better of t' bargain, a vast,
 And came off with a Yorkshireman's triumph at last;
 For though 'twixt dead horses there's not much to choose
 Yet Tommy was richer by the hide and four shoes.

WIDDICOMBE FAIR

"TOM PEARSE, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,
 All along, down along, out along, lee;
 For I want for to go to Widdicombe fair,
 Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter
 Davy, Dan'l Whiddon,
 Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all,"
 Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

"And when shall I see again my grey mare?"
 All along, etc.

¹ only.

“ By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,”
Wi’ Bill Brewer, etc.

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
All along, etc.
But Tom Pearse’s old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi’ Bill Brewer, etc.

So Tom Pearse he got up to the top o’ the hill,
All along, etc.
And he see’d his old mare down a-making her will
Wi’ Bill Brewer, etc.

So Tom Pearse’s old mare, her took sick and died,
All along, etc.
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Wi’ Bill Brewer, etc.

And now that Tom Pearse’s old grey mare is dead
All along, etc.
They all did agree that she should be buried
Wi’ Bill Brewer, etc.

But this isn’t the end o’ this shocking affair,
All along, etc.
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, etc.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, etc.
Tom Pearse’s old mare doth appear, gashly white,
Wi’ Bill Brewer, etc.

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee;
From Tom Pearse’s old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan’l Whiddon,
Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

MODERN BALLADS,

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;

And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

O. GOLDSMITH.

FAIR ELEANOR

THE bell struck one, and shook the silent tower;
The graves give up their dead: fair Eleanor
Walked by the castle gate, and lookèd in;
A hollow groan ran through the dreary vaults.

She shrieked aloud, and sunk upon the steps,
On the cold stone her pale cheek. Sickly smells
Of death issue as from a sepulchre,
And all is silent but the sighing vaults.

Chill death withdraws his hand, and she revives;
Amazed she finds herself upon her feet,
And, like a ghost, through narrow passages
Walking, feeling the cold walls with her hands.

Fancy returns, and now she thinks of bones
And grinning skulls, and corruptible death
Wrapt in his shroud; and now fancies she hears
Deep sighs, and sees pale sickly ghosts gliding.

At length, no fancy but reality
Distracts her. A rushing sound, and the feet
Of one that fled, approaches.—Ellen stood,
Like a dumb statue, froze to stone with fear.

The wretch approaches, crying, “The deed is done!
Take this, and send it by whom thou wilt send;
It is my life—send it to Eleanor—
He’s dead, and howling after me for blood!

“ Take this,” he cried: and thrust into her arms
A wet napkin, wrapt about; then rushed
Past, howling. She received into her arms
Pale death, and followed on the wings of fear.

They passed swift through the outer gate; the wretch
Howling, leaped o’er the wall into the moat,
Stifling in mud. Fair Ellen passed the bridge,
And heard a gloomy voice cry, “ Is it done? ”

As the deer wounded, Ellen flew over
The pathless plain; as the arrows that fly
By night, destruction flies, and strikes in darkness.
She fled from fear, till at her house arrived.

Her maids await her; on her bed she falls,
That bed of joy where erst her lord hath pressed.
“ Ah woman’s fear! ” she cried, “ Ah cursed duke!
Ah my dear lord! Ah wretched Eleanor!

“ My lord was like a flower upon the brows
Of lusty May! Ah life as frail as flower!
O ghastly Death! withdraw thy cruel hand!
Seek’st thou that flower to deck thy horrid temples?

“ My lord was like a star in highest heaven
Drawn down to earth by spells and wickedness;
My lord was like the opening eyes of day,
When western winds creep softly o’er the flowers.

“ But he is darkened; like the summer’s noon
Clouded; fall’n like the stately tree, cut down;
The breath of heaven dwelt among his leaves,
O Eleanor, weak woman, filled with woe! ”

Thus having spoke, she raised up her head,
And saw the bloody napkin by her side,
Which in her arms she brought; and now, tenfold
More terrified, saw it unfold itself.

Her eyes were fixed; the bloody cloth unfolds,
Disclosing to her sight the murdered head

Of her dear lord, all ghastly pale, clotted
With gory blood; it groaned, and thus it spake:

“ O Eleanor, behold thy husband's head,
Who sleeping on the stones of yonder tower,
Was reft of life by the accursed duke:
A hired villain turned my sleep to death.

“ O Eleanor, beware the cursed duke;
O give him not thy hand, now I am dead.
He seeks thy love; who, coward, in the night,
Hired a villain to bereave my life.”

She sat with dead cold limbs, stiffened to stone;
She took the gory head up in her arms;
She kissed the pale lips; she had no tears to shed;
She hugged it to her breast, and groaned her last.

W. BLAKE.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

THE laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State;
He wanted a wife, his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table head he thought she'd look well,
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Clavers-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouter'd and as gude as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily,
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers-ha' Lee;
“ Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,—
She's wanted to speak to the laird o' Cockpen.”

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine;
 "An' what brings the laird at sic a like time?"
 She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam' ben he bow'd fu' low,
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
 Amazed was the laird when the lady said "Na,"
 And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd was he, nae sigh did he gie,
 He mounted his mare—he rade cannily;
 An' aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
 "She's daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen."

CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE.

(Stanzas added by Miss Ferrier)

And now that the laird his exit had made,
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
 "Oh, for ane I'll get better, its waur I'll get ten,
 I was daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the laird and the lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
 But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

THE SEVEN SISTERS; OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald
 All children of one mother:
 I could not say in one short day
 What love they bore each other.
 A garland of seven lilies wrought!
 Seven sisters that together dwell;
 But he, bold knight as ever fought,
 Their father, took of them no thought,
 He loved the wars so well.
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left, to right—
Of your fair household, father knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;

They ran, and with a desperate leap
 Together plunged into the deep,
 Nor ever more were seen.
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

The stream that flows out of the lake,
 As through the glen it rambles,
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
 For those seven lovely Campbells.
 Seven little islands, green and bare,
 Have risen from out the deep:
 The fishers say, those sisters fair
 By fairies are all buried there,
 And there together sleep.
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

W. WORDSWORTH.

LOCHINVAR

Lady Heron's Song

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood
near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran:

There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

W. SCOTT.

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND FAIR IMOGINE

A WARRIOR so bold and a virgin so bright[^]
Conversed, as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

"And, oh!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon leaving to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
"Offensive to love and to me!
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
God grant, that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!"

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold;
His love she lamented him sore:
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold,
A baron all cover'd with jewels and gold
Arrived at fair Imogine's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain
Soon made her untrue to her vows:
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogine 229

And now had the marriage been bless'd by the priest;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell of the castle toll'd—"one!"

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
That a stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound;
He spoke not, he moved not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view:
All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight,
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright,
The lights in the chamber burnt blue!

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear:
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled:—"I pray,
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent; the stranger complies;
His vizor he slowly unclosed:
Oh! then what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout;
All turn'd with disgust from the scene.
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogine:

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cried;
"Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
 While loudly she shriek'd in dismay,
 Then sank with his prey through the wide-yawning ground:
 Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
 Or the spectre who bore her away.

Not long lived the Baron: and none since that time
 To inhabit the castle presume;
 For chronicles tell, that, by order sublime,
 There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
 And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
 When mortals in slumber are bound,
 Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
 Appear in the hall with the skeleton-knight,
 And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
 Dancing round them pale spectres are seen:
 Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
 They howl:—"To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
 And his consort, the False Imogine!"

M. G. LEWIS (*The Monk*).

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

"And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together,
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover? "—

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
" I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

" And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

" O haste thee, haste! " the lady cries,
" Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;—

One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh my daughter!"

'Twas vain:—the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

1809

I

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.—

III

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane,
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

V

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;—
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."—

VI

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII

Now joy, old England, raise!
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine-cup shines in light;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

VIII

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,—
 With the gallant good Riou;
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!—

T. CAMPBELL.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter;
 We therefore deemed it meeter
 To carry off the latter.
 We made an expedition;
 We met an host and quelled it;
 We forced a strong position,
 And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
 Where herds of kine were browsing,
 We made a mighty sally,
 To furnish our carousing.
 Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
 We met them, and o'erthrew them:
 They struggled hard to beat us;
 But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

T. L. PEACOCK,

THE FUGITIVES

I

THE waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—
Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—
Come away!

The earth is like ocean,
 Wreck-strewn and in motion:
 Bird, beast, man and worm
 Have crept out of the storm—
 Come away!

II

“ Our boat has one sail,
 And the helmsman is pale;—
 A bold pilot I trow,
 Who shall follow us now,”—
 Shouted he—

And she cried: “ Ply the oar!
 Put off gaily from shore! ”—
 As she spoke, bolts of death
 Mixed with hail, specked their path
 O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
 The blue beacon cloud broke,
 And though dumb in the blast,
 The red cannon flashed fast
 From the lee.

III

“ And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou?
 And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?
 And drive we not free
 O'er the terrible sea,
 I and thou? ”

One boat-cloak did cover
 The loved and the lover—
 Their blood beats one measure,
 They murmur proud pleasure
 Soft and low;—

While around the lashed ocean,
 Like mountains in motion,
 Is withdrawn and uplifted,
 Sunk, shattered and shifted
 To and fro.

IV

In the court of the fortress
Beside the pale portress,
Like a bloodhound well beaten
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the grey tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
As e'er clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest, and last
Of his name!

P. B. SHELLEY.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

I

"O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

II

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

III

"I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too."

IV

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

V

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

VI

"I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

VII

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
'I love thee true.'

VIII

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

IX

"And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

X

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry'd—'La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

XI

" I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

XII

" And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing."

J. KEATS.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

" Come, girl," said he, " hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender-ship, you see;"
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so,
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried:
His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

T. HOOD.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book upon his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the pond'rous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"Oh, God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crown unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
 Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
 And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
 And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
 Shriek upward from the sod,—
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
 To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
 Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
 Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
 And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
 Its everlasting stain!

“And well,” quoth he, “I know, for truth,
 Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
 Who spill life’s sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
 A murder, in my dream!

“One that had never done me wrong—
 A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
 The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
 And I will have his gold!

“Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
 And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
 And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
 But lifeless flesh and bone!

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

“ And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name!

“ O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

“ My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil’s price:
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

“ And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven’s topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
‘Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!’

“ I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

“ Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool!
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

“ Oh Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed
’Mid holy Cherubim!

“ And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

“ All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

“ All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

“ One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

“ Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursèd pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

“ Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“ With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

“ And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other-where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

“ Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“ So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones!

The Voyage with the Nautilus 247

“ Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

“ And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now! ”
The fearful Boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

T. Hood.

THE VOYAGE WITH THE NAUTILUS

I MADE myself a little boat,
As trim as trim could be;
I made it of a great pearl shell
Found in the Indian Sea.

I made my masts of wild sea-rush
That grew on a secret shore,
And the scarlet plume of the halcyon
Was the pleasant flag I bore.

For my sails I took the butterfly’s wings;
For my ropes the spider’s line;
And that mariner old, the Nautilus,
To steer me over the brine.

For he had sailed six thousand years,
And knew each isle and bay;
And I thought that we, in my little boat,
Could merrily steer away.

The stores I took were plentiful:
The dew as it sweetly fell;
And the honey that was hoarded up
In the wild bee's summer cell.

"Now steer away, thou helmsman good,
Over the waters free;
To the charmèd Isle of the Seven Kings,
That lies in the midmost sea."

He spread the sail, he took the helm;
And, long ere ever I wist,
We had sailed a league, we had reached the isle
That lay in the golden mist.

The charmèd Isle of the Seven Kings,
'Tis a place of wondrous spell;
And all that happed unto me there
In a printed book I'll tell.

Said I, one day, to the Nautilus,
As we stood on the strand,
"Unmoor my ship, thou helmsman good,
And steer me back to land;

"For my mother, I know, is sick at heart,
And longs my face to see.
What ails thee now, thou Nautilus?
Art slow to sail with me?
Up! do my will; the wind is fresh,
So set the vessel free."

He turned the helm; away we sailed
Towards the setting sun:
The flying-fish were swift of wing,
But we outsped each one.

The Voyage with the Nautilus 249

And on we went for seven days,
Seven days without a night;
We followed the sun still on and on,
In the glow of his setting light.

Down and down went the setting sun,
And down and down went we;
'Twas a splendid sail for seven days
On a smooth descending sea.

On a smooth, descending sea we sailed,
Nor breeze the water curled:
My brain grew sick, for I saw we sailed
On the down-hill of the world.

"Good friend," said I to the Nautilus,
"Can this the right course be?
And shall we come again to land?"
But answer none made he;
And I saw a laugh in his fishy eye
As he turned it up to me.

So on we went; but soon I heard
A sound as when winds blow,
And waters wild are tumbled down
Into a gulf below.

And on and on flew the little bark,
As a fiend her course did urge;
And I saw, in a moment, we must hang
Upon the ocean's verge.

I snatched down the sails, I snapped the ropes,
I broke the masts in twain;
But on flew the bark and 'gainst the rocks
Like a living thing did strain.

"Thou'st steered us wrong, thou helmsman vile!"
Said I to the Nautilus bold;
"We shall down the gulf; we're dead men both!
Dost know the course we hold?"

I seized the helm with a sudden jerk,
And we wheeled round like a bird;
But I saw the Gulf of Eternity,
And the tideless waves I heard.

“ Good master,” said the Nautilus,
“ I thought you might desire
To have some wondrous thing to tell
Beside your mother’s fire.

“ What’s sailing on a summer sea?
As well sail on a pool;
Oh, but I know a thousand things
That are wild and beautiful!

“ And if you wish to see them now,
You’ve but to say the word.”
“ Have done!” said I to the Nautilus,
“ Or I’ll throw thee overboard.

“ Have done!” said I, “ thou mariner old,
And steer me back to land.”
No other word spake the Nautilus,
But took the helm in hand.

I looked up to the lady moon,
She was like a glow-worm’s spark;
And never a star shone down to us
Through the sky so high and dark.

We had no mast, we had no ropes,
And every sail was rent;
And the stores I brought from the charmed isle
In the seven days’ sail were spent.

But the Nautilus was a patient thing,
And steered with all his might
On the up-hill sea; and he never slept,
But kept the course aright.

And for thrice seven nights we sailed and sailed;
At length I saw the bay

The Doom-Well of St. Madron 251

Where I built my ship, and my mother's house
'Mid the green hills where it lay.

"Farewell!" said I to the Nautilus,
And leaped upon the shore;

"Thou art a skilful mariner,
But I'll sail with thee no more!"

M. HOWITT.

THE DOOM-WELL OF ST. MADRON

"PLUNGE thy right hand in St. Madron's spring,
If true to its troth be the palm you bring:
But if a false sigil thy fingers bear,
Lay them the rather on the burning share."

Loud laughed King Arthur when-as he heard
That solemn friar his boding word:
And blithely he sware as a king he may,
"We tryst for St. Madron's at break of day."

"Now horse and hattock, both but and ben,"
Was the cry at Lauds, with Dundagel men;
And forth they pricked upon Routorr side,
As goodly a raid as a king could ride.

Proud Gwennivar rode like a queen of the land,
With page and with squire at her bridle hand;
And the twice six knights of the stony ring,
They girded and guarded their Cornish king.

Then they halted their steeds at St. Madron's cell:
And they stood by the monk of the cloistered well;
"Now off with your gauntlets," King Arthur he cried,
"And glory or shame for our Tamar side."

'Twere sooth to sing how Sir Gauvain smiled,
When he grasped the waters so soft and mild;
How Sir Lancelot dashed the glistening spray
O'er the rugged beard of the rough Sir Kay.

Sir Bevis he touched and he found no fear:
 'Twas a *bénitée* stoup to Sir Belvidere,
 Now the fountain flashed o'er King Arthur's Queen,
 Say, Cornish dames, for ye guess the scene.

"Now rede me my riddle, Sir Mordred, I pray,
 My kinsman, mine ancient, my *bien-aimé*;
 Now rede me my riddle, and rede it aright,
 Art thou traitorous knave or my trusty knight?"

He plunged his right arm in the judgment well,
 It bubbled and boiled like a cauldron of hell:
 He drew and he lifted his quivering limb,
 Ha! Sir Judas, how Madron had sodden him.

Now let Uter Pendragon do what he can,
 Still the Tamar river will run as it ran:
 Let king or let kaiser be fond or be fell,
 Ye may harowe their troth in St. Madron's well.

R. S. HAWKER.

THE "REVENGE"

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
 And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far
 away:

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-
 three!"

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no
 coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
 And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
 quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-
 three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no
coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard.
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left
to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in
sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,
and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were
seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks
and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred
tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers
of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a
cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and
went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-
queteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes
his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over
the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her
dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

X

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night
was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the
head,
And he said "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over
the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all
in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that
we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in
twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!”

XII

And the gunner said “Ay, ay,” but the seamen made
reply:
“We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.”
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught
at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
“I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man
and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!”
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and
true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;

When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from
sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake
grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts
and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island
crag
To be lost evermore in the main.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE THREE SAILORS

THERE were three sailors in Bristol city,
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captains' biscuit,
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Bil-ly.

Now very soon they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
I am confounded hung-ery.

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
We have no wittles, so we must eat *we*.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
Oh! gorging Jim, what a fool you be.

There's little Bill as is young and tender,
We're old and tough—so let's eat *he*.

Oh! Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemie.

When Bill he heard this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchee.

Oh! let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me.

Make haste, make haste, says guzzling Jacky,
Whilst Jim pulled out his snicker-snee.

So Bill went up the main top-gallant mast,
When down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had said his catechism,
When up he jumps; "There's land I see!

"There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Ameri-key.

"There's the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
He hanged fat Jack, and flogged Jim-my.

But as for little Bill, he made him
The captain of a Seventy-three.

W. M. THACKERAY.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM
GHENT TO AIX

16—

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
“Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew,
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, ’twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, “Yet there is time!”

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro’ the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye’s black intelligence,—ever that glance
O’er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

R. BROWNING.

HERVÉ RIEL

I

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signalled to the place

“ Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or,
quicker still,

Here's the English can and will! ”

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on
board;

“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to
pass? ” laughed they:

“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
and scored,

Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside?

Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay! ”

IV

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate:

“ Here’s the English at our heels; would you have them
take in tow

All that’s left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground! ”

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

“ Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach!

France must undergo her fate.

V

“ Give the word! ” But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all
these

—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second,
third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for
the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And “ What mockery or malice have we here? ” cries
Hervé Riel:

“ Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools,
or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the sound-
ings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

’Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river dis-
embogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying’s
for?

Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than
fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries
Hervé Riel.

VII

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried
its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late!

VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before

IX

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
Damfreville."

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those Frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,

Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
run?—
Since, 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

XI

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England
bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle
Aurore!

R. BROWNING.

LORRAINE, LORRAINE, LORRÈE

I

"ARE you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe?"

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Baree,

You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at
Coulterlee,

You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, to keep him first, and win the run
for me.

Barum, Barum," etc.

II

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorrèe,

"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he
kill me?"

III

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank
for me,

It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep
from me."

IV

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorrèe,

"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons
three;

But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!"

v

She mastered young Vindictive—Oh! the gallant lass
was she,
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near
could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow-
tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world
to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorrée.
C. KINGSLEY.

A BALLAD FOR A BOY

WHEN George the Third was reigning a hundred years ago,
He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the foreign foe.

“You’re not afraid of shot,” said he, “you’re not afraid
of wreck,
So cruise about the west of France in the frigate called
Quebec.

“Quebec was once a Frenchman’s town, but twenty
years ago

King George the Second sent a man called General Wolfe,
you know,

To clamber up a precipice and look into Quebec,
As you’d look down a hatchway when standing on the
deck.

“If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then so you can
beat them now.

Before he got inside the town he died, I must allow.

But since the town was won for us it is a lucky name,

And you’ll remember Wolfe’s good work, and you shall
do the same.”

Then Farmer said, “I’ll try, sir,” and Farmer bowed so low
That George could see his pigtail tied in a velvet bow.

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George gave him his commission, and that it might be
safer,
Signed "King of Britain, King of France," and sealed it
with a wafer.

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate of his own,
And grander on his quarter-deck than George upon the
throne.

He'd two guns in his cabin, and on the spar-deck ten,
And twenty on the gun-deck, and more than ten score men.

And as a huntsman scours the brakes with sixteen brace
of dogs,

With two-and-thirty cannon the ship explored the fogs.
From Cape la Hogue to Ushant, from Rocheforte to
Belleisle,

She hunted game till reef and mud were rubbing on her
keel.

The fogs are dried, the frigate's side is bright with melting
tar,

The lad up in the foretop sees square white sails afar;
The east wind drives three square-sailed masts from out
the Breton bay,

And "Clear for action!" Farmer shouts, and reefers
yell "Hooray!"

The Frenchmen's captain had a name I wish I could
pronounce;

A Breton gentleman was he, and wholly free from bounce,
One like those famous fellows who died by guillotine
For honour and the fleurs-de-lys, and Antoinette the
Queen.

The Catholic for Louis, the Protestant for George,
Each captain drew as bright a sword as saintly smiths
could forge;

And both were simple seamen, but both could understand
How each was bound to win or die for flag and native land.

The French ship was *la Surveillante*, which means the
watchful maid;

She folded up her head-dress and began to cannonade.

Her hull was clean, and ours was foul; we had to spread
more sail.
On canvas, stays, and topsail yards her bullets came like
hail.

Sore smitten were both captains, and many lads beside,
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners tried.
A sail-clad spar came flapping down athwart a blazing gun;
We could not quench the rushing flames, and so the
Frenchman won.

Our quarter-deck was crowded, the waist was all aglow;
Men hung upon the taffrail half scorched, but loth to go;
Our captain sat where once he stood, and would not quit
his chair.
He bade his comrades leap for life, and leave him bleeding
there.

The guns were hushed on either side, the Frenchmen
lowered boats,
They flung us planks and hencoops, and everything that
floats.
They risked their lives, good fellows! to bring their rivals
aid.
'Twas by the conflagration the peace was strangely made.

La Surveillante was like a sieve; the victors had no rest.
They had to dodge the east wind to reach the port of Brest,
And where the waves leapt lower, and the riddled ship
went slower,
In triumph, yet in funeral guise, came fisher-boats to
tow her.

They dealt with us as brethren, they mourned for Farmer
dead;
And as the wounded captives passed each Breton bowed
the head.
Then spoke the French Lieutenant, " 'Twas fire that won,
not we.
You never struck your flag to us; you'll go to England
free."

'Twas the sixth day of October, seventeen hundred
seventy-nine,

A year when nations ventured against us to combine,
Quebec was burnt and Farmer slain, by us remembered not;
But thanks be to the French book wherein they're not
forgot.

Now you, if you've to fight the French, my youngster,
bear in mind

Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous and kind;
Think of the Breton gentlemen who took our lads to Brest,
And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade and a guest.

WILLIAM CORY.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the grey;
But pad! *pad!* PAD! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud! THUD! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! RAP! the mettled grey;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on!—I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool—
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
I saw them droop and tail:
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs,
Past the walls of mossy stone;

The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
 But blood is better than bone.
 I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
 For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
 And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;
 I felt like a royal hart at bay,
 And made me ready to turn,
 I looked where highest grew the may,
 And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat;
 One blow, and he was down,
 The second rogue fired twice and missed;
 I sliced the villain's crown.
 Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
 Fast, fast, to Salisbury town.

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
 Thud! thud! upon the sand;
 With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
 And a shaking of flag and hand:
 But one long bound, and I passed the gate
 Safe from the canting band.

WALTER THORNBURY.

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY

(Told on a bench outside the Invalides)

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids,
 It seems but an hour ago,
 That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares,
 Returning blow for blow.
 The Mamelukes were tossing
 Their standards to the sky,
 When I heard a child's voice say, "My men,
 Teach me the way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side
Torn terribly with shot;
But still he feebly beat his drum,
As though the wound were not.
And when the Mameluke's wild horse
Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "O men of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die !

"My mother has got other sons,
With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France
To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned,
"Fair are this earth and sky;
Then, comrades of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die !"

I saw Salenche, of the granite heart,
Wiping his burning eyes—
It was by far more pitiful
Than mere loud sobs and cries.
One bit his cartridge till his lip
Grew black as winter sky,
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die !"

O never saw I sight like that,
The sergeant flung down flag,
Even the fifer bound his brow
With a wet and bloody rag,
Then looked at locks and fixed their steel,
But never made reply,
Until he sobbed out once again,
"*Teach me the way to die !*"

Then, with a shout that flew to God,
They strode into the fray;
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
Bade the poor boy good-bye,

And said, " We men of the Forty-third
Teach you the way to die ! "

I never saw so sad a look
 As the poor youngster cast,
 When the hot smoke of cannon
 In cloud and whirlwind pass'd.
 Earth shook, and Heaven answered:
 I watched his eagle eye,
 As he faintly moaned, " The Forty-third
Teach me the way to die ! "

Then, with a musket for a crutch,
 He limped unto the fight;
 I, with a bullet in my hip,
 Had neither strength nor might.
 But, proudly beating on his drum,
 A fever in his eye,
 I heard him moan " The Forty-third
Taught me the way to die ! "

They found him on the morrow,
 Stretched on a heap of dead;
 His hand was in the grenadier's
 Who at his bidding bled.
 They hung a medal round his neck,
 And closed his dauntless eye;
 On the stone they cut, " The Forty-third
Taught him the way to die ! "

'Tis forty years from then till now—
 The grave gapes at my feet—
 Yet when I think of such a boy
 I feel my old heart beat.
 And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
 Hearing a feeble cry,
 And a voice that says, " Now, Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die ! "

WALTER THORNBURY.

INKERMAN

'Twas Midnight ere our Guns' loud laugh at their wild
work did cease,
And by the smouldering fires of War we lit the pipe of
peace.

At Four, a burst of Bells went up through Night's Cathed-
ral dark,

It seemed so like our Sabbath Chimes, we could but wake,
and hark!

So like the Bells that call to prayer in the dear land far
away;

Their music floated on the air, and kissed us—to betray.

Our Camp lay on the rainy hill, all silent as a cloud,
Its very heart of life stood still i' the Mist that brought its
shroud;

For Death was walking in the dark, and smiled His smile
to see

How all was ranged and ready for a sumptuous jubilee.

O wily are the Russians, and they came up through the
mirk—

Their feet all shod for silence in the best blood of the Turk!

While in its banks our fiery tide of War serenely slept,

Their subtle serpentry unrolled, and up the hill-side crept.

In the Ruins of the Valley do the Birds of Carnage stir?

A creaking in the gloom like wheels! feet trample—bullets
whir—

By God! the Foe is on us! Now the Bugles with a start
Thrill—like the cry of a wrongèd Queen—to the red roots
of the heart;

And long and loud the wild war-drums with throbbing
triumph roll,—

A sound to set the blood on fire, and warm the shivering
soul.

The war-worn and the weary leaped up ready, fresh, and
true!

No weak blood curdled white i' the face, no valour turned
to dew.

Majestic as a God defied, arose our little Host—
All for the peak of peril pushed—each for the fieriest post!
Thorough mist, and thorough mire, and o'er the hill-brow
 scowling grim,
As is the frown of Slaughter when he dreams his dreadful
 dream.
No Sun! but none is needed,—Men can feel their way to
 fight,
The lust of Battle in their face—eyes filled with fiery light;
And long ere dawn was red in heaven, upon the dark earth
 lay
The prophesying morning-red of a great and glorious day.

As Bridegroom leaves his wedded Bride in gentle slumbers
 sealed,
Our England slumbered in the West, when her Warriors
 went a-field.
We thought of her, and swore that day to strike immortal
 blows,
As all along our leaguered line the roar of battle rose.
Her Banners waved like blessing hands, and we felt it was
 the hour
For a glorious grip till fingers met in the throat of Russian
 power.
And at a bound, and with a sound that madly cried to kill,
The Lion of Old England leapt in lightnings from the hill:
And there he stood superb, through all that Sabbath of the
 Sword,
And there he slew, with a terrible scorn, his hunters, horde
 on horde.

All Hell seemed bursting on us, as the yelling legions
 came—
The Cannon's tongues of quick red fire licked all the hills
 a-flame!
Mad whistling shell, wild sneering shot, with devilish glee
 went past,
Like fiendish feet and laughter hurrying down the battle-
 blast;
And through the air, and round the hills, there ran a
 wrack sublime
As though Eternity were crashing on the shores of Time.

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On Bayonets and Swords the smile of conscious victory
shone,

As down to death we dashed the Rebels plucking at our
Throne.

On, on they came with face of flame, and storm of shot
and shell—

Up! up! like heaven-scalers, and we hurled them back
to Hell.

Like the old Sea, white-lipped with rage, they dash and
foam despair

On ranks of rock, and what a prize for the Wrecker Death
was there!

But as 'twere River Pleasaunce, did our fellows take that
flood,

A royal throbbing in the pulse that beat voluptuous blood:
The Guards went down to the fight in grey that's growing
gory red—

See! save them, they're surrounded! Leap your ram-
parts of the dead,

And back the desperate battle, for there is but one short
stride

Between the Russ and victory! One more tug, you true
and tried—

The Red-Caps crest the hill! with bloody spur, ride,
Bosquet, ride!

Down like a flood from Etna foams their valour's burning
tide.

Now, God for Merrie England cry! Hurrah for France
the Grand!

We charge the foe together, all abreast, and hand to hand!
He caught a shadowy glimpse across the smoke of Alma's
fray

Of the Destroying Angel that shall blast his strength
to-day.

We shout and charge together, and again, again, again,
Our plunging battle tears its path, and paves it with the
slain.

Hurrah! the mighty host doth melt before our fervent
heat;

Against our side its breaking heart doth faint and fainter
beat.

And O, but 'tis a gallant show, and a merry march, as
thus
We sound into the glorious goal with shouts victorious!

From morn till night, we fought our fight, and at the set
of sun
Stood Conquerors on Inkerman—our Soldiers' Battle won.
That morn their legions stood like corn in its pomp of
golden grain!
That night the ruddy sheaves were reaped upon the misty
plain!
We cut them down by thunder-strokes, and piled the
shocks of slain:
The hill-side like a vintage ran, and reeled Death's harvest-
wain.
We had hungry hundreds gone to sup in Paradise that
night,
And robes of Immortality our ragged Braves bedight!
They fell in Boyhood's comely bloom, and Bravery's
lusty pride;
But they made their bed o' the foemen dead, ere they lay
down and died.

We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening cold and
grey,
And thought of those who ranked with us in Battle's
rough array,
Our Comrades of the morn who came no more from that
fell fray!
The salt tears wrung out in the gloom of green dells far
away—
The eyes of lurking Death that in Life's crimson bubbles
play—
The stern white faces of the Dead that on the dark ground
lay
Like Statues of Old Heroes, cut in precious human clay—
Some with a smile as life had stopped to music proudly
gay—
The household Gods of many a heart all dark and dumb
to-day!
And hard hot eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts sank
down to pray.

From alien lands, and dungeon-grates, how eyes will strain
to mark
This waving Sword of Freedom burn and beckon through
the dark!
The Martyrs stir in their red graves, the rusted armour
rings
Adown the long aisles of the dead, where lie the warrior
Kings.
To the proud Mother England came the radiant Victory
With Laurels red, and a bitter cup like some last agony.
She took the cup, she drank it up, she raised her laurelled
brow:
Her sorrow seemed like solemn joy, she looked so noble
now.
The dim divine of distance died—the purpled Past grew
wan,
As came that crowning Glory o'er the heights of Inkerman.
GERALD MASSEY.

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG

MAGDALEN at Michael's gate
Tirled at the pin;
On Joseph's thorn, sang the blackbird,
"Let her in! let her in!"

"Hast thou seen the wounds?" said Michael,
"Know'st thou thy sin?"
"It is evening, evening," sang the blackbird,
"Let her in! let her in!"

"Yes I have seen the wounds,
And I know my sin."
"She knows it well, well, well," sang the blackbird,
"Let her in! let her in!"

"Thou bringest no offerings," said Michael,
"Nought save sin."
And the blackbird sang, "She is sorry, sorry, sorry,
Let her in! let her in!"

When he had sung himself to sleep,
And night did begin,
One came and opened Michael's gate,
And Magdalen went in.

H. KINGSLEY.

THE BALLAD OF THE BRIDES OF QUAIR

A STILLNESS crept about the house,
At evenfall, in noon-tide glare;
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many-windowed House of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed;
Browsed on the lawn the timid hare;
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
Calm by the sheltered House of Quair.

The pool was still; around its brim
The alders sickened all the air;
There came no murmur from the streams,
Though nigh flowed Leithen, Tweed, and Quair.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill, of good or ill,
While women keep the House of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves in pensive dreams
To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Within, in pall-black velvet clad,
Sits stately in her oaken chair—

A stately dame of ancient name—
The Mother of the House of Quair.

Her daughter broiders by her side,
With heavy drooping golden hair,
And listens to her frequent plaint,—
“ Ill fare the Brides that come to Quair.

“ For more than one hath lived in pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned,
Left lonely in the House of Quair.

“ Alas! and ere thy father died
I had not in his heart a share,
And now—may God forfend her ill—
Thy brother brings his Bride to Quair! ”

She came: they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair,
They led her to her chamber high,
The fairest in the House of Quair.

They bade her from the window look,
And mark the scene how passing fair,
Among whose ways the quiet days
Would linger o'er the wife of Quair.

“ 'Tis fair,” she said on looking forth,
“ But what although 'twere bleak and bare ”—
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse of Quair—

“ Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share.”
What need be said—she was not one
Of the ill-fated Brides of Quair!

ISA CRAIG KNOX.

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE

(A Lay of the Loamshire Hunt Cup)

"AYE, squire," said Stevens, "they back him at evens;
The race is all over, bar shouting, they say;
The Clown ought to beat her; Dick Neville is sweeter
Than ever—he swears he can win all the way.

"A gentleman rider—well, I'm an outsider,
But if he's a gent who the mischief's a jock?
You swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the plunder,
He rides, too, like thunder—he sits like a rock.

"He calls 'hunted fairly' a horse that has barely
Been stripp'd for a trot within sight of the hounds,
A horse that at Warwick beat Birdlime and Yorick,
And gave Abdelkader at Aintree nine pounds.

"They say we have no test to warrant a protest;
Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward;
The light of their faces they show him—his case is
Prejudged and his verdict already secured.

"But none can outlast her, and few travel faster,
She strides in her work clean away from The Drag;
You hold her and sit her, she couldn't be fitter,
Whenever you hit her she'll spring like a stag.

"And p'rhaps the green jacket, at odds though they
back it,
May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up.
The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
Keep cool; and I think you may just win the Cup."

Dark-brown with tan muzzle, just stripped for the tussle,
Stood Iseult, arching her neck to the curb,
A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb

Some parting injunction, bestowed with great unction,
I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce,
When Reginald Murray, full tilt on White Surrey,
Came down in a hurry to start us at once.

“Keep back in the yellow! Come up on Othello!
Hold hard on the chesnut! Turn round on The Drag!
Keep back there on Spartan! Back you, sir, in tartan!
So, steady there, easy,” and down went the flag.

We started, and Kerr made strong running on Mermaid,
Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-bound,
The crack, half extended, look’d bloodlike and splendid,
Held wide on the right where the headland was sound.

I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle,
Before her two-thirds of the field got away,
All through the wet pasture where floods of the last year
Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay.

The fourth fence, a wattle, floor’d Monk and Blue-bottle;
The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and ditch,
The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover,
The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire Witch.

She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cock Sparrow,
And Mantrap and Mermaid refused the stone wall;
And Giles on The Greyling came down at the paling,
And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a burster, nor eased her nor nursed her
Until the Black Bullfinch led into the plough,
And through the strong bramble we bored with a scramble—
My cap was knock’d off by the hazel-tree bough.

Where furrows looked lighter I drew the rein tighter—
Her dark chest all dappled with flakes of white foam,
Her flanks mud bespattered, a weak rail she shattered—
We landed on turf with our heads turn’d for home.

Then crash’d a low binder, and then close behind her
The sword to the strokes of the favourite shook;

His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little
She shorten'd her stride as we raced at the brook.

She rose when I hit her. I saw the stream glitter,
A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee,
Between sky and water The Clown came and caught her,
The space that he cleared was a caution to see.

And forcing the running, discarding all cunning,
A length to the front went the rider in green;
A long strip of stubble, and then the big double,
Two stiff flights of rails with a quickset between.

She raced at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her,
I found my hands give to her strain on the bit,
She rose when The Clown did—our silks as we bounded
Brush'd lightly, our stirrups clash'd loud as we lit.

A rise steeply sloping, a fence with stone coping—
The last—we diverged round the base of the hill;
His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer,
I flogg'd up the straight, and he led sitting still.

She came to his quarter, and on still I brought her,
And up to his girth, to his breast-plate she drew;
A short prayer from Neville just reach'd me, "The devil,"
He mutter'd—lock'd level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd careering,
All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard;
"The green wins!" "The crimson!" The multitude
swims on,
And figures are blended and features are blurr'd.

"The horse is her master!" "The green forges past
her!"

"The Clown will outlast her!" "The Clown wins!"
"The Clown!"

The white railing races with all the white faces,
The chesnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

On still past the gateway she strains in the straightway,
Still struggles, "The Clown by a short neck at most,"
He swerves, the green scourges, the stand rocks and surges,
And flashes, and verges, and flits the white post.

Aye! so ends the tussle,—I knew the tan muzzle
Was first, though the ring-men were yelling "Dead
heat!"

A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said "The mare by
A short head." And that's how the favourite was beat.

A. L. GORDON.

TWO RED ROSES ACROSS THE MOON

THERE was a lady lived in a hall,
Large in the eyes, and slim and tall;
And ever she sung from noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

There was a knight came riding by
In early spring, when the roads were dry;
And he heard that lady sing at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Yet none the more he stopp'd at all,
But he rode a-gallop past the hall;
And left that lady singing at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Because, forsooth, the battle was set,
And the scarlet and blue had got to be met,
He rode on the spur till the next warm noon:—
Two red roses across the moon.

But the battle was scatter'd from hill to hill,
From the windmill to the watermill;
And he said to himself, as it near'd the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

You scarce could see for the scarlet and blue,
A golden helm or a golden shoe;
So he cried, as the fight grew thick at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon!

Verily then the gold bore through
The huddled spears of the scarlet and blue;
And they cried, as they cut them down at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon!

I trow he stopp'd when he rode again
By the hall, though draggled sore with the rain;
And his lips were pinch'd to kiss at the noon
Two red roses across the moon.

Under the may she stoop'd to the crown,
All was gold, there was nothing of brown;
And the horns blew up in the hall at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

RIDING TOGETHER

FOR many, many days together
The wind blew steady from the East;
For many days hot grew the weather,
About the time of our Lady's Feast,

For many days we rode together,
Yet met we neither friend nor foe;
Hotter and clearer grew the weather,
Steadily did the East wind blow.

We saw the trees in the hot, bright weather,
Clear-cut, with shadows very black,
As freely we rode on together
With helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often, as we rode together,
We, looking down the green-bank'd stream,
Saw flowers in the sunny weather,
And saw the bubble-making bream.

And in the night lay down together,
And hung above our heads the rood,
Or watch'd night-long in the dewy weather,
The while the moon did watch the wood.

Our spears stood bright and thick together,
Straight out the banners stream'd behind,
As we gallop'd on in the sunny weather,
With faces turn'd towards the wind.

Down sank our threescore spears together,
As thick we saw the pagans ride;
His eager face in the clear fresh weather,
Shone out that last time by my side.

Up the sweep of the bridge we dash'd together,
It rock'd to the crash of the meeting spears,
Down rain'd the buds of the dear spring weather,
The elm-tree flowers fell like tears.

There, as we roll'd and writhed together,
I threw my arms above my head,
For close by my side, in the lovely weather,
I saw him reel and fall back dead.

I and the slayer met together,
He waited the death-stroke there in his place,
With thoughts of death, in the lovely weather,
Gapingly mazed at my madden'd face.

Madly I fought as we fought together;
In vain: the little Christian band
The pagans drown'd, as in stormy weather,
The river drowns low-lying land.

They bound my blood-stain'd hands together,
They bound his corpse to nod by my side:
Then on we rode, in the bright March weather,
With clash of cymbals did we ride.

We ride no more, no more together;
My prison-bars are thick and strong,
I take no heed of any weather,
The sweet Saints grant I live not long.

WILLIAM MORRIS,

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

WE were ten maidens in the green corn,
Small red leaves in the mill-water:
Fairer maidens never were born,
Apples of gold for the king's daughter.

We were ten maidens by a well-head,
Small white birds in the mill-water:
Sweeter maidens never were wed,
Rings of red for the king's daughter.

The first to spin, the second to sing,
Seeds of wheat in the mill-water;
The third may was a goodly thing,
White bread and brown for the king's daughter.

The fourth to sew and the fifth to play,
Fair green weed in the mill-water;
The sixth may was a goodly may,
White wine and red for the king's daughter.

The seventh to woo, the eighth to wed,
Fair thin reeds in the mill-water;
The ninth had gold work on her head,
Honey in the comb for the king's daughter.

The ninth had gold work round her hair,
Fallen flowers in the mill-water;
The tenth may was goodly and fair,
Golden gloves for the king's daughter.

We were ten maidens in a field green,
Fallen fruit in the mill-water;
Fairer maidens never had been,
Golden sleeves for the king's daughter.

By there comes the king's young son,
A little wind in the mill-water;
"Out of ten maidens ye'll grant me one,"
A crown of red for the king's daughter.

"Out of ten mays ye'll give me the best,"
A little rain in the mill-water;
A bed of yellow straw for all the rest,
A bed of gold for the king's daughter.

He's ta'en out the goodliest,
Rain that rains in the mill-water;
A comb of yellow shell for all the rest,
A comb of gold for the king's daughter.

He's made her bed to the goodliest,
Wind and hail in the mill-water;
A grass girdle for all the rest,
A girdle of arms for the king's daughter.

He's set his heart to the goodliest,
Snow that snows in the mill-water;
Nine little kisses for all the rest,
An hundredfold for the king's daughter.

He's ta'en his leave at the goodliest,
Broken boats in the mill-water;
Golden gifts for all the rest,
Sorrow of heart for the king's daughter.

"Ye'll make a grave for my fair body,"
Running rain in the mill-water;
"And ye'll streek my brother at the side of me,"
The pains of hell for the king's daughter.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

PHIL BLOOD'S LEAP

A Tale of the Gold Seekers

"THERE'S some think Injins pi'son."—(It was Parson Pete who spoke,
As we sat there, in the camp-fire glare, like shadows
among the smoke.
'Twas the dead of night, and in the light our faces burned
bright red,
And the wind all round made a screeching sound, and the
pines roared overhead.

Ay, Parson Pete was talking; we called him Parson
Pete,
For you must learn he'd a talking turn, and handled things
so neat;
He'd a preaching style, and a winning smile, and, when
all talk was spent,
Six shooter had he, and a sharp bowie, to p'int his
argyment.

Some one had spoke of the Injin folk, and we had a guess,
you bet,
They might be creeping, while we were sleeping, to catch
us in the net;
And half were asleep and snoring deep, while the others
vigil kept,
But devil a one let go his gun, whether he woke or slept.)

"There's some think Injins p'ison, and others count 'em
scum,
And night and day they are melting away, clean into
Kingdom Come;
But don't you go and make mistakes, like many derved
fools I've known,
For dirt is dirt, and snakes is snakes, but an Injin's flesh
and bone!

“ We were seeking gold in the Texan hold, and we’d had a
blaze of luck,
More rich and rare the stuff ran there at every foot we
struck;
Like men gone wild we t’iled and t’iled, and never seemed
to tire,
The hot sun beamed, and our faces streamed with the
sweat of a mad desire.

“ I was captain then of the mining men, and I had a precious
life,
For a wilder set I never met at derringer and knife;
Nigh every day there was some new fray, a bullet in some
one’s brain,
And the viciouslest brute to stab and to shoot, was an Imp
of Hell from Maine.

“ Phil Blood. Well, he was six foot three, with a squint to
make you skeer’d,
His face all scabb’d, and twisted and stabb’d, with carrotty
hair and beard,
Sour as the drink in Bitter Chink, sharp as a grizzly’s
squeal,
Limp in one leg, for a leaden egg had nick’d him in the heel.

“ No beauty was he, but a sight to see, all stript to the waist
and bare,
With his grim-set jaws, and his panther-paws, and his
hawk’s eye all aglare;
With pick and spade in sun and shade he labour’d like
darnation,
But when his spell was over,—well! he was fond of his
recreation!

“ And being a crusty kind of cuss, the only sport he
had,
When work was over, seemed to *us* a bit too rough and
bad;
For to put some lead in a comrade’s head was the greatest
fun in life,
And the sharpest joke he was known to poke was the p’int
of his precious knife.

"But game to the bone was Phil, I'll own, and he always
fought most fair,
With as good a will to be killed as kill, true grit as any
there:
Of honour too, like me or you, he'd a scent, though not
so keen,
Would rather be riddled thro' and thro', than do what
he thought mean.

"But his eddication to his ruination had not been over
nice,
And his stupid skull was choking full of vulgar prejudice;
With anything white he'd drink, or he'd fight in fair and
open fray;
But to murder and kill was his wicked will, if an Injin came
his way!

"'A serpent's hide has p'ison inside, and an Injin's heart's
the same,
If he seems your friend for to gain his end, look out for
the serpent's game;
Of the snakes that crawl, the worst of all is the snake in
a skin of red,
A spotted Snake, and no mistake!' that's what he
always said.

"Well, we'd jest struck our bit of luck, and were wild as
raving men,
When who should stray to our camp one day, but Black
Panther, the Cheyenne;
Drest like a Christian, all a-grin, the old one joins our
band,
And though the rest look'd black as sin, he shakes *me* by
the hand.

"Now, the poor old cuss had been good to us, and I knew
that he was true,—
I'd have trusted him with life and limb as soon as I'd
trust *you*;
For tho' his wit was gone a bit, and he drank like any fish,
His heart was kind, he was well inclined, as even a white
could wish.

“ Food had got low, for we didn’t know the run of the
hunting-ground,
And our hunters were sick, when, jest in the nick, the
friend in need was found;
For he knew the place like his mother’s face (or better,
a heap, you’d say,
Since she was a squaw of the roaming race, and himself
a castaway).

“ Well, I took the Panther into camp, and the critter was
well content.
And off with him, on the hunting tramp, next day our
hunters went,
And I reckon that day and the next we didn’t want for food,
And only one in the camp looked vext—that Imp of Hell,
Phil Blood.

“ Nothing would please his contrairy ideas! an Injin made
him rile!
He didn’t speak, but I saw on his cheek, a kind of an
ugly smile;
And I knew his skin was hatching sin, and I kept the
Panther apart,
For the Injin he was too blind to see the dirt in a white
man’s heart!

“ Well, one fine day, we a-resting lay at noon-time by the
creek,
The red sun blazed, and we felt half-dazed, too beat to
stir or speak;
’Neath the alder trees we stretched at ease, and we
couldn’t see the sky,
For the lian-flowers in bright blue showers hung through
the branches high.

“ It was like the gleam of a fairy-dream, and I felt like
earth’s first Man,
In an Eden bower with the yellow flower of a cactus for
a fan;
Oranges, peaches, grapes, and figs, cluster’d, ripen’d, and
fell,
And the cedar scent was pleasant, blent with the soothing
’cacia smell.

"The squirrels red ran overhead, and I saw the lizards creep,
And the woodpecker bright with the chest so white tapt
like a sound in sleep;
I dreamed and dozed, with eyes half-closed, and felt like
a three-year child,
And, a plantain blade on his brow for a shade, even Phil
Blood look'd mild.

"Well, back, jest then, came our hunting men, with the
Panther at their head,
Full of his fun was every one, and the Panther's eyes
were red,
And he skipt about with grin and shout, for he'd had
a drop that day,
And he twisted and twirled, and squeal'd and skirl'd, in
the foolish Injin way.

"To the waist all bare Phil Blood lay there, with only his
knife in his belt,
And I saw his bloodshot eye-balls stare, and I knew how
fierce he felt,—
When the Injin dances with grinning glances around him
as he lies,
With his painted skin and his monkey grin,—and leers
into his eyes!

"Then before I knew what I should do Phil Blood was on
his feet,
And the Injin could trace the hate in his face, and his
heart began to beat,
And, 'Git out o' the way,' he heard them say, 'for he
means to hev your life!'
But before he could fly at the warning cry, he saw the
flash of the knife.

"'Run, Panther, run!' cried each mother's son, and the
Panther took the track;
With a wicked glare, like a wounded bear, Phil Blood
sprang at his back.
Up the side so steep of the cañon deep the poor old critter
sped,
And the devil's limb ran after him, till they faded overhead.

“Now, the spot of ground where our luck was found, was
 a queerish place, you’ll mark,
 Jest under the jags of the mountain crags and the
 precipices dark,
 Far up on high, close to the sky, the two crags leant
 together,
 Leaving a gap, like an open trap, with a gleam of golden
 weather.

“A pathway led from the beck’s dark bed up to the crags
 on high,
 And along that path the Injin fled, fast as a man could fly.
 Some shots were fired, for I desired to keep the white
 beast back;
 But I missed my man, and away he ran on the flying
 Injin’s track.

“Now all below is thick, you know, with ’cacia, alder, and
 pine,
 And the bright shrubs deck the side of the beck, and the
 lian-flowers so fine,
 For the forest creeps all under the steeps, and feathers
 the feet of the crags
 With boughs so thick that your path you pick, like a
 steamer among the snags.

“But right above you, the crags, Lord love you! are bare
 as this here hand,
 And your eyes you wink at the bright blue chink, as
 looking up you stand,
 If a man should pop in that trap at the top, he’d never
 rest arm or leg,
 Till neck and crop to the bottom he’d drop—and smash
 on the stones like an egg!

“‘Come back, you cuss! come back to us! and let the
 critter be!’
 I screamed out loud, while the men in a crowd stood
 grinning at them and me. . . .
 But up they went, and my shots were spent, and at last
 they disappeared,—
 One minute more, and we gave a roar, for the Injin had
 leapt,—and *cleared!*

"A leap for a deer, not a man, to clear,—and the bloodiest grave below!

But the critter was smart and mad with fear, and he went like a bolt from a bow!

Close after him came the devil's limb, with his eyes as dark as death,

But when he came to the gulch's brim, I reckon he paused for breath!

"For breath at the brink! but—a white man shrink, when a red had passed so neat?

I knew Phil Blood too well to think he'd turn his back dead beat!

He takes one run, leaps up in the sun, and bounds from the slippery ledge,

And he clears the hole, but—God help his soul! just touches the tother edge!

"One scrambling fall, one shriek, one call, from the men that stand and stare,—

Black in the blue, where the sky looks thro', he staggers, dwarf'd up there;

The edge he touches, then sinks, and clutches the rock—our eyes grow dim—

I turn away—what's that they say?—he's hanging on to the brim!

". . . On the very brink of the fatal chink a ragged shrub there grew,

And to that he clung, and in silence swung betwixt us and the blue,

And as soon as a man could run I ran the way I had seen them flee,

And I came mad-eyed to the chasm's side, and—what do you think I see?

"All up? Not quite. Still hanging? Right! but he'd torn away the shrub;

With lolling tongue, he clutched and swung—to what? Ay, that's the rub!

I saw him glare, and dangle in air,—for the empty hole he trod—

Helped by a *pair of hands* up there!—the Injin's? Yes, by God!

“Now, boys, look here! for many a year I’ve roamed in
this here land—
And many a sight both day and night I’ve seen that I
think grand;
Over the whole wide world I’ve been, and I know both
things and men,
But the biggest sight I’ve ever seen was the sight I saw
jest then.

“I held my breath—so nigh to death Phil Blood swung
hand and limb,
And it seemed to us all that down he’d fall, with the
Panther after him,
But the Injin at length put out his strength—and another
minute past,—
Then safe and sound to the solid ground he drew Phil
Blood, at last!!

“Saved? True for you, by an Injin too!—and the man
he meant to kill!
There, all alone, on the brink of stone, I see them standing
still;
Phil Blood gone white, with the struggle and fright, like a
great mad bull at bay,
And the Injin meanwhile, with a half skeer’d smile, ready
to spring away.

“What did Phil do? Well I watched the two, and I saw
Phil Blood turn back,
Bend over the brink and take a blink right down the
chasm black,
Then stooping low for a moment or so, he sheath’d his
bowie bright,
Spat slowly down, and watch’d with a frown, as the spittle
sank from sight!

“Hands in his pockets, eyes downcast, silent, thoughtful,
and grim,
While the Panther, grinning as he passed, still kept his
eyes on him,
Phil Blood strolled slow to his mates below, down by the
mountain track,
With his lips set tight, and his face all white, and the
Panther at his back.

"I reckon they stared when the two appeared! but never
a word Phil spoke;
Some of them laughed and others jeered,—but he let
them have their joke;
He seemed amazed, like a man gone dazed, the sun in his
eyes too bright,
And for many a week, in spite of their cheek, he never
offered to fight.

"And after that day he changed his play, and kept a
civiller tongue,
And whenever an Injin came that way, his contrairy head
he hung;
But whenever he heard the lying word, '*It's a Lie!*'
Phil Blood would groan;
'*A Snake is a Snake, make no mistake! but an Injin's
flesh and bone!*'"

R. BUCHANAN.

BRAVE BERESFORD

AN INCIDENT OF THE ZULU WAR, 1879

It was Beresford's charger who led us that day,
When we ventured a view of the King and his horde,
It was Beresford's charger bore two men away
From the braves of Ulundi, in ambush who lay;
To the praise of its rider, our gallant young lord.

Ah! little we knew as we followed their flight,
And the snowy-flecked chestnut went proud in the van,
That the foe were all round us to left and to right,
That a thousand would spring in a moment to sight,
And every grass-tuft prove a spear and a man.

But we saw on a sudden a mighty Zulu,
With the ring on his head and the shield on his arm,
Up-gather himself for the deed he would do,
But our Beresford's blade turned the lightning that flew,
And flashed back the flame through the heart that
would harm.

Then forth from the grasses each side of us showed
 Brindled shields and spears hungry for lying in wait,
 "Back, back!" shouted Buller, and backward we rode,
 While swift from the deep-hidden watercourse flowed
 The foemen by thousands in torrent of hate.

Then the bullet-hail hissed, and we answered it back,
 Two saddles are emptied, a third man is down,
 And his horse, at a gallop, has followed our track—
 Shall Beresford leave him, a prey to the pack,
 Or dare for Old England a deed of renown?

No moment to ponder! but back at full speed,
 With his hand at his holster, and rowels red-rose,
 He has dashed to his comrade-in-arms, at his need,
 Has lifted the man, wounded sore, to his steed,
 Has mounted behind him in face of the foes.

With hands woman-tender but stronger than steel
 He held the faint trooper, nigh drenched with his blood;
 Cheered the steed, who, half human to know and to feel,
 Stretched out, double-weighted, and showed a clean heel,
 Till safe at the Laager in glory she stood.

Oh! sound of the Impis that gather from far,
 When, with shield for their drum-head, the warriors
 come,
 Oh! sound of the yelp of those death-dogs of war,
 Could you drown the long note of the English hurrah
 Which welcomed the chestnut and Beresford home?

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

THE FALLING STAR

BRAVE JOHN WAYE, THE OVERMAN

THE daun is dark at Penycraig,
 And grime of coal is on the ground,
 The grass is smitten as with plague,
 The pit-head wheel goes moaning round,
 And moan it will for many a day—
 We've lost our overman, John Waye.

So like the rest, we hardly knew
 He held for friends his life so cheap—
 One of the ordinary crew
 Who, toiling in earth's central deep,
 Strike still a deeper lode, and find
 In work done well the heavenly mind.

We stepped into the cage—John Waye,
 Three mates, and Isaacs, "Ive," and I;
 We knew not as we left the day
 That four of us were doomed to die.
 Away we went; with cheer and shout
 They paid the new-spliced cable out.

Down, down we dropped from grey to blue,
 From blue to black; our lamps outshone;
 Beside us still the rope ran true
 And changed from hiss to humming tone
 Till, where the iron serpent swung,
 We touched—and bitterly it stung.

The trembling cage wherein we swayed,
 Tilted, and sudden from below,
 Its fellow swept with shock and stayed,
 We heard a cry, and well might know
 That three of us were cast to death
 Abysmal, and we gasped for breath.

Then, when the rush of life-blood leapt
 Back to the heart from startled brain,
 Death-pale, we saw John's face had kept
 Its colour—heard his voice speak plain:
 "Mates, for your sake, whate'er betide
 I'll dare the pit-shaft by 'the guide!'"

Our teeth they chattered as he spoke,
 His mouth was set for weal or woe;
 We cried, and crying seemed to choke,
 "God help us! Nay, if one must go,
 Our road from earth to heaven is small,
 We fall together if we fall!"

But never a word John Waye he said,
He doffed the coat from off his back,
He swathed his hands in woollen braid—
Poor hands we found so charred and black!
Hung at his girth the lamp of hope,
And clutched the grey steel guiding-rope.

We saw his lamp—a falling star—
Flash out and pale as on he sped.
“He goes to where the dead men are!”
We prayed “God keep him from the dead.”
Then the light faded, all was still,
The trembling guide-rope ceased to thrill.

But they, five hundred feet below—
Those hauliers in the landing seam,
Will never quite forget the glow
Of that star’s heart; they caught the gleam,
They heard a cry from out the star
Call “Mates, is bottom near or far?”

They told how after came a voice—
A prayer as of a warrior soul,
That felt he had no longer choice,
But needs must face the final goal.
They saw his saviour arms extend,
They heard a crash—they knew the end.

Oh! days are dark at Penycraig,
And grime of coal is on the ground,
The grass is smitten as with plague,
But one bright flower may there be found—
The flower of love, to bloom for aye
Above thy resting, brave John Waye!
H. D. RAWNSLEY.

HEATHER ALE

FROM the bonny bells of heather
They brewed a drink long-syne,
Was sweeter far than honey,
Was stronger far than wine.
They brewed it and they drank it,
And lay in a blessed swound
For days and days together
In their dwellings underground.

There rose a king in Scotland,
A fell man to his foes,
He smote the Picts in battle,
He hunted them like roes.
Over miles of the red mountain
He hunted as they fled,
And strewed the dwarfish bodies
Of the dying and the dead.

Summer came in the country,
Red was the heather bell;
But the manner of the brewing
Was none alive to tell.
In graves that were like children's
On many a mountain head,
The Brewsters of the Heather
Lay numbered with the dead.

The king in the red moorland
Rode on a summer's day;
And the bees hummed, and the curlews
Cried beside the way.
The king rode, and was angry,
Black was his brow and pale,
To rule in a land of heather
And lack the Heather Ale.

It fortun'd that his vassals,
Riding free on the heath,
Came on a stone that was fallen
And vermin hid beneath.
Rudely plucked from their hiding,
Never a word they spoke:
A son and his aged father—
Last of the dwarfish folk.

The king sat high on his charger,
He looked on the little men;
And the dwarfish and swarthy couple
Looked at the king again.
Down by the shore he had them;
And there on the giddy brink—
“I will give you life, ye vermin,
For the secret of the drink.”

There stood the son and father
And they looked high and low;
The heather was red around them,
The sea rumbled below.
And up and spoke the father,
Shrill was his voice to hear:
“I have a word in private,
A word for the royal ear.

“Life is dear to the aged,
And honour a little thing;
I would gladly sell the secret,”
Quoth the Pict to the King.
His voice was small as a sparrow's,
And shrill and wonderful clear:
“I would gladly sell my secret,
Only my son I fear.

“For life is a little matter,
And death is nought to the young;
And I dare not sell my honour
Under the eye of my son.
Take *him*, O king, and bind him,
And cast him far in the deep;

And it's I will tell the secret
That I have sworn to keep."

They took the son and bound him,
Neck and heels in a thong,
And a lad took him and swung him,
And flung him far and strong,
And the sea swallowed his body,
Like that of a child of ten;—
And there on the cliff stood the father,
Last of the dwarfish men.

"True was the word I told you:
Only my son I feared;
For I doubt the sapling courage
That goes without the beard.
But now in vain is the torture,
Fire shall never avail:
Here dies in my bosom
The secret of Heather Ale."

R. L. STEVENSON.

CAPTAIN GOLD AND FRENCH JANET

THE first letter our Captain wrote
To the Lord of Mantua:

"Did you ever see French Janet
(He wrote) on any day?

"Did ye ever see French Janet,
That was so blithe and coy?

The little serving-lass I stole
From the mountains of Savoy.

"Last week I lost French Janet:
Hunt for her up and down;
And send her back to me, my Lord,
From the four walls o' the town."

For thirty days and thirty nights
There came no news to us.
Suddenly old grew Captain Gold,
And his voice grew tremulous.

O Mantua's a bonny town,
And she's long been our ally;
But help came none from Mantua-town,
Dim grew our Captain's eye.

"O send me Janet home again!"
Our Captain wrote anew;
"A lass is but a paltry thing,
And yet my heart's in two!

"Ha' ye searched through every convent-close,
And sought in every den?
Mistress o' man, or bride of Christ,
I'll have her back again!"

O Mantua's a bonny town,
And she's long been our ally;
But help came none from Mantua-town,
And sick at heart am I.

For thirty days and thirty nights
No news came to the camp;
And the life waned old in Captain Gold,
As the oil wanes in a lamp.

The third moon swelled towards the full
When the third letter he wrote:
"What will ye take for Janet?
Red gold to fill your moat?

"Red wine to fill your fountains full?
Red blood to wash your streets?
Ah, send me Janet home, my Lord,
Or ye'll no die in your sheets!"

O Love, that makes strong towers to sway,
And captains' hearts to fall!

I feared they might have heard his sobs
Right out to Mantua-wall.

For thirteen days and thirteen nights
No messenger came back;
And when the morning rose again,
Our tents were hung with black.

The dead bell rang through all the camp;
But we rung it low and dim,
Lest the Lombard hounds in Mantua
Should know the end of him.

A. M. F. ROBINSON (DARMESTETER).

SIR ELDRIC

SIR ELDRIC rode by field and fen
To reach the haunts of heathen men.

About the dusk he came unto
A wood of birchen grey,
And on the other side he knew
The heathen country lay.

" 'Tis but a night," he sang, " to ride,
And Christ shall reach the other side."

The moon came peering through the trees,
And found him undismayed;
For still he sang his litanies,
And as he rode he prayed.

He looked as young and pure and glad
As ever looked Sir Galahad.

About the middle of the night
He came upon the brink
Of running waters clear and white,
And lighted there to drink.

And as he knelt a hidden foe
Crept from behind and smote him so.

He turned; he felt his heart's blood run;
He sought his enemy:
"And shall I leave my deeds undone,
And die for such as thee?"

And since a knight was either man,
They wrestled till the dawn began.

Then in the dim and rustling place,
Amid the thyme and dew,
Sir Eldric dealt the stroke of grace,
And sank a-dying too,

And thought upon that other's plight
Who was not sure of Heaven to-night.

He dipped his fingers in his breast;
He sought in vain to rise;
He leaned across his foe at rest,
And murmured, "I baptise!"

When lo! the sun broke overhead:
There, at his side, *Himself* lay dead!

A. M. F. ROBINSON (DARMESTETER).

A BALLAD OF HELL

"A LETTER from my love to-day!
Oh, unexpected, dear appeal!"
She struck a happy tear away
And broke the crimson seal.

"My love, there is no help on earth,
No help in heaven; the dead man's bell
Must toll our wedding; our first hearth
Must be the well-paved floor of hell."

The colour died from out her face,
Her eyes like ghostly candles shone;
She cast dread looks about the place,
Then clenched her teeth, and read right on.

“I may not pass the prison door;
Here must I rot from day to day,
Unless I wed whom I abhor,
My cousin, Blanche of Valencay.

“At midnight with my dagger keen
I’ll take my life; it must be so.
Meet me in hell to-night, my queen,
For weal and woe.”

She laughed although her face was wan,
She girded on her golden belt,
She took her jewelled ivory fan,
And at her glowing missal knelt.

Then rose, “And am I mad?” she said,
She broke her fan, her belt untied;
With leather girt herself instead,
And stuck a dagger at her side.

She waited, shuddering in her room
Till sleep had fallen on all the house.
She never flinched; she faced her doom:
They two must sin to keep their vows.

Then out into the night she went;
And stooping, crept by hedge and tree;
Her rose-bush flung a snare of scent,
And caught a happy memory.

She fell, and lay a minute’s space;
She tore the sward in her distress;
The dewy grass refreshed her face;
She rose and ran with lifted dress.

She started like a morn-caught ghost
Once when the moon came out and stood

To watch; the naked road she crossed,
And dived into the murmuring wood.

The branches snatched her streaming cloak;
A live thing shrieked; she made no stay!
She hurried to the trysting-oak—
Right well she knew the way.

Without a pause she bared her breast
And drove her dagger home and fell,
And lay like one that takes her rest,
And died and wakened up in hell.

She bathed her spirit in the flame,
And near the centre took her post;
From all sides to her ears there came
The dreary anguish of the lost.

The devil started at her side
Comely, and tall, and black as jet.
“I am young Malespina’s bride;
Has he come hither yet?”

“My poppet, welcome to your bed.”
“Is Malespina here?”

“Not he! To-morrow he must wed
His cousin Blanche, my dear!”

“You lie; he died with me to-night.”
“Not he! It was a plot.” “You lie.”
“My dear, I never lie outright.”
“We died at midnight, he and I.”

The devil went. Without a groan
She, gathered up in one fierce prayer,
Took root in hell’s midst all alone,
And waited for him there.

She dared to make herself at home,
Amidst the wail, the uneasy stir.
The blood-stained flame that filled the dome,
Scentless and silent, shrouded her.

How long she stayed I cannot tell;
But when she felt his perfidy,
She marched across the floor of hell;
And all the damned stood up to see.

The devil stopped her at the brink;
She shook him off; she cried, "Away!"
"My dear, you have gone mad, I think."
"I was betrayed: I will not stay."

Across the weltering deep she ran—
A stranger thing was never seen:
The damned stood silent to a man;
They saw the great gulf set between.

To her it seemed a meadow fair;
And flowers sprang up about her feet;
She entered heaven; she climbed the stair;
And knelt down at the mercy-seat.

Seraphs and saints with one great voice
Welcomed that soul that knew not fear;
Amazed to find it could rejoice,
Hell raised a hoarse half-human cheer.
JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE WEDDING OF PALE BRONWEN

I

THE wind was waked by the morning light,
And it cried in the grey birch-tree,
And the cry was plain in Bronwen's bower,
"Oh, Bronwen, come to me!"

Pale, pale sleeps Bronwen, pale she wakes;
"What bird to my bower is flown?
For my lover, Red Ithel, is at the wars
Before Jerusalem town."

But still the wind sang in the tree,
 "Come forth, 'tis your wedding morn,
And you must be wed in Holy Land
 Ere your little babe is born."

And still the wind had her true-love's cry,
 "Kind Bronwen, come!" until
She could not rest, and rose to look
 To the sea beyond Morva Hill.

And afar came the cry over Morva Hill,
 "Kind Bronwen, come to me!"
Till she could not stay, for very love,
 And stole away to the sea.

She crossed the hill to the fishing-boats,
 And away she sailed so fine,
"Is it far, my love, in the summer sun
 To the shores of fair Palestine?"

II

There was no sun at sea that day,
 To watch pale Bronwen drown,
But the sun was hot on the deadly sands
 Before Jerusalem town.

All day Red Ithel lay dying there,
 But he thought of the far-off sea;
And he cried all day till his lips grew white,
 "Kind Bronwen, come to me!"

And so it passed till the evening time,
 And then the sea-wind came,
And he thought he lay on Morva Hill
 And heard her call his name.

He heard her voice, he held her hand,
 "This is the day," she said,
"And this is the hour that Holy Church
 Has given for us to wed."

There was no strength in him to speak,
But his eyes had yet their say,
"Kind Bronwen, now we will be wed
For ever and ever and aye!"

III

Beneath the sea pale Bronwen lies,
Red Ithel beneath the sand;
But they are one in Holy Church,
One in love's Holy Land.

Red Ithel lies by Jerusalem town,
And she in the deep sea lies;
But I trow their little babe was born
In the gardens of Paradise.

ERNEST RHYS.

BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment
Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor
Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from
the ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Borderside,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's
pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn
and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far
away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of
the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal
hides?"

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the
Ressaldar:

“If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know
where his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to
the Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn
ye then,

For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown
with Kamal's men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low
lean thorn between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man
is seen.”

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun
was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the
head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay
to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at
his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the
Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon
her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the
pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling
ball went wide.

“Ye shoot like a soldier,” Kamal said. “Show now if
ye can ride.”

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-
devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a
barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head
above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden
plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low
lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man
was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs
drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a
new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled
the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room
was there to strive,
“ ’Twas only by favour of mine,” quoth he, “ ye rode so
long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a
clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked
on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in
a row:
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held
it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she
could not fly.”
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: “ Do good to bird
and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou
makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my
bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief
could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men
on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the
cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait
to sup,

The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and
call them up!

And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear
and stack,

Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own
way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon
his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and grey
wolf meet.

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the
dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood
of my clan:

Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has
carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled
against his breast;

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she
loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise studded
rein,

My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups
twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye
take the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the
risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to
him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a
mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like
a lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a
troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder
rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and
bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her
foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of
the Border-line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way
to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged
in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there
they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood, on
leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Kyber knife, and the
Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the
dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went
forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty
swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood
of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up
the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis
a man of the Guides!"

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment
Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor
Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from
the ends of the earth!*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

IRISH BALLADS

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

JULY the first of a morning fair
In sixteen ninety famous,
King William did his men prepare
To fight with false King Shamus.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in
And set them all on fire.

Thereat revenge the Irish vowed
Upon King William's forces,
And vehemently with cries did crowd
To check their forward courses.
A ball from out their batteries flew
As our King he faced their fire;
His shoulder-knot away it shot,
Quoth he, "Pray come no nigher!"

Then straight his officers he did call,
Saying, "Gentlemen, mind your station,
And prove your valour one and all
Before this Irish nation.
My brazen walls let no man break,
And your subtle foes you'll scatter;
Let us show them to-day good English play,
As we go over the water."

Then horse and foot we marched amain,
Resolved their ranks to batter;
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was slain,
As we went over the water.
Then King William cried, "Feel no dismay
At the losing of one commander,
For God shall be our king to-day,
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we Boyne river crossed
 To give the Irish battle;
 Our cannon to his dreadful cost
 Like thunder-claps did rattle.
 In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,
 The stream ran red with slaughter
 As with blow and shout we put to rout
 Our enemies over the water.

ANON. *Adapted by A. P. GRAVES.*

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED

THE night before Larry was stretched,
 The boys they all paid him a visit;
 A bit in their sacks too they fetched,
 They sweated their duds till they riz it;
 For Larry was always the lad,
 When a friend was condemned to the squeezer,
 But he'd fence all the togs that he had
 Just to help the poor boy to a sneezer,
 And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

"'Pon my conscience, dear Larry," says I,
 "I'm sorry to see you in trouble,
 Your life's cheerful noggin run dry,
 And yourself going off like its bubble."
 "Hould your tongue in that matter," says he;
 "For the neckcloth I don't care a button,
 And by this time to-morrow you'll see
 Your Larry will be dead as mutton:
 All for what? 'Kase his courage was good."

The boys they came crowding in fast;
 They drew their stools close round about him.
 Six glims round his coffin they placed;
 He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
 I axed if he was fit for to die,
 Without having duly repented?
 Says Larry, "That's all in my eye,
 And all by the clergy invented
 To make a fat bit for themselves."

Then the cards being called for, they played,
Till Larry found one of them cheated.
Quick! he made a hard rap at his head,—
The lad being easily heated.
“So ye chates me because I’m in grief;
O, is that, by the Holy, the rason?
Soon I’ll give you to know, you d——d thief,
That you’re cracking your jokes out of sason,
And scuttle your nob with my fist.”

Then in came the priest with his book,
He spoke him so smooth and so civil,
Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
And pitched his big wig to the divil.
Then raising a little his head
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful sighing, he said,
“O, the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
And choke my poor windpipe to death!”

So mournful these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower;
For my part I thought my heart broke
To see him cut down like a flower.
On his travels we watched him next day;
O, the hangman, I thought I could kill him!
Not one word did our poor Larry say,
Nor changed till he came to “King William.”
Och, my dear, thin his colour turned white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,
He was tucked up so neat and so pretty;
The rumbler jogged off with his feet,
And he died with his face to the city.
He kicked, too, but that was all pride,
For soon you might see ’twas all over;
And as soon as the noose was untied,
Then at darky we waked him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground sweat.

THE O'KAVANAGH

I

THE Saxons had met, and the banquet was spread,
And the wine in fleet circles the jubilee led;
And the banners that hung round the festal that night,
Seemed brighter by far than when lifted in fight.

II

In came the O'Kavanagh, fair as the morn,
When earth to new beauty and vigour is born;
They shrank from his glance like the waves from the prow,
For nature's nobility sat on his brow.

III

Attended alone by his vassal and bard;
No trumpet to herald—no clansmen to guard—
He came not attended by steed or by steel:
No danger he knew, for no fear did he feel.

IV

In eye and on lip his high confidence smiled—
So proud, yet so knightly—so gallant, yet mild;
He moved like a god through the light of that hall,
And a smile, full of courtliness, proffered to all.

V

“Come pledge us, lord chieftain! come pledge us!” they
cried;
Unsuspectingly free to the pledge he replied;
And this was the peace-branch O'Kavanagh bore—
“The friendships to come, not the feuds that are o'er.”

VI

But, minstrel! why cometh a change o'er thy theme?
Why sing of red battle—what dream dost thou dream?
Ha! “Treason” ’s the cry, and “Revenge” is the call!
As the swords of the Saxon surrounded the hall.

VII

A kingdom for Angelo's mind! to portray
Green Erin's undaunted avenger, that day;
The far-flashing sword, and the death-darting eye,
Like some comet commissioned with wrath from the sky.

VIII

Through the ranks of the Saxon he hewed his red way—
Through lances, and sabres, and hostile array;
And, mounting his charger, he left them to tell
The tale of that feast, and its bloody farewell!

IX

And now on the Saxons his clansmen advance,
With a shout from each heart, and a soul in each lance.
He rushed, like a storm, o'er the night-covered heath,
And swept through their ranks, like the angel of death.

X

Then hurrah! for thy glory, young chieftain, hurrah!
Oh! had we such lightning-souled heroes to-day,
Again would our "Sunburst"¹ expand in the gale,
And freedom exult o'er the green Innisfail.

J. A. SHEA.

¹ Irish national banner.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—
The summer's sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's
rough defiles—

Old Innisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard:

The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their
play;

The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to
pray—

And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour
o'er—

Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight
there;

No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea,
or air,

The massive capes, and ruined towers, seem conscious of
the calm;

The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy
balm.

So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad
that glide

Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the
ebbing tide—

Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to
the shore—

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding
feet—

A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "The roof is in a flame!"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and
sire, and dame—

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's
fall,

And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson
shawl—

The yell of "Allah!" breaks above the prayer, and shriek,
and roar—

Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing
sword;

Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son
was gor'd;

Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes
clutching wild;

Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the
child:

But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with
splashing heel,

While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian
steel—

Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield
their store,

There's *one* hearth well avenged in the sack of Baltimore!

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds began to
sing—

They see not now the milking maids—deserted is the
spring!

Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's
town—

These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from
Affadown;

They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours'
blood besprent,

And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they
wildly went—

Then dash'd to sea, and passed Cape Clear, and saw five
leagues before

The pirate-galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore!

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend
the steed—

This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's
jerreed.

Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the
Dey—

She's safe—she's dead—she stabb'd him in the midst of
his Serai;

And when, to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled — O'Driscoll's child — she thought of
Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that
bloody band,

And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse
stand,

Where, high upon a gallows-tree, a yelling wretch is seen—

'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine!

He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,

For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred
there—

Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the
Norman o'er—

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

T. DAVIS.

A BALLAD OF SARSFIELD; OR, THE BURSTING OF THE GUNS

SARSFIELD rode out the Dutch to rout,

And to take and break their cannon;

To mass went he at half-past three,

And at four he cross'd the Shannon.

Tirconnel slept. In dream his thoughts

Old fields of victory ran on;

And the chieftains of Thomond in Limerick's towers

Slept well by the banks of Shannon.

He rode ten miles and he cross'd the ford,

And couch'd in the wood and waited;

Till, left and right, on march'd in sight

That host which the true men hated.

“Charge!” Sarsfield cried; and the green hillside,
As they charged, replied in thunder;
They rode o’er the plain and they rode o’er the slain,
And the rebel rout lay under!

He burn’d the gear the knaves held dear,—
For his King he fought, not plunder;
With powder he cramm’d the guns, and ramm’d
Their mouths the red soil under.

The spark flash’d out—like a nation’s shout
The sound into heaven ascended;
The hosts of the sky made to earth reply,
And the thunders twain were blended!

Sarsfield rode out the Dutch to rout,
And to take and break their cannon;—
A century after, Sarsfield’s laughter
Was echoed from Dungannon.

AUBREY DE VERE.

A BALLAD OF ATHLONE; OR, HOW THEY BROKE DOWN THE BRIDGE

DOES any man dream that a Gael can fear?—
Of a thousand deeds let him learn but one!
The Shannon swept onward, broad and clear,
Between the leaguers and worn Athlone.

“Break down the bridge!”—Six warriors rushed
Through the storm of shot and the storm of shell:
With late, but certain, victory flushed
The grim Dutch gunners eyed them well.

They wrenched at the planks ’mid a hail of fire:
They fell in death, their work half done:
The bridge stood fast; and nigh and nigher
The foe swarmed darkly, densely on.

“ O who for Erin will strike a stroke?
 Who hurl yon planks where the waters roar? ”
 Six warriors forth from their comrades broke,
 And flung them upon that bridge once more.

Again at the rocking planks they dashed;
 And four dropped dead; and two remained:
 The huge beams groaned, and the arch down crashed;—
 Two stalwart swimmers the margin gained.

St. Ruth in his stirrups stood up, and cried,
 “ I have seen no deed like that in France! ”
 With a toss of his head Sarsfield replied,
 “ They had luck, the dogs! ’Twas a merry chance! ”

O many a year upon Shannon’s side,
 They sang upon moor and they sang upon heath
 Of the twain that breasted that raging tide,
 And the ten that shook bloody hands with Death!
 AUBREY DE VERE.

THE FAITHLESS KNIGHT

It is a careless pretty may, down by yon riverside;
 Her face, the whole world’s pleasure, she gladly hath
 espied;
 And tossing back her golden hair, her singing echoes wide;
 When gaily to the grassy shore a youthful knight doth ride.

And vaulting from his courser, that stoops the head to
 drink,
 And greeting well this Maiden fair, by running water’s
 brink,
 He throws about her slender neck a chain of costly link:
 Too courteous he for glamourie, as any may might think.

All through the flowery meadows, in the summer evening
 warm,
 The rippling river murmurs low, the dancing midges
 swarm;

But far away the pretty may, nor makes the least alarm,
Sits firm on lofty saddle-bow, within the young knight's
arm.

Now months are come, and months are gone, with sun-
shine, breeze, and rain;
The song on grassy river-shore you shall not hear again;
The proud knight spurs at tournament, in Germany or
Spain,
Or sues in silken bow'r to melt some lady's high disdain.

And thus in idle hour he dreams—"I've wander'd east
and west;
I've whisper'd love in many an ear, in earnest or in jest;
That summer day—that pretty may—perhaps she loved
me best?
I recollect her face, methinks, more often than the rest."
WM. ALLINGHAM.

MICHAEL DWYER

At length brave Michael Dwyer and his undaunted men
Were hunted o'er the mountains, and tracked into the
glen;
The stealthy soldiers followed, with ready blade and ball,
And swore to trap the outlaw that night in wild Emall.

They prowled about the valley, and toward the dawn of
day
Discovered where the faithful and fearless heroes lay;
Around the little cottage they formed into a ring,
And called out "Michael Dwyer! Surrender to the King!"

Thus answered Michael Dwyer—"Into this house we
came
Unasked by those who own it; they cannot be to blame;
Then let those guiltless people, unquestioned, pass you
through;
And when they've passed in safety, I'll tell you what
we'll do."

'Twas done. "And now," said Dwyer, "your work you may begin;

You are a hundred outside—we're only four within;
We've heard your haughty summons, and this is our reply—

We're true United Irishmen—we'll fight until we die."

Then burst the war's red lightning, then poured the leaden rain;

The hills around re-echoed the thunder peals again;
The soldiers falling round him brave Dwyer sees with pride;

But, ah! one gallant comrade is wounded by his side.

Yet there are three remaining, good battle still to do;
Their hands are strong and steady, their aim is quick and true—

But hark that furious shouting the savage soldiers raise!
The house is fired around them!—the roof is in a blaze!

And brighter every moment the lurid flame arose,
And louder swelled the laughter and cheering of their foes;
Then spake the brave M'Alister, the weak and wounded man—

"You can escape, my comrades, and this shall be your plan.

"Place in my hands a musket, then lie upon the floor,
I'll stand before the soldiers, and open wide the door;
They'll pour into my bosom the fire of their array,
Then, while their guns are empty, dash through them,
and away!"

He stood before his foemen, revealed amidst the flame;
From out their levelled pieces the wished-for volley came;
Up sprang the three survivors, for whom the hero died,
But only Michael Dwyer burst through the ranks outside.

He baffled his pursuers, who followed like the wind,
And swam the River Slaney, and left them far behind;
But many a scarlet soldier he promised soon should fall
For those, his gallant comrades, who died in wild E-mail.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

THE DEMON OF THE GIBBET

THERE was no west, there was no east,
No star abroad for eyes to see;
And Norman spurred his jaded beast
Hard by the terrible gallows-tree.

“O, Norman, haste across this waste,—
For something seems to follow me!”
“Cheer up, dear Maud, for, thanked be God,
We nigh have passed the gallows-tree!”

He kissed her lip: then—spur and whip!
And fast they fled across the lea!
But vain the heel, and rowel steel,—
For something leaped from the gallows-tree!

“Give me your cloak, your knightly cloak,
That wrapped you oft beyond the sea!
The wind is bold, my bones are old,
And I am cold on the gallows-tree.”

“O holy God! O dearest Maud,
Quick, quick, some prayers—the best that be!
A bony hand my neck has spanned,
And tears my knightly cloak from me!”

“Give me your wine,—the red, red wine,
That in the flask hangs by your knee!
Ten summers burst on me accurst,
And I’m athirst on the gallows-tree!”

“O Maud, my life, my loving wife!
Have you no prayer to set us free?
My belt unclasps,—a demon grasps,
And drags my wine-flask from my knee!”

“Give me your bride, your bonnie bride,
That left her nest with you to flee!

O she hath flown to be my own,
For I'm alone on the gallows-tree!"

"Cling closer, Maud, and trust in God!
Cling close!—Ah, heaven, she slips from me!"

A prayer, a groan, and he alone
Rode on that night from the gallows-tree.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

MANNIX THE COINER

MANNIX the coiner and Neville the Piper—

Rebels and outlaws, jolly as thrushes;
They lived in a lane where they had a great reign
Of piping and coining, and drinking like fishes.

Neville he swore, with wild fury,
That Mannix should share with him half the prog;

Then Mannix jump'd up, in a hurry,
And sent off the wife for a gallon of grog.

"Well done!" said the piper; "Play up!" said the coiner,

"We've gold in our pockets and grog on the brain;
The law and the gallows are made in the palace,
While we, who defy them, rejoice in the lane!"

When the grog was brought in, they soon *swigg'd* it,

And Neville then *rasp'd* up another gay tune,
And bold Mannix merrily *jigg'd* it,

As brisk as a bee in the meadows of June.

"Well done!" said the piper—"Play up!" said the
coiner,

"We are the *boys* that can *live everywhere*!
Life, without fun, is like spring without sun—
So we'll *flash* it away, and the devil may care!

"Those guineas—whoever may take 'em—

Are but flying tokens to worldly fools lent,
And I am the *boy* that can make 'em,

As bright as e'er came from the Sassenach mint!"

"Well done!" said the piper—"Play up!" said the coiner,

"My *golden character* I'll always maintain!
And, compared with the schemers who rule and befool us,
We're real honest men and good *boys* in the lane!"

Then Mannix put fire to his grisset,

And out of his mould he shook many a *shiner*,
But ere he had time to impress it,

In *roll'd* the peelers and snaffled the coiner,
So there was an end to the piping and coining,
And a ruction was kick'd up, but no one was slain,—
"I'm done!" said the coiner—"Cheer up," said the piper,
"Fortune will favour the brave in the lane."

"We have you, at last!" cried the peelers,

"Tho' many a day we have chased you in vain!"

"Then," said Mannix, "your dungeons and jailers
May all be high hang'd—and farewell to the lane!"

Then off ran the coiner, and loud laughed the piper,
As his friend disappear'd thro' night's darkness and rain,
Like a shaft from a quiver, he plung'd o'er the river,
And left the bold peelers befool'd in the lane.

M. HOGAN.

A SONG OF THE EXMOOR HUNT

AWAKE, arise! The south wind sighs,
Beneath a cloudy curtain
Old Sol is snoozing in the skies,
There's scent to-day for certain.
And down deep o'er Slowley Steep
The harbourer swears he shall drop, boys,
On brow, bay, bay and tray,
Tray and three on top, boys!

Look up, a stream of sporting pink
Along the ridge is rushing,
Morn's ashen cheek you'd almost think
To rosy red was blushing;

But few, few, so smart of hue
And spick and span from the shop, boys,
Shall stick to-day to brow, bay,
Tray and three on top, boys!

What ho! the tufters on a find
Are turning to the nor'ard.
Hark back! hark back! 'tis but a hind!
The stag himself! Hark for'ard!
O'er hedge, spine, sedge and rhine,
Full cry we course and hop, boys,
Behind brow, bay and tray,
Tray and three on top, boys!

Past Dunster towers and Wootton bowers,
Up Cutcombe Crest he's gliding.
Here, roadster friends, your fun it ends,
We've done with arm-chair riding,
And full sail, head to tail,
Down Dunkery side we drop, boys,
On brow, bay, bay, and tray,
Tray and three on top, boys!

We've chucked a City swell to the pig
In his mixen at Cloutsham Corner;
We've hung our artist by his wig,
Like Absalom, in Horner,
Till hard pressed by all our best
From Boscombe Head full flop, boys,
Goes brow, bay, bay and tray,
Tray and three on top, boys!

A boat! a boat! the Weirmen float,
And after him go racing;
But see! to shore he heads once more,
His foes with fury facing.
And back, back! he hurls the pack,
Or heaves them, neck and crop, boys,
Till now, now, down goes brow,
Bay, tray, and three on top, boys!

Yet only five of all the hive
That set on foot the sport, boys,
Rode straight and true the whole hunt thro'
And mingled at the mort, boys!
Now name, name those sons of fame,
Who'll match them nearer and farther?
Jim Scarlett, Bissett, and Basset were there,
With Parson Jack Russell and Arthur.

A. P. GRAVES.

FATHER GILLIGAN

THE old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day,
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die;"
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

And then, half-lying on the chair,
He knelt, prayed, fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

" *Mavrone, mavrone !* the man has died,
While I slept on the chair; "
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
" Father! you come again! "

" And is the poor man dead? " he cried.
" He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

" When you were gone he turned and died,
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word.

" He who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

" He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in his care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

W. B. YEATS.

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EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

By ERNEST RHYS

VICTOR HUGO said a Library was "an act of faith," and some unknown essayist spoke of one so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it was smitten with a passion. In that faith the promoters of Everyman's Library planned it out originally on a large scale; and their idea in so doing was to make it conform as far as possible to a perfect scheme. However, perfection is a thing to be aimed at and not to be achieved in this difficult world; and since the first volumes appeared some fifteen years ago, there have been many interruptions. A great war has come and gone; and even the City of Books has felt something like a world commotion. Only in recent years is the series getting back into its old stride and looking forward to complete its original scheme of a Thousand Volumes. One of the practical expedients in that original plan was to divide the volumes into sections, as Biography, Fiction, History, Belles Lettres, Poetry, Romance and so forth; with a compartment for young people, and last, and not least, one of Reference Books. Beside the dictionaries and encyclopædias to be expected in that section, there was a special set of literary and historical atlases. One of these atlases dealing with Europe, we may recall, was directly affected by the disturbance of frontiers during the war; and the maps have been completely revised in consequence, so as to chart

the New Europe which we hope will now preserve its peace under the auspices of the League of Nations set up at Geneva.

That is only one small item, however, in a library list which runs to over seven hundred and sixty volumes. The largest slice of this huge provision is, as a matter of course, given to the tyrannous demands of fiction. But in carrying out the scheme, the directors and editors contrived to keep in mind that books, like men and women, have their elective affinities. The present volume, for instance, will be found to have its companion books, both in the same section and even more significantly in other sections. With that idea too, novels like Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *Fortunes of Nigel*, Lytton's *Harold*, and Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* have been used as pioneers of history and treated as a sort of holiday history books. History itself in our day is tending to grow more documentary and less literary; and "the historian who is a stylist," as one of our contributors, the late Thomas Seccombe, said, "will soon be regarded as a kind of Phoenix." But in the history department of Everyman's Library we have been eclectic enough to choose our history men from every school in turn. We have Grote, Gibbon, Finlay, Macaulay, Motley, Prescott; we have among earlier books the Venerable Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and we have just completed a Livy in six volumes in an admirable new translation by Canon Roberts.

"You only, O Books," said Richard de Bury, "are liberal and independent; you give to all who ask." The delightful variety, the wisdom and the wit which are at the disposal of Everyman in his own library may well, at times, seem to him a little embarrassing. He may turn to Dick Steele in the *Spectator* and learn how Cleomira dances, when the elegance of her motion is unimaginable and "her eyes are chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts." He may turn to Plato's *Phædrus*

and read how every soul is divided into three parts (like Cæsar's Gaul). He may turn to the finest critic of Victorian times, Matthew Arnold, and find in his essay on Maurice de Guérin the perfect key to what is there called the "magical power of poetry." It is Shakespeare, with his

"daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty;"

it is Wordsworth, with his

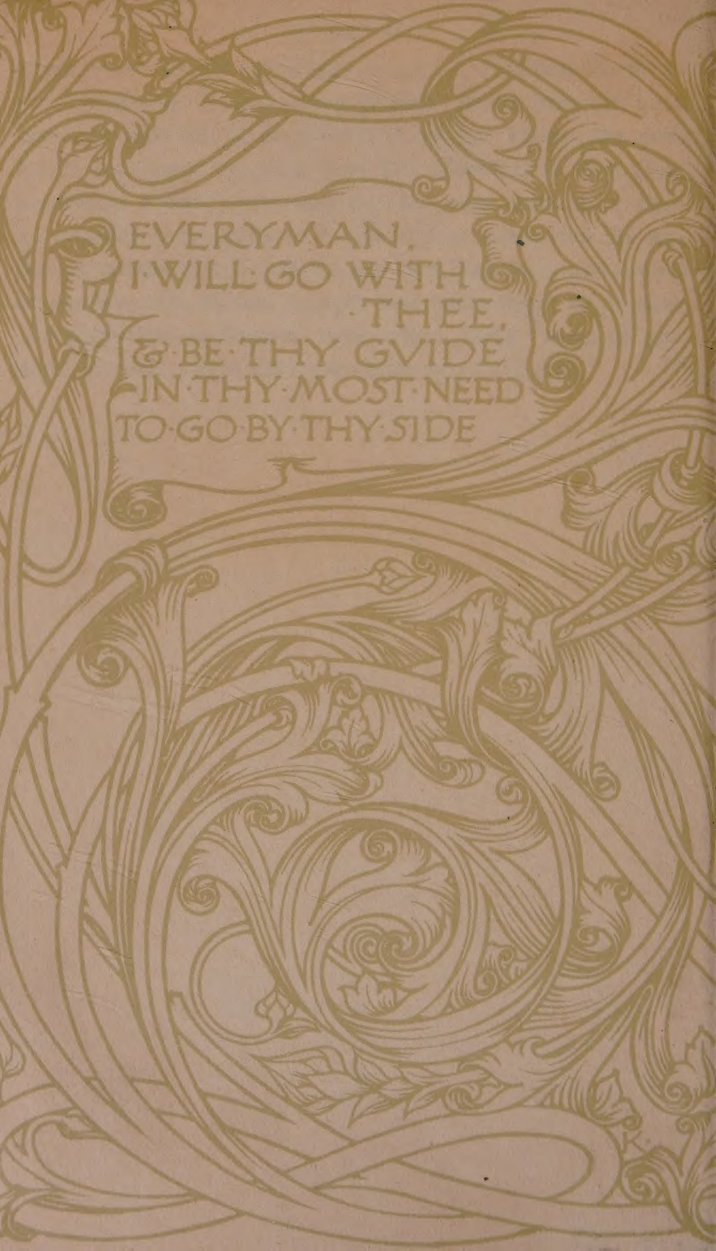
"voice . . . heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides;"

or Keats, with his

". . . moving waters at their priest-like task
Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores."

William Hazlitt's "Table Talk," among the volumes of *Essays*, may help to show the relationship of one author to another, which is another form of the Friendship of Books. His incomparable essay in that volume, "On Going a Journey," forms a capital prelude to Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" and to his and Wordsworth's poems. In the same way one may turn to the review of Moore's *Life of Byron* in Macaulay's *Essays* as a prelude to the three volumes of Byron's own poems, remembering that the poet whom Europe loved more than England did was as Macaulay said: "the beginning, the middle and the end of all his own poetry." This brings us to the provoking reflection that it is the obvious authors and the books most easy to reprint which have been the signal successes out of the seven hundred odd in the series, for Everyman is distinctly proverbial in his tastes. He likes best of all an old author who has worn well or

a comparatively new author who has gained something like newspaper notoriety. In attempting to lead him on from the good books that are known to those that are less known, the publishers may have at times been too adventurous. The *Chief* himself (as a mere editor may say) has been much more than an ordinary book-producer in this critical enterprise. He has thrown himself into it with the zeal of a book-lover and indeed of one who, like Milton, thought that books might be as alive and productive as dragons' teeth, which, being "sown up and down the land, might chance to spring up armed men."



EVERYMAN,
I WILL GO WITH
THEE,
& BE THY GUIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE



DKL
1905

